A COLLECTION OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

FROM THE PERIOD OF

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,

TO THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN TWENTY-EIGHT VOLUMES.

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TOUR

THROUGH

SICILY AND MALTA,

IN 1770,

BY P. BRYDONE, ESQ. F.R.S.

THIS interesting tour, which unites animated descriptions of places with just and philosophical remarks on men and manners, was originally published in the epistolary form, and addressed to William Beckford, of Somerly in Suffolk, Esq. To abridge such a work, and to preserve its spirit, is a difficult task. There is a freedom and variety in letters, which will ill bear the trammels of regular history.

Being at Naples*, in May 1770, our author, in company with Messrs. Fullerton and Glover, formed the plan of visiting Sicily, a country little known to scientific travellers, and therefore presenting a wide field for novelty and observation. After waiting some days for a favourable wind, at last they embarked on the 15th of May, and in a short time found themselves in the middle of the Bay of Naples, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world.

The bay is of a circular figure, in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter. The whole of its circumference is wonderfully diversified by all

* Mr. Brydone gives a very unfavourable account of the climate of Naples, particularly when the sirocc, or south-east wind blows. This wind is extremely relaxing, and brings on such a degree of lassitude, that neither body nor mind can perform their usual functions. Even the natives do not suffer less than strangers from its baleful effects, which are almost sufficient to extinguish every passion for the time.

the riches of art and nature; so that there is scarcely an object wanting to render the scene complete. Here is an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern. Palaces reared over the heads of other palaces, and former magnificence giving way to present folly. Mountains and islands, once celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood, and to have devoted it to the most unlimited indulgence of whim and frolic.

After contemplating this singularly delightful prospect till sun-set, the wind sprung up, and they soon found themselves off Capre, about thirty miles distant from Naples. The night was very dark, and the dreadful eruptions from Vesuvius alone relieved the gloom.

On the 17th, after spying Strombolo, by degrees, they came in sight of the rest of the Lipari islands, and part of the coast of Sicily. These islands are very picturesque, and several of them still emit smoke; but none, except Strombolo, have for many years had any eruptions of fire. The crater of Strombolo is on the side of the peak, whereas other volcanos generally rise from the centre. Etna and Vesuvius often lie quiet for many months, even years; but Strombolo is ever at work, and for ages past has been regarded as the lighthouse of these seas.

The whole island of Strombolo is a mountain, that rises suddenly from the sea. It is about ten miles in circumference; and its crater is absolutely inaccessible. In clear weather it is discoverable at the distance of twenty-five leagues, so that its visible horizon cannot be less than five hundred miles, which requires a very considerable elevation; and in fact some may say that it is higher than Vesuvius.

The island of Lipari, from which all the rest take their name, is by far the largest, as well as the most fertile. By the description of Aristotle, it appears

that it was in his time what Strombolo is in ours, the constant lighthouse of mariners, as its fires were never extinguished.

On the 19th, they were pretty close to the coast of Sicily, which is low, but finely variegated. The opposite shore of Calabria is high and covered with the finest verdure. It was almost calm, so that they had time to get a complete view of the famous rock of Scylla on the Calabrian side, Cape Pylorus on the Sicilian, and the celebrated straights of the Faro, that run between them. At the distance of some miles they heard the roaring of the current, like the noise of some large impetuous river, confined within its narrow banks. This increased in proportion as they advanced, till they saw the water in many places raised to a considerable height, and forming large eddies or whirlpools.

When the weather is calm, there is little danger; but when the waves meet with this violent current, it makes a dreadful sea, in which ships are frequently wrecked. Our author, however, does not think that this place comes up to the formidable description which the ancients have given of it; but he owns that he saw it in a calm, and therefore was incompetent to judge of its sublime effects when agitated by a storm.

As soon as the ship entered the current, they were carried along with great velocity towards Messina, which lies twelve miles from the entrance of the straits. The approach to Messina is the finest that can be imagined; it is less grand indeed than that of Naples, but it is much more attractive. The key is very beautiful: it is built in the form of a crescent, and surrounded by a range of magnificent structures, four stories high, and exactly uniform, for the space of an Italian mile. The street between these and the sea is one hundred feet wide, and forms one of the most delightful walks in the world. It enjoys

the freest air, and commands the most charming prospect imaginable.

They cast anchor in this enchanting port on the afternoon of the 18th, but the felicity they expected immediately to taste on landing, was soon damped, by the discovery, that an unfortunate omission had been made of the name of one of their servants in the bills of health. Had this been detected, they would have been obliged to perform a long quarantine; but by shutting the poor fellow up till the officers were gone, they escaped this unpleasant ceremony.

Having got on shore, they took up their lodgings at one of the first inns in Messina, though they found it a very wretched place. However, after sea-sickness and tossing on the waves, any house appeared a palace, and any dry land a paradise.

The harbour of Messina is formed by a small promontory, or neck of land, that runs off from the east end of that city, and separates this basin from the rest of the straits. This neck of land, which is semicircular, is strongly fortified, by the citadel and four small forts, placed to the best advantage.

A number of galleys and galliots ride in this delightful harbour. These vessels frequently cruise round the island, to protect it from the Moors, whose visits are often troublesome. The slaves who row them are chained to their oars, and sleep every night on the bare benches without the slightest covering. Every stroke of their oars seems to be an exertion of their utmost strength; and in fact the misery they endure, appears in every respect to be extreme.

After taking a general view of this city, the English deputy consul carried them to several convents, where they were received by the nuns with great politeness and affability. They conversed with them through the grate for some hours, and found them not deficient in knowledge or sprightliness. All pretended to be happy and contented, and declared they would

not change their convents for the most brilliant situations in life. However, some of them had a soft melancholy in their countenances; and our tourist is of opinion, that could they have been brought to a confidential tête-à-tête, which was impossible, they would have told quite a different tale. Some of them were extremely handsome, or at least appeared so, from their simple and modest attire.

After amusing themselves at the convent, they observed a vast concourse of people on the top of a high hill, at some distance from the city. They were told it was the celebration of a great festival in honour of St. Francis, and worth seeing. Accordingly they arrived just as the saint made his appearance. He was carried through the crowd with vast ceremony, and received the homage of the public with a becoming dignity; after which he was again lodged in his chapel, where he daily performs a number of miracles, to those who have plenty of money and faith to spare.

His ministers, however, a set of greasy capuchins, did not seem to have enriched themselves in his service. St. Benedict, who does not pretend to half his sanctity, keeps his servants in far better plight.

The devotees continued to dance in soft Sicilian measures till after sun-set, when they retired. Many of the country girls were extremely handsome, and all, being in their holiday clothes, made a good appearance.

One part of the ceremony had a grand effect. About two thousand small iron cannon, not more than six inches long, were planted in a triple row before the church, and rammed to the muzzle with powder. A train being laid between them, they went off so quick, that the ear could not separate the reports, which were re-echoed for some time, after the firing was finished, from the high mountains on either side of the straits.

In their perambulations round the city and its vici-

nity, their senses were recreated by the perfumes of various aromatic plants and shrubs. Many beautiful flowers grow wild on the surrounding mountains, and the fields about Messina were covered with the richest white clover. Even the salt, produced here by the heat of the sun, emits a grateful odour, resembling violets; as was sensibly perceived on walking near the harbour.

The houses in Messina are handsome and extremely low rented. Provisions, especially fish, are likewise very reasonable; and our author thinks, as the climate is also very favourable, no situation is better adapted than this for valetudinarians, who annually leave England with the swallows, in search of warmer regions.

On the 21st, they paid a visit of ceremony to the prince of Villa Franca, who received them with politeness, and offered them the use of his carriages. They observed that they were obliged to leave Messina the following day, and only requested his protection on their journey, which he readily promised, together with mules and guards. He added, that they might entirely rely on those guards whom he should assign them, as they were men of determined resolution and approved fidelity.

The men, whom the prince so highly extolled, are, however, the most daring and hardened villains on the face of the earth, and in any other country, would be brought to condign punishment; but here they are publicly protected, and universally feared and respected. As they are certainly faithful to their engagements, though, in other respects, the most infamous banditti, the prince of Villa Franca has found it for his interest to patronise them, to dress them in his livery, and to treat them with unbounded confidence, which it does not appear they have ever abused.

In fact, they have high and romantic notions of honour, and in respect to each other, and to those, to whom they have once pledged their faith, they are

just and firm, however criminal they may be with regard to society in general; for they are the most determined robbers, and the terror of the whole country.

Such of the number as have enlisted themselves in the service of society, are known and respected all over the island; and the persons of those they accompany are ever held sacred. For this reason, most travellers hire a couple of them from town to town; and in this manner they are not only safe from danger, but imposition.

Mr. Brydone says, except the harbour of Messina, there is little worth notice in the place. Some of the churches are handsome, and there are a few tolerable paintings; but in general the works of art are not very remarkable.

In this vicinity, however, one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the world is sometimes observed. Both the ancients and moderns have remarked, that in the heat of summer, after the sea and air have been much agitated by the winds, and a perfect calm succeeds, there appears about the dawn, in that part of the heavens over the straits, a great variety of singular forms, some at rest, and others in rapid motion. These phantoms, in proportion as the light increases, seem to become more aërial; till at last, before the rising of the sun, they wholly disappear.

The Sicilians represent this as the most enchanting sight in nature. Palaces, woods, gardens, the figures of men and animals, appear, or seem to appear, among these aërial objects. Perhaps fancy may have a considerable share in eking out the picture; but the best authors agree in the fact, though they cannot account for its origin. Mr. Brydone is of opinion, that in this country of volcanoes, where the electrical fluid must necessarily be so copious, a philosopher may find a solution of the cause in this active principle, and the local situation combined.

They left Messina early on the morning of the 22d,

with servants, guards, mules, and arms. The sea-coast of Sicily is rich, and the sides of some of the mountains are highly cultivated, and present the most agreeable aspects. Corn, wine, oil, and silk, are produced in great abundance. The roads are lined with flowering shrubs, and many of the inclosures are hedged with the Indian-fig or prickly pear.

The road from Messina to Guiardini is extremely romantic. It lies entirely along the coast, and commands the view of Calabria and the intervening strait, covered with vessels of various descriptions.

In this route they passed the mountain of Neptune, celebrated for a gulph, or crater, on its summit, from whence, at particular times, issues a piercing cold wind with such violence, that it is difficult to approach it.

Taurominum, once so famous, is reduced to an insignificant burgh; yet its remains of antiquity still evince its former magnificence. The theatre is accounted the largest in the world, and is sufficiently entire to give a pretty correct idea of its parts and vast extent. The seats front Mount Etna, which makes a glorious appearance from this spot. Its ascent is computed at thirty miles on each side, and the circumference of its base at one hundred and fifty.

After viewing the theatre of Taurominum, they went to examine the Naumachia, and the reservoirs for supplying it with water. About one hundred and fifty paces on one side of the wall of the Naumachia remain; but its original dimensions cannot be ascertained. There are four reservoirs to fill it, one almost entire, and all upon a very grand scale.

Having slept at Guiardini, at the foot of the Mount Etna, they set out early in the morning to ascend that celebrated volcano. About half a mile from the commencement of the first region of Etna, they came to the statue of a saint, erected to prevent the lava from running up the mountain of Taurominum, which the

country people think it must have done, but for the interposition of the saint.

Leaving the Catania road on the left, they began to ascend the mountain, in order to visit the celebrated tree, known by the name of the Chesnut Tree of an hundred Horse, which for some centuries has been regarded as one of the greatest wonders of Etna.

As they advanced in the first region of Etna, they observed that there had been eruptions all over that track, though so far distant from the summit or principal crater. On their way to the village of Piedmonte, they noticed several very considerable craters, and stones of large size, which had issued from them, scattered round.

Though the distance from Guiardini to Piedmonte is only ten miles, so bad were the roads, that they were nearly four hours in travelling it. An aqueduct, which supplies the last-mentioned place with water, was their guide for five miles. At the end of this, the ascent became much more rapid, till they arrived at the beginning of the second region of Etna, called La Regione Sylvana by the natives; because it is composed of one vast forest that extends all round the mountain.

Part of this sylvan track was destroyed in 1755, by a torrent of boiling water, which issued, as it is imagined, from the great crater of the mountain; and in an instant poured down to its base, overwhelming and ruining every thing that lay in its course. The same kind of torrent, in the last century, swept away five hundred persons, who were marching in procession, at the foot of the mountain, to implore the mediation of St. Januarius.

Near this place they passed through some beautiful woods of cork and evergreen oak, growing out of the lava; and proceeding about five miles farther, they came to the chesnut tree already mentioned, which, in the old maps of Sicily, always makes a conspicuous figure. Mr. Brydone says he was rather disappointed;

as it appeared rather a cluster of five trees, growing together, than one single root; however, he was assured that they were all once united in the same stem, and that in days of old it was regarded as the beauty of the forest, and visited from all quarters. It measured no less than two hundred and four feet in circumference; and if, as it is pretended, it was formerly one trunk, it must, indeed, have been a wonderful phenomenon in the vegetable kingdom. There are many other trees in this vicinity of extraordinary magnitude. Our author measured one which rose in a solid trunk to a considerable height, that was not less than seventy-six feet in circumference, at two feet from the ground.

The climate here was more temperate than in the first region of Etna, and the barometer had fallen to 26 deg. 5½ min. which indicated an elevation of very near four thousand feet.

They dined in the ruins of a house in the inside of the great chesnut tree, with an excellent appetite; and being convinced that it was in vain to attempt to reach the top of the mountain in that direction, they began to descend; and after a fatiguing journey over old lava, they arrived about sun-set in a fertile spot at Jaci, Reale, where they took up their lodgings in a convent of Dominicans.

The first lava they passed in their way thither, was not less than six or seven miles broad. It had run into the sea, and driven back the waves for upwards of a mile; and had formed a large black promontory, where it was deep water before. From appearances, this seemed to have been thrown out in a recent eruption; but on referring to Seignior Recupero, the historiographer of Etna, it appeared to be the very lava that burst from Etna in the time of the second Punic war, as recorded by Diodorus Siculus.

In the lowest part of the region of Etna, the harvest was already over; but in the upper parts of the same region, near the confines of the woody track, it was

not nearly ripe. The reapers as they went along, abused them from all quarters, with extraordinary fluency. This rude custom of the Sicilians has been mentioned by Horace.

In their way they passed the source of the famous cold river, celebrated by the poets in the fable of Acis and Galatea. It was here that Acis was supposed to have been killed by Polyphemus; and that the gods, out of compassion, transformed him into this river, which rises at once out of the earth, a copious stream. It is so cold, and probably so much impregnated with vitriol, that it is reckoned dangerous to drink it; and cattle have often been killed by it.

A little to the east of the river Acis, is the mouth of the Alcantara, one of the most considerable rivers in the island. It takes its rise on the north side of Etna, and defines its boundary for about sixty miles. Its course has, in many places, been interrupted by the lava.

The city of Jaci, or Aci, and indeed all the towns on this coast, are founded on immense rocks of lava, piled one on another, in some places to an amazing height. Many of the places on this shore still retain their ancient names, but the attributes which the classics give them are no more.

From Jaci to Catania their road lay over lava, and consequently was very fatiguing. Within a few miles of the last-named place, they counted eight mountains formed by eruption, with each its extinguished crater. Some of these are very high, and of great compass.

At some little distance from the shore, are three rocks of lava, which Pliny takes frequent notice of, and calls them the Three Cyclops. It is pretty singular, that they still retain the same name.

The fate of Catania has been very remarkable, and will even appear fabulous. It is situated immediately at the foot of this great volcano, and has been several times destroyed by it. It would indeed have been

extraordinary had it escaped; but what signalizes it most, it was always in great want of a port, till by an eruption in the sixteenth century, what was denied by nature it received from the generosity of the mountain. A stream of lava running into the sea, formed a mole, which no expence could have supplied. This answered for some time the purpose of a safe and commodious harbour, till, by a subsequent eruption, it was entirely filled up and destroyed. For the benefit of the port, the Catanians think themselves indebted to St. Agatha; and when it was destroyed, they confessed they had given just cause of offence to that saint, whose veil they preserve, and imagine it capable of performing many miracles. Indeed, every thing that has touched this piece of sacred attire, is supposed to be impregnated with some extraordinary qualities. Thus there are numerous little bits of cotton and linen fixed to the veil, which, after the bishop's benediction, acquire a reputed power to save a person's house or garden; and whenever this expedient fails, it is ascribed to the want of faith in the devotee, rather than want of efficacy in the veil.

On their arrival at Catania, they were amazed to find, that, in such a noble and beautiful city, there was no such thing as an inn. By the assistance, however, of Canonico Recupero, to whom they carried letters of introduction, they soon procured comfortable lodgings in a convent. The prince of Biscaris, governor of the place, on whom they waited, soon after returned their visit, and made them many obliging offers.

Seignior Recupero, who has written the history of the mountain, acted as their Cicerone. He confessed that he was embarrassed in his enquiries, by the Mosaic date of the creation; for that it required two thousand years or upwards to form a scanty bed of soil on a surface of lava; and that a pit had been sunk to a great depth near Jaci, in which they pierced

seven strata of lava, each covered with a thick bed of rich earth; consequently, reasoning from analogy, the lowest must have flowed from the mountain fourteen thousand years ago. He owned that he could not, in conscience, make his mountain so young as Moses made the world; and that his bishop, who is a good Catholic, warned him to be on his guard, and not pretend to be a better natural historian than that prophet.

On the 26th they went to see the house and museum of the prince of Biscaris, which is extremely rich in antiques; and what enhanced the value of them to the possessor, they were chiefly brought to light by the prince himself. He had dug them out of the ancient theatre of Catania, at an incredible expence; but happily his pains were amply repaid by the number and variety of curious objects he had discovered. It is impossible to enumerate them, as they embrace a wide field of ancient treasures.

This prince behaved with the most engaging politeness to our travellers, and his own manners were more attractive than all the curiosities he possessed.

The same afternoon they went in company with Recupero, to visit a splendid building at some distance from the town, which appeared more like a royal palace than a convent of benedictine monks, which in fact it was. These fathers possessed no less than fifteen thousand pounds a year; and seemed determined to make sure of a paradise in this world, however they might fare in the next.

Those sons of humility, temperance, and mortification, received and entertained their visitors with great civility and politeness, and even without ostentation. Their museum deserved notice. But their garden was the greatest curiosity; though formed on the surface of the rugged and barren lava, it is distinguished for neatness and variety. The walks are broad and paved with flints, and the trees and hedges, though cut into

a number of fantastic forms, thrive extremely on the artificial bed of earth.

The church belonging to this convent, would be a noble pile, were the whole plan executed; but being founded on the surface of the porous and brittle lava, several of the arches have given way before more than a fifth of the edifice is completed. The organ is particularly grand.

Our travellers next went to examine where the lava had scaled the city walls. The walls are near sixty feet high, and of great strength, or they could not have resisted the torrent, which, accumulating at the bottom, instantly mounted over the top, and carried every thing along with irresistible violence. In its destructive course it covered up some fair fountains; one of which was so much esteemed, that the inhabitants pierced through the lava to recover their favourite spring.

Catania, notwithstanding its dangerous situation, is looked upon as one of the most ancient cities in the island. Some of the Sicilian writers pretend that it was built by Deucalion and Pyrrha, as soon as the waters subsided. It is now reckoned the third city in the kingdom, though since the fatal pestilence in Messina it may justly be considered as the second. It contains upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants; and is the seat of an university and a bishopric. The bishop's revenues chiefly arise from the sale of snow on Mount Etna, one small portion of which, lying on the north, is said to bring him in one thousand pounds annually.

It should be observed, that ice and snow are universally used in Sicily by all ranks; and Etna not only supplies that island, but likewise Malta and part of Italy with this agreeable luxury. A famine of snow, they say, would be more grievous than a famine of corn or wine. Without Etna, which keeps them cool in summer and warm in winter, they are of opinion Sicily would not be habitable. So strong is habit, and

so variable are the articles of luxury in different countries!

There are many remains of antiquity in this city, though it has frequently been overthrown. Most of them, however, are in a very ruinous state. One of the most remarkable, is an elephant of lava, with an obelisk of Egyptian granite on his back. There are likewise considerable remains of a spacious theatre; a large bath almost entire; the ruins of a vast aqueduct, eighteen miles long; the remains of several temples are dedicated to Ceres, and another to Vulcan. The church, called Bocca di Fuoco, was also a temple; but the most entire of any of the antiquities, is a small rotundo, which demonstrates this figure to be the most durable of any.

It is remarkable that many of the ancient temples are converted into Christian churches, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, who seems to have been long constituted universal legatee of all the ancient goddesses, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal; and indeed little more than the names are changed; for many of the present rites are as rediculous as the Pagan.

In some places the very same images remain under a new appellation. Thus, what was Venus, or Proserpine, is now Mary Magdalene, or the Virgin. The same ceremonies are daily performed before those images, in the same language, and nearly in the same form. The saints are perpetually descending in person and working miracles, like the heathen gods of old. The walls of the temples are covered with the vows of pilgrims, as they were formerly. The holy water is again revered and sprinkled about with the same devotion as in the time of Paganism. The same incense is burnt by priests, arrayed in the same manner, with the same grimaces and genuflections. In short, so nearly do the rites coincide, that were the Pagan high priest to come back and reassume his functions, he would only have to learn a few new names and a few prayers, which would be easy to him, as they are in a language

he would understand; while his modern successors only repeat them by rote*.

On the 27th of May, at day-break, they set off to visit Mount Etna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities are covered over with a numerous progeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain.

Etna, as has been previously observed, is divided into three distinct regions; the Fertile Region; the Woody Region; and the Barren Region. These three are as distinct, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and might, with propriety, have been styled the torrid, temperate, and frigid regions. The first surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world, on all sides of it, to the extent of about fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of soils.

At Catania the harvest was over, and the heats almost insupportable; while at Nicolosi, twelve miles up the mountain, the corn was yet green, and the climate temperate. The fruit of this region is reckoned the finest in Sicily, particularly the figs, of which they have a great variety. One of these, of a very large size and superior flavour, is pretended to be peculiar to Etna.

The lavas, which from this region of the mountain, take their rise from an infinite number of the most beautiful little hills, which are every where scattered on the immense declivity. They are all of a regular figure, either conical or hemispherical, and are gene-

* Even the sensible Catholics themselves cannot help seeing and ridiculing the superstition of their rites. As Huet, one day, was passing the statue of Jupiter, in the Capitol at Rome, he pulled off his hat and made him a bow. A Jacobite gentleman, who had fled from his country, observing it, asked why he paid so much respect to that old gentleman; For the same reason, replied Heuet, that you pay so much to the pretender; because there is a probability that his time will come round again.

rally clothed with trees and the richest verdure. Every eruption generally forms one of those hills.

As the great crater of Etna itself is raised to such enormous height above the lower regions of the mountain, it is not possible that the internal fire, raging for a vent, even round the base, and probably below it, should be carried upright to the height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, the computed elevation of the summit. It has, therefore, generally happened that, after shaking the mountain and its vicinity for some time, it at last bursts open its side; and this is denominated an eruption.

At first it sends forth only a thick smoke and showers of ashes, that lay waste the adjacent country: these are followed with red-hot stones and rocks of a great size, thrown up to an immense height in the air. The fall of these stones, together with the quantity of ashes discharged at the same time, at last form a spherical or conical mountain. Sometimes this process is finished in a few days; and sometimes it lasts for months, as happened in the great eruption of 1669, when a mountain, upwards of seven or eight miles in circumference, and one thousand feet perpendicular height, was raised.

After the new mountain is formed, the lava generally bursts out from the lower side, and bearing every thing before it, for the most part terminates in the sea. However, the volcano sometimes discharges stones and ashes from its crater, without forming any new mountain, but only increasing the height of some old one; till at last the lava, rising near the summit, bursts the side of the crater, and the eruption is at once declared.

Recupero assured our author, that he saw, in an eruption of Etna, large rocks of fire discharged to the height of some thousand feet, with a noise more terrible than the loudest thunder. He measured from the time of their greatest elevation to their reaching the ground, and found it took up the space of twenty-two seconds, which, according to the usual rule of com-

puting descents, must give a height of more than seven thousand feet. This requires a force of projection beyond what natural powers give us any conception of.

Their landlord at Nicolosi gave them an account of the singular fate of the beautiful country near Hybla, at no great distance. It was so celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Passi, till it was overwhelmed by the lava of Etna, when, by a pun, its name was changed to Mal Passi: In a subsequent eruption, by a shower of ashes from the mountain, it soon recovered its ancient beauty and fertility; but in the unfortunate era of 1669, it was again deluged by an ocean of fire, which reduced it to the most wreched sterility. However, the lava, in its course over this fine country, left several little hillocks, or islands, which appear in all the bloom of luxuriant vegetation; and, contrasted with the large fields of black and rugged lava, have a romantic effect.

Mr. Brydone visited Monpelieri, which is of a spherical shape, and perfectly regular on every side. Its perpendicular elevation does not exceed three hundred feet, and its whole surface is covered with the richest profusion of fruits and flowers. Its crater is as exactly hollowed out as the best made bowl, and may be about a mile in circumference.

This beautiful mountain was formed by the first eruption that destroyed Mel Passi, which buried a great number of villages and country houses; and particularly two noble churches, more lamented than all the rest, because they contained some statues of great celebrity. Many ineffectual attempts had been made to recover them, as the spot on which the churches stood could never be exactly ascertained. Indeed it was impossible it should; for these churches being built of lava, it melted as soon as it came in contact with the torrent of new erupted matter.

Massa says that, in some eruptions of Etna, the lava has poured down with such sudden impetuosity, that in the course of a few hours, churches, palaces, and vil-

-lages have been entirely melted down and run off in fusion, without leaving a trace of their former existence. But if the lava has had any considerable time to cool, this singular effect never happens.

In the great eruption of 1669, after the whole country had been shook for four months, and several mountains of stones and ashes formed, the lava burst out like a torrent, about a mile above Monpelieri, and bearing against the middle of that mountain, made a deep impression; then, flowing round it, united on the farther side; and laying waste the whole country, scaled the walls of Catania, and poured its flaming stream into the ocean. In its way it is said to have destroyed the possessions of thirty thousand people, and to have reduced them to beggary. It formed several hills where there were formerly valleys, and filled up a large lake, of which not a vestige is to be seen.

In this extraordinary eruption, a vineyard belonging to a convent of Jesuits lay directly in its way. The vineyard was over an ancient lava, with a number of caverns and crevices under it. The liquid lava entering these caverns, soon filled them up, and by degrees raised the vineyard. The Jesuits, who expected every moment to see it buried, beheld with amazement the whole field begin to move off. It was carried to a considerable distance, and though the greatest part of it was destroyed, some of it is still visible.

The mouth from which this dreadful torrent issued, they were surprised to find was only three or four yards in diameter. Opposite to it is a vast cavern, so dismal and gloomy, that their landlord informed them, some persons had lost their senses by advancing too far, imagining they saw devils and damned spirits; for the notion is still very general here, that Etna is the mouth of hell.

Our travellers found a degree of wildness and ferocity in the inhabitants of this mountain beyond what they had been accustomed to. It was with difficulty that the person recommended by Recupero could be

permitted by his countrymen to attend them. This man obtained the appellation of the Cyclops, from his intimate acquaintance with Etna.

It was no easy matter to convince these mountaineers, that they were Christians, and that they had not for their object the discovery of hidden treasures. Every bit of lava, or pumice stone, they took up, was watched with a jealous eye. They asked what use they could be applied to; and when Mr. Brydone, in jest, said, that some people in his country could extract gold from them, they wished to acquire this secret, which, they observed, would make them the richest people on earth.

Our author, at last, being apprehensive that he might have carried the jest too far, by pretending to say that gold could be extracted from lava, lest he should be importuned for a secret he did not know, pulled out some pieces of lava to the next party he fell in with, and told them they were at their service. But they refused, saying, they wished to the Virgin and St. Agatha that he would take away the whole of it, as it had ruined the finest country in all Sicily.

One fellow, who assumed a superior air of wisdom and dignity to the rest, making his countrymen form a circle round Mr. Brydone, began to interrogate him with great gravity and composure. He desired to know, with truth and precision, what was the real motive for coming to visit Etna; and when he was told, in one word, curiosity, he observed, a very pretty reason truly.

He was then questioned as to his country, and whether he was a Christian. They knew not even where England lay, though one of them recollected that several Inglese had at different times paid visits to Mount Etna, and they could not find out the reason, unless it was out of respect to an English queen, who had burnt in the volcano for many years past. Mr. Brydone was anxious to discover the name of this queen, whom superstition had consigned to such a

punishment; and with some difficulty, found it was the unfortunate Anne Bullen, whose imputed crime, in the eyes of the Catholics, was making a heretic of her husband. And what became of Henry VIII. asked our author, surely he must be here too? *Sicuro*, "certainly," said the mountaineer, "and all his heretic subjects likewise; and if you are of that number, you need not be in such a hurry to get thither, you will be sure of it at last."

Soon after this curious conversation, they left Nicolosi, and in less than two hours, travelling over ashes and lava, they came to the Regione Sylvosa. As soon as they entered those delightful forests, they seemed to be got into another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing, and every breeze came loaded with a thousand perfumes. Many parts of this region are surely the most heavenly spots on earth; and if Etna resembles hell within, it may, with equal justice, be said to resemble paradise without.

The woody region of Etna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle, of the brightest verdure all round the mountain. After passing through half this track, they took up their lodgings for the night in a cavern, where they were enraptured with the prospects, and seemed already to have been elevated above earth.

This cave, which has received the name of La Spelonca dal Capriole, was surrounded by stately oaks, of the dry leaves of which our travellers made very comfortable beds, and with their branches kindled a good fire. The thermometer here had fallen below sixty, and the barometer stood at twenty-four degrees two minutes. At one extremity of the cave they found a large quantity of snow, which was a very fortunate circumstance for them, as no water was to be had in the vicinity.

After returning to their beds of leaves, their rest was somewhat disturbed by the noise of a mountain

that lay a good way off, on their right. It had been formed by an eruption four years before; yet the fire was not yet extinguished, nor was the lava by any means cold. This lava spent its fury on a beautiful forest, which it laid waste to a great extent. In their road, next day, they scrambled over part of this lava, the surface of which appeared cold and solid; though it was certain, that the internal part of the mass was still hot and liquid. A solid body of fire, of some hundred feet in thickness, requires many years to cool, particularly as the external air is excluded by the incrustation that speedily forms on its surface.

By degrees they got above the region of vegetation, and looked back on the forests of Etna, which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf, encompassing the mountain. The prospect before them was wholly different. They beheld an expanse of snow and ice which alarmed them exceedingly, and almost staggered their resolution to proceed, though under the trusty guidance of the Cyclops. In the centre of this expanse, but still at a great distance, they descried the lofty summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It appeared, indeed, altogether inaccessible, from the vast extent of the fields of snow and ice that surrounded it. The Cyclops increased their apprehension, by informing them that it sometimes happened, that the surface of the mountain being hot below, melted the snow in particular spots, and formed pools of water, where it was impossible to foresee the danger; that it likewise happened, that the surface of the water, as well as the snow, was covered with black ashes, which gave a fallacious appearance of security; but he concluded by assuring them of his utmost caution for their preservation.

Accordingly, after a conference, they determined to send back their cattle to the forest below, and to prepare to climb the snows. This was about eleven at night. The Cyclops took a cheering draught of brandy,

and bid them do the same, as they had seven miles of snow to pass before they could reach the summit.

The ascent for some time was not steep; and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, they had tolerable good footing; but as soon as it began to grow steeper, they found their labour increase. However they determined to persevere, calling to mind that the emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same labour for the same object, to see the sun rise from the top of Etna.

After incredible fatigue intermixed with some pleasing prospects, they arrived before dawn, at the ruins of an ancient structure, called Il torre del Filosofo, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount Etna. By others, however, it is said to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose workshop, as all the world knows, was in Mount Etna.

Here they rested for some time, and made a fresh application to their *liqueur* bottle. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of heaven appeared in awful majesty and splendor. They found themselves more struck with veneration than below, and at first were at a loss to account for the cause; till they observed with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and their lustre doubled. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye they could discover clusters of stars, that were invisible below.

This was a natural consequence of having passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, which blunts and confuses every ray before it reaches the surface of the earth. They exclaimed, what a glorious situation for an observatory. They regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as they think it probable they might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a pocket telescope.

They observed a great way below them, a moving light, probably an ignis fatuus, and they likewise took notice of those meteors, called falling stars, which still appeared to be as much elevated above them as when they were on the plain; so that in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

Having contemplated these objects for some time with delight, they again set off, and soon arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is wholly composed of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano within its centre. This conical mountain is of great magnitude; its circumference cannot be less than ten miles.

Here they found the mercury had sunk to 20 deg. $4\frac{1}{2}$ min. and they took another rest, as the most toilsome part of their journey still remained. The mountain now became excessively steep; and though it was externally black, it was nevertheless covered with snow, under a pretty thick layer of ashes, which much facilitated their footing on this frozen track.

After about an hour's climbing, they got to the termination of the snow, and found a warm and grateful vapour issuing from the mountain, which induced them to make another halt. Here the mercury stood to 19 deg. $6\frac{1}{2}$ min. and the thermometer had sunk to three degrees below the point of congelation. Before they left the summit, it fell two degrees more.

From this spot it was only about three hundred yards to the highest peak, where they arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and sublime sight that nature can present.

But here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of the globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense

elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any other mountain for the senses and imagination to rest on, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks with a noise that astounds, and a force that often shakes the whole island. Add to this the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere, by degrees, kindled up and dimly shewed the boundless landscape. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which just before seemed black, and the bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected, to shew their former colours, appeared a new creation, rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every brightening beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to expand itself on all sides, till the glorious orb of day, rising in the east, with his plastic ray, completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment, and it is difficult to conceive this is earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a view, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.

The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits appear beneath the spectator's feet; and he looks down on the whole of Sicily, as on a map, in which he can trace every river through all its meanders, from its source to its

efflux. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any object within the circle of vision to interrupt it, so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and nothing but the imperfection of the organs of vision can prevent a prospect of the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, which are certainly above the horizon.

Such is the animated picture Mr. Brydone gives us of his pleasures and feelings on the summit of Etna, the circumference of whose visible horizon cannot be less than two thousand miles.

At Malta, which is near two hundred miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one half of the actual elevation of Etna.

The most beautiful part, however, of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the smaller islands that spot the bosom of the sea. All these by a kind of magic in vision, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of Etna; the distances appearing reduced to nothing.

The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of Etna, first arrests the attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head; and the extremes of intense cold, and intense heat, seem to be united in the same point.

This region is immediately succeeded by the Regione Sylvosa which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, presenting a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but is finely variegated with an infinite number of those delightful little mountains, that have been formed by the different eruptions of Etna.

The circumference of this zone, or great circle, on Etna, is not less than seventy or eighty miles. It is every where succeeded by vineyards, orchards, and corn-

fields, which compose the Regione Culta, or fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is one hundred and eighty-three miles.

This last track is likewise covered with a number of little conical or spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, which make a delightful contrast with the superior regions. It is bounded by the sea on the south and south-east, and on all other sides by the rivers Simetus and Alcantara, which almost encircle it.

On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends itself across the whole island, and makes a large visible track, even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined to the neighbourhood of Etna.

The present crater of this immense volcano is about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, immediately, on its reaching the verge of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent; till reaching a part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, in the direction of the wind.

The crater is so hot, that it is dangerous, if not impossible, to descend into it, and in many places the surface is so soft, that there have been instances of persons sinking down into it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano, that tremendous gulf, so celebrated in all ages, regarded both as the terror and scourge of present and future life, by well-grounded fear, or gloomy superstition.

It was with a mixture of pleasure and pain, that our

travellers quitted this awful scene. But the wind had risen very high, and clouds began to collect round the mountain's head. In short, they expected to have seen a thunder-storm beneath their feet, no unusual sight in this situation; but the clouds being dispersed by the winds, they lost this sublime prospect.

A musket fired here had no louder report than that of a pocket pistol; and in fact, the thinner the air, the less must the impression of sound be on the ear.

When they arrived at the foot of the cone, they observed some rocks of an incredible size, that had been discharged from the crater, probably ages ago; as the ruins of Torre del Filosofo, so near the top of Etna, prove that few eruptions of any magnitude have risen so high in the mountain, for a period beyond historical evidence.

Empedocles, to whom this structure is ascribed, was a native of Agrigentum, and is supposed to have died about four hundred years before the Christian era. He is said to have thrown himself headlong into the gulf of Etna, to confirm the idea that he was a god, by preventing people from accounting for his death; but the treacherous mountain threw up his slippers, which were of brass, and announced that he was only a mortal.

Mr. Brydone, on leaving this stupendous scene, had the misfortune to slip on the ice, and sprained his ancle to such a degree, that he was obliged to be supported for some way by two men. At last they reached their mules, and took some repose once more in the Spelonca del Capriole on a bed of leaves, which they thought a paradise after all their fatigues.

It was about six in the morning when they left the summit of Etna, and it was eight at night before they reached Catania. They observed, with mingled pleasure and pain, the change of the climates as they descended. From the region of the most rigid winter they soon arrived in that of the most perfect spring. On first entering the forests, the trees were as naked

as in December; but after descending a few miles, they found themselves in the mildest and the softest of climates; the trees in full verdure, and the fields covered with all the flowers of summer. No sooner again had they left the woods, and entered the lower track, than the heat became altogether insupportable, and they suffered dreadfully from it before they could reach Catania.

Though the want of a quadrant prevented our author from measuring the height of Etna geometrically, from the most accurate observations he could make, by means of the barometer, it did not exceed twelve thousand feet perpendicular, or little more than two miles.

It seems that philosophers are much divided on this subject, some making it higher than the Andes, or indeed than any mountain on earth; and in general the altitude appears to be reckoned too high; though nothing would be easier, with proper instruments, than than to ascertain it with precision.

The wind and our author's unfortunate sprain, in a great measure prevented their electrical experiments; however, they found near Nicolosi, and particularly on the top of Monpelieri, that the air was in a very favourable state for operations of this kind. Here the little pith-balls, when insulated, were sensibly affected, and repelled each other above an inch. It is extremely probable, indeed, that upon these mountains formed by eruptions, where the air is strongly impregnated with sulphureous effluvia, great electrical experiments might be made. And perhaps of all the reasons assigned for the wonderful vegetation that is performed on Etna, there is none which contributes so much towards it, as this constant electrical state of the air; for, from a variety of experiments, it has been found, that the quantity of the electrical matter has a very sensible effect, both on vegetable and animal life.

Electricity, indeed, may be considered as the great vivifying principle of nature, by which she carries on

her principal operations. It is a fifth element, distinct from, and of a superior nature to, the other four, which compose only the corporeal parts of matter; but this subtle active fluid is a kind of soul that pervades and quickens every particle of it.*

So highly electric is the vapour of volcanos, that it has been observed in some eruptions, both of Etna and Vesuvius, that the whole track of smoke, which sometimes extended one hundred miles, produced the most tremendous effects; killing shepherds and flocks on the mountains, blasting trees, and setting fire to houses, wherever it fell in with them on an elevated situation.

The variety of waters about Etna is very remarkable; some are extremely cold, some are periodical, and others are highly deleterious. Recupero informed them that about twenty years ago a rent opened in the mountain, which for a considerable time sent forth such a mephitic vapour, that, like the lake Avernus, birds were suffocated in flying over it.

There are many caverns about Etna, where the air is insupportably cold, which serve the peasants as ice-houses. Kircher speaks of one capable of containing thirty thousand men, where many people have been lost by their temerity in advancing too far. One of those caverns still retains the name of Proserpine, from its being supposed, by the ancients, the passage by which Pluto conveyed her into his dominions.

This mountain is likewise celebrated for its vegetable stores. . Among others are said to be cinnamon,

* There have been instances of the human body becoming electric without the mediation of any electric substance, and even emitting sparks of fire with a disagreeable sensation, and an extreme degree of nervous sensibility. It is not unlikely, indeed, that many diseases originate from an excess or defect of the electric principle in the constitution. The malades imaginaires, or hypochondriac, having too small a quantity of this fire, should increase it by wearing some electric substance next their skin; such as flannel and silk.

sarsaparilla, sassafras, rhubarb, and palma christi, from the seed of which castor oil is extracted.

There were, formerly, a great number of wild beasts in the woody region of Etna; but the number is now greatly reduced. They have still, however, the wild boar, the roe-buck, and a kind of wild goat. The race of stags, as well as of bears, is thought to be extinct.

The horses and cattle of Mount Etna are esteemed the best in Sicily. The cattle are of a very large size, and their horns are of such expansion, that they are preserved as curiosities in some museums.

Our travellers having satisfied their curiosity on this mountain, so illustrious from remote antiquity to the present times, on the 31st of May embarked on board a felucca for Syracuse. The wind was favourable, and they made a rapid progress. The view of Etna, during the whole of this voyage, was wonderfully fine, and the bold black coast, formed, for nearly thirty miles, of the lava of that immense volcano, gave the most awful idea of its eruptions.

The prospect, indeed, of this mountain from the sea, is more complete and satisfactory than any where on the island. The eye takes in a greater portion of the circle; and the different regions are more distinctly marked out, by their different colours and proportions, exposing at once every climate and season:

> Where blossom, fruits, and flowers together rise,
> And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

They passed the mouths of several rivers. The first and most considerable was the Giarretta, or river of St. Paul, formerly the Simetus, and, under that name, celebrated by the poets. This river was navigable in the time of the Romans. It takes its rise on the north side of Etna, and surrounding the west skirts of the mountain, falls into the sea near the ruins of the ancient Morgantio. Near its mouth it throws up large quantities of fine amber, which is carefully collected

by the peasants, and brought to Catania, where it is manufactured into crosses, beads, saints, and other articles, and sold at high prices to the superstitious.

The generation of amber has long been a controverted point among naturalists. It is generally supposed to be a kind of gum, or bitumen, that issues from the earth in a liquid state, and afterwards becomes indurated by exposure to the air.

Not far from the mouth of the Simetus, are two of the largest lakes in Sicily; the Beviere and the Pantana; the first of which is supposed to have been formed by Hercules; and in consequence was reputed sacred by the ancients. They are full of a variety of fish, one species of which, called Molletti, is much esteemed.

In a few hours sailing, they came in sight of the city of Augusta, beautifully situated on a small island, that was formerly a peninsula. Both the city and fortifications appeared considerable. Within a few miles of this lie the ruins of Little Hybla, so celebrated for its honey.

Some time before their arrival at Syracuse, it fell a dead calm, and they spied a fine turtle fast asleep on the surface of the water. This prize they hoped to have secured: but while they were in the act of seizing it, the turtle slipt through their fingers, and deprived them of their expected luscious banquet.

Soon after, the remains of the mighty Syracuse appeared, the remembrance of whose glory, magnificence, and illustrious deeds, filled them with veneration. But how are the mighty fallen! This proud city, that vied with Rome herself, is now reduced to a heap of rubbish; for what remains of it scarcely deserves the name of a town. They rowed round the greatest part of the walls, without seeing a human creature; those very walls that were the terror of the Roman arms; from whence Archimedes battered their fleets, and with his engines lifted their vessels from the sea, and dashed them against the rocks.

They found the interior part of the city agreed but too well with its external appearance. There was no inn to be found; and after visiting all the monasteries and religious fraternities, in search of beds, they found them so wretchedly mean and dirty, that they preferred sleeping on straw.

They had introductory letters to Count Gaetano, who made many apologies for not being able to accommodate them with suitable lodgings; but, in other respects, they were under many obligations to him for his civilities.

Of the four cities which composed the ancient Syracuse, there remains only Ortigia the smallest, which is situated on an island, of the same name, and contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The ruins of the other three, Tycha, Achradina, and Neapoli, are computed at twenty-two miles in circumference; but almost the whole of this space is now converted into rich vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields.

The principal remains of antiquity are, a theatre and amphitheatre, many sepulchres, the Latomie, the Catacombs, and the famous Ear of Dionysius, which it was impossible to destroy. The Latomie now forms a noble subterraneous garden, and is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in the world. Most of it is about one hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and of an incredible extent. The whole is hewn out of a rock as hard as marble. The bottom of this immense quarry, from which the greatest part of Syracuse was probably built, is now covered with an exceeding rich soil, and being secure from every wind, produces shrubs and fruit trees of the utmost luxuriance and beauty. The oranges, citrons, bergamots, pomegranates, olives and figs, are of a remarkable size and fine quality.

In this garden there is a variety of wild and romantic scenes, in the midst of which they were surprised by the appearance of a figure under one of the caverns, that accorded with the solemnity of the place. It was

an aged man with a long flowing beard, that reached to his waist. His hands were shook by the palsy; his face was furrowed with years, and his locks scanty and grey. He supported himself on a kind of pilgrim's staff; and from his neck hung a string of large beads, with a crucifix appended.

This venerable figure was the hermit of the place, and belonged to a convent of Capuchins on the rock above; but had now bid adieu to the upper world, and was determind to spend the rest of his life in this solitude, in prayer and preparation for heaven. They left some money for him on the rock; for the Capuchins touch no money except with a pair of pincers, which convey it to their sack or cowl, to carry to market.

The Ear of Dionysius is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the form of the human organ of hearing. The perpendicular height is about eighty feet, and the length is not less than two hundred and fifty. The cavern was said to be contrived so that every sound was collected and united into one point, as into a focus, which was called the tympanum. Exactly opposite to this the tyrant had a small aperture, communicating with an apartment in which he used to conceal himself. To this opening he applied his ear, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below.

No sooner was this apartment finished, and a proof made of it, than he put to death all the workmen employed in its fabrication. He then confined all whom he suspected to be his enemies; and by listening to their conversation, determined as to their guilt, and punished or acquitted them accordingly.

As this chamber of Dionysius is very high in the rock, and now totally inaccessible, they had not an opportunity of making proof of this curious experiment. The echo in the Ear, however, is prodigious,

and superior to any thing they had ever heard. The holes in the rock, to which the prisoners were chained, still remain, and even the lead and iron in several of them.

The amphitheatre is in the form of a very eccentric ellipse, and is much ruined; but the theatre is so entire, that most of the gradini, or seats, still remain. Both these lie in that part of the city called Neapolis.

They searched among the sepulchres, several of which are very elegant, for that of Archimedes, but could see nothing resembling it. At his own desire, it was adorned with the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder; but had been lost by his ungrateful countrymen, even before the time that Cicero was questor of Sicily. That great orator and philosopher, with an enthusiastic admiration of the genius of Archimedes, undertook the search for his tomb, and had the felicity to discover it among some brakes.

The catacombs are little inferior to those of Rome or Naples, and are constructed in the same style. There are many remains of temples. A few columns shew where that of Jupiter Olympius stood. The temple of Minerva, now converted into a cathedral, and dedicated to the Virgin, is almost entire.

As the celebrated fountain of Arethusa has even been looked upon as one of the greatest curiosities of Syracuse, our travellers were anxious to visit it.

This fountain was dedicated to Diana, who had a magnificent temple near it, where great festivals were annually celebrated. They found a number of nymphs, up to the knees washing their garments in it; but these were not of Diana's train, and they had no reason to dread the fate of Actæon and Alpheus.

Arethusa is indeed an astonishing fountain; and rises at once out of the earth to the size of a river. The poetical fictions concerning it are numerous. Many of the people here believe to this day, that it is the identical river Arethusa, which sinks under ground, near Olympia in Greece, and continuing its course for

five or six hundred miles below the ocean, rises again in this spot.

In confirmation of this, it is said that after the great sacrifices at Olympia, the blood of which fell into that river, the waters of Arethusa rose for several days tinged with red. This, like many modern miracles, was probably a trick of the priests. Those of Diana had the charge of the fountain of Arethusa; and no doubt were much interested in supporting the credit of their goddess.

At a little distance from Arethusa, is a large spring of fresh water, that boils up in the sea. It is called Occhi di Zilica, or Alpheus, and is fabled by the poets to have pursued Arethusa below the sea all the way to Sicily. This probably did not exist in very early ages, as the most ancient authors do not mention it.

Syracuse has two harbours, the largest of which, on the south-west side of Ortigia, is reckoned six miles round. It is said by Diodorus to have run almost into the heart of the city; and the entry was so strongly fortified, that the Roman fleets could never penetrate it.

The smaller port is on the north-east of Ortigia, and is likewise recorded to have been highly ornamented.

Near this port, they shew the spot where the house of Archimedes stood; and likewise the tower from whence he is said to have set fire to the Roman galleys with his burning glasses; a story long believed, but now generally exploded, unless the powers of the ancient specula were much superior to any that modern times have produced. Our author, however, thinks this might have been effected by means of common looking glasses, or highly polished plates of metal.

Our travellers were soon tired of Syracuse, which was the most wretched of all wretched places they had ever seen. To contrast its former magnificence with its present meanness, is a melancholy task. The mighty Syracuse, the most opulent and powerful of

all the Grecian cities, which, by its single strength, was, at different times, a match for Carthage and Rome, and contained within its own walls fleets and armies, that were the terror of the world, is now reduced below the consequence of the most insignificant burgh. Even its few remaining inhabitants are covered with filth and disease, and miserable beyond description.

The want of any decent or even tolerable accommodation in Syracuse, induced them to abridge their stay in it; and accordingly they hired a Maltese sporonaro to carry them to that island. This is a small six-oared boat, made entirely for speed, to avoid the African corsairs, with which those seas are infested.

On the 2d of June they left the Marmoreo, or great port of Syracuse; and though the wind was contrary and pretty strong, by dint of rowing they got on at the rate of four miles an hour. Soon after the wind became favourable, but speedily increasing to a hurricane, they were in danger of being overset, and ran for shelter to Cape Passero.

Cape Passero, anciently Pachinus, is the remotest and most southerly point of Sicily. It is a small island about a mile in circumference, with a fort and small garrison, to protect the neighbouring country from the Barbary rovers.

As there is no other habitation of any kind on this steril spot, they refreshed themselves in a small cavern; and then sallied out to examine the face of the country, when they found the soil and productions wholly changed. Neither corn nor wine grew here; but the fields were adorned with an infinite variety of flowers and shrubs, and the rocks were entirely covered with capers then fit for gathering.

Here too they found, in the greatest perfection, that beautiful shrub, the palmeta, resembling a small palm tree, with a very elegant flower; but unfortunately the seeds were not ripe.

As soon as it was dark, they got on board their little vessel, and rowed out about one hundred yards

to sea, that they might be safe from the attacks of the natives in the night, who were represented as little better than savages. Still, however, they had the Turkish corsairs to fear, and on that and other accounts, they passed a very uncomfortable night.

In the morning an officer from Cape Passero visited them, who pretended to be weather wise, and assured them that they must relinquish all thoughts of getting farther till the full of the moon, which had just entered her second quarter; however, in spite of his sapient remarks, the very same afternoon the wind became propitious, and they immediately got under sail.

In a short time they came in sight of a sulphureous lake, the smell of which was so strong, that it was perceived at the distance of more than a mile. The water boiled up with violence in many places, though the heat at the banks is very inconsiderable. Our author is of opinion that this is the celebrated Camerina, which Æneas saw immediately after passing Pachynus, and which Virgil says the fates had decreed should never be drained.

This collection of water is surrounded with a variety of fine evergreens and flowering shrubs, of which the palmeta and the arbutus are the most beautiful. Here they saw a great many wild fowl; but could not get near enough to shoot any of them. They killed, however, a black snake, which Mr. Brydone thinks, answered the description of the asp. They dissected the tongue, and found the end of it sharp like a sting, and entertained little doubt but the animal used it for that purpose, though it is generally believed by naturalists, that the serpent race convey their poison through their teeth. This snake, however, had no teeth, but only very hard gums.

About sun-set the wind died away; the coast of Sicily began to recede, and they soon found themselves in the ocean. It was a dead calm, and the moon shone bright on the waters. The waves, from the late storm, were still high, but smooth and even, and followed one another with a slow and measured flow.

In the morning, no land was in sight, save Etna, which is the polar star of those seas. They had now a fine breeze, and about five in the afternoon, they reached the city of Valetta. The approach of the island is very fine, though the shore is rather low and rocky. It is every where made inaccessible to an enemy, by an infinite number of fortifications.

The entry into the port is very narrow, and commanded by a strong castle on each side.* They were hailed from the shore, and obliged to give a strict account of themselves. The English consul soon conducted them to an elegant inn, and they found themselves once more in a land of elegance and splendor.

The industry of the Maltese, in cultivating their little island, is inconceivable. Not an inch of ground is any where lost, and where there is not soil enough, they have transported it by ships and boats from Sicily. The whole country is full of inclosures of free stone, consequently has a naked aspect, and in summer reflects such a light and heat as to be very disagreeable and offensive to the eyes.

The island is covered with country houses and villages besides seven cities; but Valetta and Civita Vecchia alone deserve that appellation. Every village has a noble church, and indeed, the religious structures are eminently beautiful.

Malta does not produce corn enough to support its inhabitants one half of the year. The crop they most depend upon is cotton, which is sown and reaped in four months. Their oranges are the finest in the world, and are in season for seven months in the year. Many of them are of the red kind; and our author was told, that they were produced from the common orange bud, ingrafted on the pomegranate stock. The juice is as red as blood, and of a remarkably fine flavour. The greatest part of their crop is sent in pre-

* As Malta has already more than once fallen under our review, we shall confine ourselves to what appears novel in remark or description.

sents to the different courts of Europe, and to the relations of the chevaliers. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that our travellers procured a few chests for some of their Italian friends.

The evening after their arrival, they were entertained with the departure of a Maltese squadron, to assist the French against the bay of Tunis, who had fallen under the displeasure of the grand monarque, because he refused to deliver up some Corsican slaves. This squadron consisted of three gallies, each carrying from seven to nine hundred men; with about thirty knights; and several galliots and scampavias. Though these chevaliers are under vows of celibacy and chastity, they pay little regard to the latter; and kept making signals all the way to their mistresses, who were lamenting their departure from the bastions. Numbers of boats attended this expedition at its out-setting; the ramparts and fortifications were crowded with company; and the fort resounded with the discharges of heavy artillery, which were answered by the galleys and galliots, as they left the harbour.

The fortifications of Malta are chiefly cut out of the solid rock, and are really stupendous. All the boasted catacombs of Rome and Naples are mere trifles, compared to the immense excavations that have been made in this little island.

One half of Etna was clearly perceptible from hence, though 200 Italian miles distant; and they were assured that in the great eruptions of that mountain the whole island is illuminated and often shook.

As the city of Valetta is built upon a hill, none of the streets, except the quay, are level. They are all paved with white stone, which is extremely injurious to the eyes. The principal buildings are the palace of the grand master, the infirmary, the arsenal, the hotels of the Seven Tongues, the great church of St. John, and the palace of the grand master, whose name was Pinto, and to whom our travellers had the honour to be introduced. He was of a Portuguese family, and

had been upwards of thirty years at the head of that little state. He received them with great politeness, and was happy to hear that they had also visited his native country, which he considered as closely connected with Britain.

Though almost ninety years of age, he retained all the faculties of his mind in perfection, and managed every thing without the assistance of a minister. Considering his age, his activity and quickness in business were truly wonderful.

His household attendance and court are all princely; and, as grand master of Malta, he is more absolute, and possesses more power than most sovereign princes. His titles are, Serene Highness and Eminence; and as he has the disposal of all his lucrative offices, he models councils as he pleases.

The grand master is chosen by a committee of twenty-one, which commitee is nominated by the seven nations, three out of each nation. The election must be finished in three days from the death of the last grand master; and during that space, all is bustle, cabal, and intrigue.

The two islands of Malta and Gozzo contain about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and the land force is equal to the whole number of men fit to bear arms; for all are soldiers when required. Their sea force consists of a great number of vessels of different descriptions, all well manned and equipped.

The catacombs, near the ancient city of Melita, about the centre of the island, are an immense work. They are said to extend fifteen miles under ground, and to consist of so many labryinths, that it is dangerous to venture too far in them.

At no great distance from Melita is a small church, dedicated to St. Paul; and just by a statue of the saint, with a viper on his hand, supposed to be placed on the very spot where the house stood in which he was received after his shipwreck, and where he shook off the innoxious serpent into the fire.

The Maltese believe that the apostle at that time freed the island from venomous animals for ever; and the fact is certain, that none are now to be found here; nor will they live, if imported from other countries.

Adjoining to the church is the celebrated grotto, in which the saint was imprisoned, which is still regarded with the utmost reverence and veneration. It is extremely damp, and produces a whitish kind of stone or petrifaction, which being reduced into a powder, is said to be a sovereign remedy in many diseases. However this may be, whether faith effects a cure, or whether it has specific virtues, certain it is that every house in the island is provided with this remedy, and many boxes of it are annually exported. What may be recorded as a standing miracle, if true, is, that notwithstanding this perpetual consumption, it has never been exhausted, nor even sensibly diminished.

Our travellers were permitted to fill their pockets with this wonderful stone. It tastes like coarse magnesia, and is esteemed sudorific, and a certain remedy against the bite of all venomous animals. In the small-pox and fevers, it is given to the quantity of a tea-spoonfull or two, with much service.

Notwithstanding the natural bigotry of the Maltese, the spirit of toleration has so far prevailed, that they have allowed a mosque to their sworn enemies, the Turks; nor are their poor slaves, of the Mahometan faith, disturbed in the exercise of their religion.

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As the whole establishment of this singular society is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have never been able to abolish single combats; but they have laid them under such restrictions as greatly lessen their danger. The duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street of the city; and they must likewise, under the severest penalties, put up their swords, when ordered so to do by a *woman*, a *priest*, or a *knight*.

Under such limitations one would almost imagine that a duel could never end in blood; however, this is not the case, as our author counted about twenty crosses painted on the wall, opposite to which a knight had fallen.

A few months before our travellers arrived here, two knights had a dispute at a billiard table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abusive language, added a blow; but to the astonishment of all Malta, in whose annals there is not a similar instance, after so great a provocation, absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, yet he still declined. In consequence, he was condemned to make the *amende honorable*, in the great church of St. John, for forty-five days successively; then to be confined in a dungeon for five years without light, and afterwards to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The young man too, who received the blow, not having an opportunity of wiping off the affront in the blood of his enemy, was likewise in disgrace.

This anecdote may serve to shew the romantic principles that actuate this society, which has now subsisted for seven hundred years; and as it was the first born of chivalry, so it has long survived every other child of this visionary parent.

The weather at Malta is frequently so clear and serene, that not a cloud is to be seen in the sky. Mr. Brydone was charmed with the beautiful appearance which the heavens exhibited for some time after sun-set. The eastern part of the horizon appeared of a rich deep purple, and the western in the true yellow glow of Claude Lorrain. The heat, however, is very intense; the thermometer commonly standing in the beginning of June at 75 or 76 degrees.

They left the port of Malta on the 9th of June, in a sporonaro, and coasting along the island, took a view of its north port, its fortifications, and lazaretto. The mortars, cut out of the rocks near the different creeks, where a debarkation might be attempted, are tremendous works. The mouths of some of them are six

feet wide; and they are said to be capable of throwing an astonishing quantity of common balls or stones.

The distance from Malta to Gozzo is not above four or five miles, and between them lies the very small island of Commino. Gozzo is supposed to be the celebrated isle of Calypso; but it must be totally changed, or else it never answered the descriptions of Homer and Fenelon.

As they sailed along the coast, they looked in vain for the grotto of the goddess; neither could they see the verdant banks eternally covered with flowers, nor the lofty trees, ever in blossom, that afforded a shade to the sacred baths.

Finding their hopes frustrated, and that the isle of Calypso afforded nothing to recompense their trouble of investigating it, they launched farther into the deep; and night coming on, they wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, and slept most comfortably.

Next morning, they had a distant view of Sicily, and a little before sun-set they landed opposite to Ragusa, not far from the ruins of the Little Hybla. Here they found a fine sandy beach, and excellent bathing.

After supper they again launched their bark, and put to sea with a propitious gale. By noon next day, they reached the celebrated port of Agrigentum, the captain of which gave them a polite reception, and accompanied them to the city, situated at the top of a mountain, about four miles from the harbour. The road on each side was bordered by a row of exceeding large American aloes, many of which were then in blow, and made the most beautiful appearance imaginable. Our author was informed, that those curious plants, in that climate, always blowed the sixth year, and for the most part in the fifth.

The city of Agrigentum, now Grigenti, is irregular and ill built, but enjoys a delightful situation, little inferior to that of Genoa. It contains only about twenty thousand inhabitants, though in ancient times, its population amounted to nearly a million.

Here the Canonico Spoto, to whom they were recommended by Mr. Hamilton, gave our travellers a kind and hospitable reception, and insisted on their being his guests.

The ruins of the ancient city of Agrigentum lie about a short mile from the modern one. These, like the ruins of Syracuse, are mostly converted into corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards; but the remains of the temples are much more remarkable. Of the temple of Venus, almost one half exists. The temple of Concord has not yet lost a single column. It appears, by an inscription, to have been built by the people of Lilibitani, probably after having defeated the Agrigentines.

These temples are precisely in the same style and after the same model. They are supported by thirteen large fluted Doric columns, on each side, and six at each end.

The temple of Hercules is wholly in ruins, but appears to have been of much superior magnitude to the former. It was here that the celebrated statue of Hercules stood, so much celebrated by Cicero; which the natives of Agrigentum defended with such resolution from the rapacious Verres. In this temple, likewise, was a famous painting by Zeuxis, representing Hercules in his cradle killing the two serpents.

Near to this lie the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, supposed to have been the largest in the heathen world. It is now called the Giant's temple, as the people cannot conceive that such immense masses of rock could ever be raised by the hands of common men. The fragments of the columns are indeed enormous, and give a vast idea of the fabric. It is said to have stood till the year 1100; but is now a perfect ruin.

There are also the ruins of many more temples, particularly that of Juno, which history tells us contained one of the most famous pictures of antiquity, from the pencil of Zeuxis, who, determined to produce a model of human perfection, assembled all

the finest women of Agrigentum, who were even ambitious to appear naked before him, and from their blended charms he produced a perfect whole. This, which was regarded as his master-piece, was unfortunately burnt when the Carthaginians took Agrigentum.

The ancient walls of the city are mostly cut out of the rock. The catacombs and sepulchres are very grand. One of the latter is particularly worthy of notice, as it is mentioned by Polybius, as being opposite to the temple of Hercules, and to have been struck with lightning in his time. It is the monument of Tero, king of Agrigentum, one of the first of the Sicilian tyrants, and is nearly entire, though the inscriptions are obliterated.

All these mighty ruins of Agrigentum, and the whole mountain on which it stands, are composed of a concretion of sea-shells run together, and cemented by a kind of sand or gravel, now become so hard as to be, perhaps, more durable than marble itself.

The accounts which ancient authors give of the magnificence of Agrigentum are amazing. Diodorus says, that the great vessels for holding water were commonly of silver, and the litters and carriages of ivory, richly adorned.

On the 13th, they visited the great church, in which is a beautiful piece in alto relievo, on white marble, representing boar hunting, and thought to be equal to any thing of the kind in Italy. This church is farther remarkable for a singular echo, something in the manner of our whispering gallery at St. Paul's, though more difficult to be accounted for. If a person stands at the west gate, and another places himself on the cornice, at the most distant part of the church, exactly behind the great altar, they can hold a conversation in very low whispers.

For many years this singularity was little known; and several of the confessing chairs being placed near the great altar, some wags, who were in the secret,

used to station themselves at the door of the cathedral, and by this means heard every word that passed between the penitent and the confessor. In consequence of this, the most secret intrigues were discovered; and every woman in Agrigentum changed either her gallant or her confessor. Yet still it was the same, till the cause was found out, and precautions taken to prevent the discovery of these sacred mysteries.

The country round Agrigentum is delightful, producing corn, wine, and oil, in the greatest abundance; and the fields are, at the same time, covered with a variety of the finest fruits, such as oranges, lemons, pomegranates, almonds, and pistachio nuts.

On the 15th of June, Mr. Brydone and his friends dined with the bishop, by invitation, and found that the ancient character of the Agrigentines, for hospitality and good living, was not lost. There were thirty persons at table, and perhaps not less than one hundred dishes of meat, all dressed with the richest and most delicate sauces.

The Sicilians ate of every thing, and endeavoured to make their guests do the same. The company was remarkably merry, and many of them got half seas over before they rose from the table. They begged our travellers to make a bowl of punch, in which they succeeded so much to the liking of the company, that the bowl was frequently replenished.

In short, these reverend fathers of the church did not seem to place much dependence on fasting and prayer. One of them told Mr. Brydone, that if he would stay with them a little while, they would convince him that they were the happiest fellows on earth. "We have exploded," said he "from our system, every thing that is dismal and melancholy; and are persuaded, that of all the roads in the universe, the road to heaven must be the most pleasant, and the least gloomy: if it be not so," added he, "God have mercy on us, for I am afraid we shall never get there. Abstinence," continued the divine, "from innocent and

lawful pleasures we reckon one of the greatest sins, and guard against it with the utmost care; and I am pretty surė, that this is a sin for which none of us here will ever be damned."

This was not the first time, our author remarks, that he met with this libertine spirit among the Roman Catholic clergy. There is so much nonsense and mummery in their worship, that they are afraid lest strangers should believe they are serious, and perhaps too often fly to the opposite extreme.

The presence of the bishop did not check, but rather increased, the jollity of the company. He was a man highly and deservedly respected, and behaved with the greatest ease and politeness. Though not forty years of age, he had got the richest bishopric in the kingdom. He was a good scholar, and his genius was in no respect inferior to his erudition.

After taking leave of their jolly friends at Agrigentum, they embarked in a sporonaro at the new port. The weather then was fine; but after sun-set, the sky began to be overcast, and in a short time the whole atmosphere appeared fiery and threatening. The wind rose to a storm, and they were glad to put back to Agrigentum, which they at last reached in safety, about one in the morning.

They now unanimously agreed to have nothing more to do with sporonaros, and sent immediately to engage mules to carry them over the mountains to Palermo. After travelling about twenty miles along a road, where their guides constantly terrified them with stories of robbers and banditti, they arrived at a wretched place, where they refreshed themselves.

However, they found the country eminently beautiful, wild, and romantic. The fertility of many of the plains is truly astonishing, and it was with reason the Romans called this island "the granary of their empire." Were it cultivated to the utmost, it still would be the great granary of Europe. Yet the peasants are poor and wretched above expression. This misery arises from the baneful influence of arbitrary

government, which impoverishes a country that nature spontaneously made rich.

Palermo, where they arrived on the 19th of June, is the great capital of Sicily; and for regularity, uniformity and neatness is worthy of its destination. The approach to this city is fine. The alleys are planted with fruit trees, and large American aloes in full blow.

As there was but one inn in Palermo, our travellers were obliged to pay five ducats a day for very indifferent lodgings. The landlady was a noisy Frenchwoman, who pestered them with her impertinence and vanity. Our author draws a fine caricature of her; but we feel little interest in copying the picture, however faithful it may be. All French women are nearly the same, in whatever part of the world they live. Pert, vain, and intriguing, they are ever distinguished from the natives of other countries, and pride themselves on being so.

Palermo is built on an excellent plan. The four great streets intersect each other in the centre of the city, where they form a handsome square, called the Ottangolo, adorned with elegant uniform buildings. From the centre of this square the principal streets, and the four gates of the city, which terminate them, are all visible; the symmetry and beauty of which produce a fine effect. The diameter of the city is about a mile: the lesser streets, in general, run parallel to the great ones. Some of the gates are elegant pieces of architecture. The Porta Felice opens to the Marino, a delightful walk, which constitutes one of the chief pleasures of the nobility of Palermo. It is bounded on one side by the city wall, and on the other by the sea, from which there is always a pleasant breeze. In the centre of the Marino stands an elegant temple, which, during the summer months, is made use of as an orchestra for music. The concerts begin at midnight, and at that time the walk is crowded with carriages, and people on foot. The better to favour

intrigue, there is an order, that no person shall presume to carry a light with him on the Marino. The flambeaux are, therefore, extinguished at the Porta Felice, where the servants wait for the return of the carriages, and the company generally continue an hour or two together in utter darkness. The concert finishes about two in the morning, when the company retire.

Every night there are various conversaziones. There is a general one supported by the nobility, which opens every evening at sun-set, and continues till midnight. This meeting really deserves its appellation; whereas, in most parts of Italy, people assemble at the conversaziones, to play at cards and eat ice.

What appears singular is, that no sooner is a lady of quality brought to bed than conversations are held in her apartment every night. Our travellers, soon after their arrival at Palermo, were given to understand that the Princess of Paterno had been delivered, and that it was absolutely incumbent on them to pay their respects to her.

Accordingly, that they might not be reckoned unpolite, they went about sun-set and found the princess sitting up in her bed, in an elegant undress, with a number of her friends about her. In this happy climate, child-bearing seems to be divested of all its terrors, and is considered merely as a party of pleasure.

The Sicilian ladies marry at thirteen or fourteen, and are sometimes grandmothers before they are thirty. Our travellers were introduced to the Princess Partana, who had a great number of children, and who still appeared so young, that they actually mistook her at first, for her eldest daughter.

Mr. Brydone says, that here they contracted an acquaintance with many sensible and agreeable people, which made them regret to leave the place. The natives appeared frank and sincere, and possessed of

unaffected politeness. The viceroy set the pattern of hospitality, and was followed by the rest of the nobles. He was an amiable, agreeable man, and was much beloved by the people. Mr. Brydone and his friends frequented his assemblies, and several times dined with him.

The Sicilian cookery is a mixture of the French and Spanish, and the olio still preserves its rank and dignity in the centre of the table, surrounded by a great number of fricasees, fricandeaus, ragouts, and pet-de-loupes, like a grave Spanish don among a crowd of little smart marquisses. People of fashion are very magnificent in their entertainments; but most particularly in their deserts and ices. They are commonly temperate in regard to wine; but since they have learned the English mode of toasting the ladies, they are more free in their potations than formerly.

The Sicilians have always had the character of being very amorous, and not without reason. They are a nation of poets, and a man stands a poor chance for a mistress, who is not capable of celebrating her praises. Soft pieces of music and poetry used to be performed, or sung, under their mistresses' windows; but serenading is less in fashion than when they had a more intimate connection with the Spaniards. At one period it was wittily said, that no person could pass for a man of gallantry who had not got a cold, and was sure never to succeed in making love, unless it was done in a hoarse voice.

But the ladies of the present times are not so rigid to their suitors, nor do they expect to meet with such painful devotion. They are, in general, sufficiently free in their manners, though female licentiousness has by no means reached the height it has done in Italy. Though the establishment of cicisbeos is pretty general, our author met with several amiable instances of the purest conjugal love and fidility. Yet, he says, such sights are rare on the continent, which may be

imputed to the style in which young people are brought up.

In La Bagaria and Il Colle, two districts adjoining Palermo on the east and the west, the nobility have many country houses. Our travellers visited several of them. A villa belonging to a prince arrested their attention more for its singularity than its real merits. Its possessor, a man of immense fortune, had devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the most romantic writers.

The amazing crowd of statues that surround his house, appear, at a distance, like a little army drawn up for its defence; but, on approaching, the whole appears like the regions of delusion and enchantment; for, of all the immense group, there is not a single representation of any thing in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination, that created them, less astonishing than its fertility. The heads of men are joined to the bodies of every sort of animal; and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes five or six animals, that have no sort of resemblance in nature, are compounded. The head of a lion is fixed on the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, and the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns. Indeed, there is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected; and his pleasure is to see them all flourishing on the same head.

The statues that adorn, or rather deform, the great avenue and the court of the palace belonging to this whimsical prince, amount to six hundred; and of the whole number there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth beneath.

The inside of this enchanted castle exactly corresponds with the out. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs,

which, instead of plaister or stucco, are entirely composed of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect which these produce is that of a magnifying glass; so that when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of as many hundreds walking above.

The doors are covered with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most fantastic shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass, of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and sideboards are crowded with pyramids and pillars of teapots, caudle-cups, bowls, tea-cups, and saucers, strongly cemented together.

The windows are composed of panes of glass, of every colour in the rainbow, without either order or regularity. The house clock is cased in the body of a statue, and the eyes of the figure, moving with the pendulum, alternately turning up their white and black, make a hideous appearance.

The prince's bed-chamber and dressing-room contain almost every animal on earth, cut in marble, and coloured to nature. There are also many busts not less singularly imagined than the statues. Some of these make a handsome profile on one side, and represent a skeleton on the other.

The family statues, which are really fine, have been tricked out in new and whimsical suits of marble, that produce a most laughable effect. The shoes are all of black marble; the stockings generally of red; and the cloths of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich lace of giall antique.

The author and owner of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seemingly afraid to speak to any one; yet, notwithstanding the marked insanity of his actions, he will converse speciously, and is perfectly innocent. Being likewise immensely rich, and expending such considerable sums in the creation of monsters, which give bread to numbers, government, though provoked at his ab-

surdities, has forborne interfering; though his hideous statues have been the occasion of several living monsters being produced.

Finding themselves quite domesticated at Palermo, they daily visited some remarkable place. On the 30th of June, they went to see a celebrated convent of Capuchins, about a mile without the city. The burial-place is a great curiosity. It is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the walls of which are hollowed out into niches, all filled with dead bodies set on their legs, and fixed by the back to the inside of the recess. They are all dressed in their usual clothes, and form a most venerable assembly.

The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and hard as a piece of stock fish; and though many of the bodies have been dead upwards of two hundred and fifty years, none are yet reduced to skeletons.

Here people of Palermo pay frequent visits to their deceased relations, and recal, with a melancholy pleasure and regret, the scenes of their past life: here they familiarize themselves with their future state, and chuse the company they would wish to keep in the other world.

These visits must prove admirable lessons of humility; nor is the sight so full of horror as might be imagined. The corpses are said to retain a strong likeness of their original features for many ages. The colours, it is true, are faded; and the pencil does not appear very flattering; but still it is the pencil of truth, and not of a mercenary who only strives to please.

Some of those Capuchins sleep in those galleries every night, and pretend to have many wonderful visions and revelations; but few give credit to their fictions.

No woman is ever admitted into this convent, either dead or alive; and this interdiction is written in large characters over the gate. This precaution is perhaps

necessary, as the monks are said to be sufficiently frail, when exposed to the slightest temptation.

Many of the churches of Palermo are extremely rich and magnificent. The cathedral is a venerable Gothic building, supported by eighty columns of oriental granite, and divided into a great number of chapels, some of which are extremely rich, particularly that of St. Rosolia, the patroness of the city, who is held in greater veneration here than the Holy Trinity, or even the Virgin herself.

The relics of this saint are preserved in a large silver box, curiously wrought, and enriched with precious stones. They perform many miracles, avert the plague, and other similar services. In short, the credit of St. Rosolia is as high at Palermo, as that of St. Agatha at Catania.

The other riches of this church consist of some bones of St. Peter, and an arm of St. John the Baptist. There is likewise a jaw bone of prodigious efficacy.

The monuments of their Norman kings, several of whom lie buried here, are of the finest porphyry; some of them near seven hundred years old, and not ill executed for that era. Opposite to these is a tabernacle of lapis lazuli, about fifteen feet high, and finely ornamented. Some of the presents made to St. Rosolia are of considerable value. The sacristy too is very rich.

The Jesuits' church is equal in magnificence to any thing of the kind in Italy. The Chiesa del Pallazzo is wholly incrusted over with ancient mosaic, and the vaulted roof is decorated in a similar style.

The cathedral of Monreale, about five miles distant from the city, is likewise covered with mosaic, at an incredible expence. In it are several porphyry and marble monuments of the first kings of Sicily. This pile was built by William the Good, whose memory is still held in great veneration among the Sicilians.

The Archbishop of Monreale was regarded as a saint, and it appears that he deserved beatification

better than most of those in the calendar. Of his vast income he reserved no more to himself than enough to procure the plainest fare; all the rest being devoted to charitable, pious, and public uses. The people almost adored him: as he passed along, they crowded round him to receive his benediction, which was esteemed more efficacious than that of the pope; and it was seldom unaccompanied with something more substantial than words. No distressed object ever met his eye without being relieved, nor was any public work ever suffered to languish for want of supplies.

The feast of St. Rosolia approaching, great preparations were made for celebrating it with the utmost magnificence, and our travellers were prevailed on to prolong their stay, that they might be present at this splendid exhibition. Yet, notwithstanding the fame of this saint, and the fervent adorations that were paid her, Mr. Brydone could not make out any consistent history of her. He was referred to legends which varied much, and to an epic poem, of which she is the heroine. From the latter it appears that she was niece of William the Good; that she began very early to display symptoms of her sanctity; and that at fifteen, she deserted the world, and disclaimed all human society. She then retired to the mountains on the west of Palermo, and was never heard of more for 500 years. She disappeared about 1159, and it was imagined by the common people that she was taken up into heaven; till, in 1624, during a violent plague, a holy man had a vision that the saint's bones were lying in a cave near the top of the Mount Pelegrino. In this trance he learned, that if the remains of the saint were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession thrice round the walls of the city, the plague would immediately cease.

Little attention was at first paid to the vision of this holy man, and he was looked upon as little better than a dreamer; however, he persisted in his story, grew noisy, and found adherents. The magistrates, at last,

sent to the spot he indicated, and the mighty discovery was made. The sacred bones were found—the city was freed from the plague—and St. Rosolia became the greatest saint in the calendar. Churches were reared, altars were dedicated, and ministers appointed to this new divinity, whose dignity and consequence have since been supported at an incredible expence.

The people of fashion, however, hold the superstition of the vulgar in great contempt; and, perhaps, that very superstition is one principal cause of their infidelity. A refined and cultivated understanding, shocked at the folly of the mob, thinks it cannot possibly recede too far from it; and is often tempted to fly to the very opposite extreme. When reason is much offended at any particular dogma of faith, or act of worship, she is but too apt, in the midst of her disgust, to reject the whole. Hence deism is most prevalent in those countries, where the people are the wildest enthusiasts and the most bigotted.

On the 8th of July, the sirocc wind began to blow. The two preceding days had been uncommonly cool, the mercury never being higher than 72½ deg. When our traveller got up in the morning of that day, he had no suspicion of any change; but, on opening the door, the first blast felt like the burning steam from the mouth of an oven. The whole atmosphere seemed to be in a flame. On going in at another door, less exposed to the wind, they found the heat more supportable, but still as if they had been in a sweating stove.

In a few minutes they felt every fibre greatly relaxed, and the pores opened to such a degree, that they expected soon to be thrown into a profuse sweat. The thermometer then stood at 112 deg. and the air was heavy and thick, which alone rendered moving about practicable.

After being almost dissolved by this piercing heat, about three in the afternoon, the wind changed all at once almost to the opposite point of the compass, and

the transition from heat to cold was as sudden as that from cold to heat had been. In a short time the thermometer sunk to 82, a degree of heat that in England would be thought barely supportable; yet all night they were obliged, by the sense of cold, after their pores had been so much opened, to keep up the glasses of their coach.

This scorching wind seldom lasts more than thirty-six hours at once; and during its continuance, not a native is to be seen abroad, unless compelled by urgent business. All their doors and windows are close shut, to prevent the external air from entering; and the servants are constantly employed in sprinkling the apartments with water, to preserve the air in as temperate a state as possible. By these means people of fashion here suffer very little from the sirocc, except from the strict confinement to which it subjects them.

It is worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the scorching heat of this wind, it has never been known to produce any epidemical distempers, nor indeed any bad consequences whatever to the health of the people. It is true, they feel extremely weak and relaxed; but this is of no long duration, as the cool breeze soon braces them up again. Whereas, in Naples and many other places of Italy, where it is apparently less violent, it is often followed by putrid disorders, and never fails to produce almost a general dejection of spirits. There, however, the sirocc lasts for many days, and sometimes for weeks; so that as its effects are different, it probably proceeds from a different cause.

Our author met with an old man here who had written on the sirocc, and who maintains, that it is the same wind which sweeps the sandy deserts of Arabia, where it sometimes proves mortal in the space of half an hour. He alleges, that it is cooled in its passage over the sea, which entirely disarms it of its fatal effects before it reaches Sicily.

After the sirocc was over, the grass and plants that had been green the day before were become quite

brown, and crackled under their feet as if dried in an oven.

On the 9th, they had the honour of being present at a great entertainment in the palace of the Prince of Partana, from the balcony of which the viceroy reviewed a fine regiment of Swiss. The grenadiers were furnished with false grenades, which produced every effect of real ones, except that of doing mischief. The throwing of these seemed to entertain most. When a number of them fell together among a crowd, they defended themselves very dextrously with their hats, and the only damage sustained was the singeing of a few caps and wigs.

The company at the Prince Partana's was brilliant, and the entertainment noble. It consisted principally of ices, creams, chocolate, sweetmeats, and fruit, of which there was great variety. Some played at cards; the rest amused themselves in conversation, and walking on the terrace. The young prince and princess, who were very amiable, with several of their companions, played at cross purposes, and other similar games.

Our countrymen were joyfully admitted of this cheerful little circle, where they amused themselves very agreeably for several hours. They found the young ladies easy, affable, and unaffected. Here the mothers shew a proper confidence in their daughters, and allow their real characters to form and ripen. Some of the families at Palermo live in the practice of all the domestic virtues, and appear altogether English.

About five in the afternoon of the 12th, the festival of Rosolia, which had been so long expected, began by the triumph of that saint, who was drawn with great pomp through the centre of the city. The triumphal car was preceded by a troop of horse, with trumpets and kettle-drums; and all the city officers in their gala uniforms.

The car was a most enormous machine: it measured seventy feet long, thirty wide, and upwards of

eighty high; and as it passed along, overtopped the loftiest houses of Palermo. The form of its lower part was galley-shaped, swelling as it advanced in height, while the front was like an amphitheatre, with seats filled with a numerous band of musicians. Behind this was a large dome, supported by six Corinthian pillars, and adorned with a number of saints and angels. On the summit of the dome stood the gigantic silver statue of the saint herself. The whole machine was dressed out with orange-trees and flower-pots.

The car stopped every fifty or sixty yards, when the orchestra performed a piece of music, with songs in honour of the saint.

This vast fabric was drawn by fifty-six mules, in two rows, curiously caparisoned, and mounted by twenty-eight postilions, dressed in gold and silver stuffs, with large plumes of ostrich feathers in their hats. Every window and balcony was filled with well-dressed people, and an immense crowd of plebeians followed the car. The triumph, as it is called, lasted about three hours, and was succeeded by the beautiful illumination of the Marino, about a mile in length.

Opposite to the centre of this great line of light a magnificent pavilion was erected for the viceroy and his company, which consisted of the whole nobility of Palermo, and on the front of this, at a little distance from the sea, stood the great fireworks, representing one side of a palace, adorned with columns, arches, trophies, and every ornament of architecture. All the zebecks, galleys, galliots, and other shipping, were ranged round this place, and formed a kind of amphitheatre in the sea, inclosing it in the centre.

These began by a discharge of the whole of their artillery, the sound of which re-echoing from the mountains, produced a very noble effect; and after this they played off a variety of water rockets, and bombs of a curious construction, that often burst below water. This continued for the space of half an hour; when, in an

instant, the whole of the palace was beautifully illuminated. At the same time, the fountains, that were represented in the court before the palace, began to spout fire, and made a representation of some of the great jet d'eaux of Versailles and Marly. As soon as these were extinguished, the court assumed the form of a great parterre, adorned with a variety of palm-trees of fire, interspersed with orange-trees, flower-pots, and vases.

At once the illumination of these and the palace ceased, when the front of the latter broke into the appearance of a variety of suns, stars, and wheels of fire, which soon reduced it to a perfect ruin. And when all appeared to have vanished, there burst from the centre of the pile a vast explosion of two thousand rockets, bombs, serpents, squibs and devils, which seemed to fill the whole atmosphere, the fall of which made terrible havoc among the clothes of the vulgar, who could not afford shelter; but proved a wonderful amusement to the nobility, who were themselves secure.

During this exhibition, they were handsomely entertained with coffee, ices, sweetmeats, and a variety of excellent wines, in the great pavilion in the centre of the Marino, at the expence of the Duke of Castellano, the pretor, or mayor, of the city. The principal nobility give similar entertainments every night during the festival, by turns; and vie with each other in their magnificence.

The fireworks being finished, the viceroy put to sea in a galley richly illuminated. It was rowed by seventy-two oars, and made one of the most beautiful objects imaginable, flying with vast velocity over the smooth and glassy surface of the water, which shone round it like a flame, and reflected its splendor on all sides.

A numerous band of musicians was stationed on the prow.

This day's entertainment was concluded by the Cor-

so, which began at midnight, and lasted till two in the morning.

The great street was illuminated in the same magnificent manner as the Marino. The arches and pyramids were erected at small distances on both sides of the street; and when viewed from either of the gates, appeared a continued line of vivid flame.

Two lines of coaches occupied the space between these two lines of illumination. They were in complete gala; and as they open from the middle, and let down on each side, there was an advantageous display of the beauty of the ladies, the richness of their dress, and the brilliance of their jewels.

This beautiful train moved slowly round and round, for the space of two hours, and every person seemed animated with a desire of reflecting the happiness received. The company appeared all joy and exultation; and the pleasure that sparkled from every eye, was communicated by a kind of sympathy through the whole.

In such an assembly it was impossible for the heart not to dilate and expand itself; and our author says, his was often so full, that he has sometimes seen a tragedy with less emotion than this scene of joy. Pomp and parade were wholly laid aside, and every look spoke affection and friendship. "If superstition often produces such effects, I sincerely wish," says Mr. Brydone, "that we had a little more of it amongst ourselves. I could have paid homage to St Rosolia, and blessed her for making so many people happy."

On the 13th, the spectacles were renewed, though with less brilliancy; nor was it possible to prevent a falling off, both in the display and in the eager taste to be pleased. Pleasures may be equally exquisite in themselves, and beauties equally attractive, but the satiated appetite will enjoy them less than when every pulse beat high with desire, and every throb was full of expectation.

The entertainment of this day commenced with

horse-races, of which there were three; and six horses started in each. These were mounted by boys of about twelve years of age, without either saddle or bridle, and only a small bit of cord in the horse's mouth, which it seems is sufficient to stop him. The great street was the course; and it was covered, on purpose, a few inches deep in mould.

The firing of a cannon announced the moment of starting; and the horses, as if they understood the signal, set off at full speed. From Porto Felice to Porto Nuovo is exactly a mile, and this was performed in a minute and thirty-five seconds, which, considering the small size of the horses, was reckoned very great. They are generally Barbs, or a mixed breed between the Barb and the Sicilian.

The moment before starting, the street appeared full of people; nor did the crowd open till the horses were almost close upon it; when the people, by a regular uniform motion, from one end of the street to the other, fell back without bustle or confusion, and the race went on. Some few accidents, however, happened, and from appearances, many more might have been apprehended.

The victor was conducted along the street in triumph, with his prize displayed before him. This was a piece of white silk, embroidered and worked with gold.

The great street was illuminated, as on the preceding night; and the grand conversation of the nobles was held at the archbishop's palace, which was elegantly fitted up on the occasion.

About ten o'clock the triumphal car marched back again, in procession to the Marino. It was richly illuminated with large wax tapers, and made a most formidable figure. Don Quixotte would have taken it for an enchanted castle moving through the air.

The 14th, the illuminations were very grand. The two great streets, and the four city gates which terminate them, made the most splendid appearance.

The square, called La Piazza Otangolare, was richly ornamented with tapestry, statues, and artificial flowers; and as the building, which form its four sides, are uniform, and of a beautiful architecture, it made a grand display. Four orchestras were erected in it, well provided with musicians.

From the centre of this square is a view of Palermo, in all its glory; and indeed, the effect it produces is very great. Some of the devices which were seen on the gates, represented trophies, armorial bearings, and genii, which had a fine effect.

The conversation of the nobles was held in the viceroy's palace, and the entertainment was proportionably magnificent to the rank of the person who gave it. The great fireworks opposite to the front of the palace, began at ten o'clock, and ended at midnight, when those of the Corso commenced, and continued till two in the morning. The last part of the entertainment pleased our travellers most, and indeed, was the only part that reached the heart.

The fireworks again represented the front of a palace, of great extent, illuminated in a very brilliant style. It was seen to great advantage from the balconies of the state apartments in the viceroy's palace.

On the 15th there was a repetition of the horseraces, which, our author says, he did not much admire, particularly as a poor creature was rode down, and killed.

The great assembly was held at the Judice Monarchia's, an officer of high trust and dignity. Here they had an entertainment and a concert. At eleven at night, the company on foot went to visit the great square and the cathedral; and though the city was all a flame of light, the servants of the viceroy and nobility attended, with wax flambeax, to shew the way.

The crowd round the church was very great, and without the presence of the viceroy, it would have been impossible to procure admission. On entering

the great gate, one of the most magnificent sights in the world opened on their view. The whole church appeared a flame of light, which, reflected from ten thousand bright and shining surfaces, of different colour and at different angles, produced an effect which exceeded all the descriptions of enchantment in poesy and romance. Human art could not devise any thing more splendid. The whole church, walls, roof, and pillars, were entirely covered with mirrors, interspersed with gold and silver paper, and artificial flowers, done up with great taste and elegance. Add to this fine scene, twenty thousand wax-tapers and some faint conception may be formed of this splendid exhibition.

This spectacle was too glaring to bear any considerable time; and the heat occasioned by the immense number of lights, soon became intolerable. There were upwards of five hundred lustres, and twenty-eight altars, all dressed out with the utmost magnificence, particularly the high altar.

On this part of the exhibition, the people of Palermo value themselves most; and, indeed, with reason they may; for it is difficult to annex to it an adequate idea of grandeur and majesty.

On the 16th was a full illumination of all the streets. The assembly was held at the pretor's, where there was an elegant entertainment and a concert. Some of the best performers of the opera were present.

The festival was now drawing near to a close. The great procession, which terminates the pageantry, began about ten in the evening. It differed from other processions only in this, that, besides all the priests, friars, and religious orders of the city, there were placed, at equal distances from each other, ten lofty machines of wood and pasteboard, ornamented in an elegant manner, representing temples, tabernacles, and a variety of beautiful pieces of architecture. These were furnished by the different convents and religious fraternities, who vie with each other, in the richness and elegance of the work. Some of them are not less than

sixty feet high. They are filled with figures of saints and angels, made of wax, so natural, and so admirably painted, that many of them seem to be really alive. All these figures are prepared by the nuns, and are dressed out in rich robes of gold and silver tissue.

A great silver box, containing the bones of St. Rosolia, closed the procession. It was carried by thirty-six of the most respectable burgesses of the city, who look upon this as an office of the highest honour. The archbishop walked behind, giving his benediction to the people as he passed.

No sooner had the procession finished the tour of the great square, before the pretor's palace, than the fountain in the centre, one of the largest and finest in Europe, was converted into a fountain of fire, throwing it up on all sides in the most superb style. This only lasted a few minutes, and was extinguished by a vast explosion, which concluded the whole. As this was altogether unexpected, it produced a fine effect, and surprised the spectators more than any of the grand fireworks had done.

A mutual and friendly congratulation ran through the whole assembly, which soon after parted; and the following day every thing returned to its usual channel, and resumed its natural order. Every body was fatigued and exhausted with the perpetual watching, fasting, and dissipation for five successive days. However, our author observes, that every one seemed highly delighted with the entertainments of the feast of St. Rosolia; and indeed they appear to be superior to the most splendid exhibitions of this kind in Catholic countries.

This scene of festivity being at an end, Mr. Brydone employed the few days he remained in Palermo afterwards, in investigating the antiquities of Sicily, which are chiefly interesting to the classic; and in paying visits, and making excursions.

On the 20th of July, they walked up to the Monte Pelegrino, to pay their respects to St. Rosolia. It was

a very fatiguing expedition. The mountain is extremely high, and so very steep, that the road up to it is, very properly, called the Stair. Before the discovery of St Rosolia, it was considered as quite inaccessible; but a road is now cut, at a vast expence, through precipices almost perpendicular.

They found the saint lying in her grotto in the very attitude in which she was said to be discovered; her head gently reclining on her hand, and a crucifix before her. This statue is of the finest white marble, and of exquisite workmanship. It is placed in the inner part of the cavern, on the very same spot where the saint expired. It represents a lovely young girl, of fifteen, in the act of devotion. The artist has contrived to throw something extremely touching into the countenance and air of this beautiful statue. It is covered with a roller of beaten gold, and adorned with some valuable jewels. The cave is of considerable extent, and extremely damp; so that the poor saint must have had a very uncomfortable habitation. A church is now built round it, and priests appointed to watch over these precious relics, and to receive the oblations of pilgrims.

An inscription, graved by the hand of St. Rosolia herself, was found in a cave in Mount Quesquina, at a considerable distance from this mountain. It is said she was disturbed in her retreat there, and had wandered from thence to Mount Pelegrino, as a more retired and inaccessible place. The inscription will afford a specimen of the saint's latinity.

EGO ROSOLIA
SINIBALDI QUISQUI
NE ET ROSARUM
DOMINI FILIA AMORE
DEI MEI JESU
CHRISTI
IN HOC
ANTRO HABITARI DECREVI.

After Rosolia was frightened from the cave where this inscription was found, she was never heard of more, till her bones were found, about five hundred years after, in this place.

The prospect from the top of Mount Pelegrino is beautiful and extensive. Most of the Lipari islands are perceptible in a clear day, and likewise a large portion of Etna, though at the distance of the whole length of Sicily. Palermo lies at its foot, about two miles distant; and appears to great advantage.

Near the middle of the mountain, and not far from its summit, there still appears some remains of a celebrated castle, the origin of which the Sicilian writers carry back to the most remote antiquity. Massa says it is supposed to have been built in the reign of Saturn, immediately after the flood; for in the time of the earliest Carthaginian wars, it was already much respected on account of its venerable antiquity. It was then a place of strength, and is often mentioned by the Greek historians. Hamilcar kept possession of it for three years against all the Roman power.

Palermo is certainly viewed to great advantage from mount Pelegrino. This beautiful city stands near the extremity of a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by high and rocky mountains; but the intervening country is one of the richest and most beautiful spots in the world. The whole appears a magnificent garden, filled with fruit trees of every species, and watered by clear fountains and rivulets, that meander through this delightful campaign.

From the singularity of this situation, as well as from the richness of the soil, Palermo has had many flattering epithets bestowed upon it, particularly by the poets, who call it the Golden Shell, the Golden Valley, and the garden of Sicily.

Its ancient name was Panormus, which some etymologists allege is derived from a Greek word, signifying, All a Garden. Others, however, assert, that it was called Panormus, from the size and conveniency of its

harbours, one of which is recorded to have anciently extended into the very centre of the city; and, therefore, Panormus more properly signifies, All a Port.

Those harbours are almost entirely destroyed and filled up, probably by the violent torrents that sometimes tumble from the hills. Fazzello speaks of an inundation, of which he was an eye witness, that had nearly swept away the city itself. He says it burst down the wall near the royal palace, and bore away every thing that opposed its passage; churches, convents, and houses, to the number of two thousand, and drowned upwards of three thousand people.

Some Chaldean inscriptions have been found near Palermo, from which it has been maintained, that this city existed in the days of the patriarchs. The bishop of Lucera gives a literal translation of one, discovered about six hundred years ago, on a block of white marble. It runs thus—"During the time that Isaac, the son of Abraham, reigned in the valley of Damascus, and Esau, the son of Isaac, in Idumea, a great multitude of Hebrews, accompanied by many of the people of Damascus, and many Phœnicans, coming into this triangular island, took up their habitation in this most beautiful place, to which they gave the name of Panormus."

The same bishop translates another Chaldean inscription, which is still preserved over one of the old gates of the city. It is thus given: "There is no other god but one God. There is no other power but this same God. There is no other conqueror but this God, whom we adore. The commander of this tower is Saphu, the son of Eliphar, son of Esau, brother of Jacob, son of Isaac, son of Abraham. The name of the tower is Baych, and the name of the neighbouring tower is Pharat."

Part of the ruins of this tower still remain, and many more Chaldean inscriptions have been found in the vicinity, but they are now in a state so broken

and mangled that they convey no particular information.

The fisheries of Sicily are very interesting. The catching the tunny-fish constitutes one of the principal Sicilian amusements during the summer months; and the curing and sending them to foreign markets, one of the greatest branches of their commerce.

These fish do not make their appearance in the Sicilian Seas, till towards the latter end of May, at which time the Tonnaros, as they are called, are prepared for their reception. This is a kind of aquatic castle, formed at a great expence, of strong nets, fastened to the bottom of the sea, by anchors and heavy leaden weights. A narrow passage is left open, and as soon as the tunnies have entered this inclosure, it is shut. Some tonnaros have a great number of apartments, which are shut one after the other; till the fish are forced to the chamber of death, as it is termed, where the slaughter begins with spears and harpoons.

The taking of sword-fish is a much more noble diversion. No art is used to ensnare them, but with a small harpoon fixed to a long line, he is attacked in the open sea, after the manner of the whale-fishers. The Sicilian fishermen have a Greek sentence, which they repeat as a charm to bring their prey near them. This is the only bait they employ, and they are superstitious enough to fancy it of wonderful efficacy.

As these fish are of great size and strength, they will sometimes run for hours after they are struck, and afford excellent sport. The flesh is excellent: it is more like beef than fish, and the common way of dressing it is in steaks.

The fishing of the pesce spada is most considerable in the sea of Messina, where they have likewise great quantities of eels, particularly the Morena, so much esteemed among the Romans, and which is, in fact, a most delicate fish.

Even mackarel are caught with a harpoon. As soon as it is dark, two men get into a boat, one of them

holding a lighted torch over the surface of the water, and the other a harpoon, ready to strike. The light of the torch soon brings the fish to the surface of the water, and the harpooner pierces him the same instant.

The coral fishery is chiefly practised at Trepani. It is performed by means of an engine, composed of a great cross of wood, to the centre of which is fixed a large stone, capable of carrying the frame to the bottom. Pieces of small net work are tied to each limb of the cross, which is poised horizontally by a rope, and let down into the water. As soon as it touches the bottom, the rope is made fast to the boat. They then drag it over the beds of coral; the consequence of which is, the great stone breaking off the pieces, they are immediately intangled in the nets. Since this simple invention, this fishery has turned out to considerable account.

The people of Trepani are reckoned very ingenious. An artist there, lately discovered the art of making cameos, which are a perfect imitation of the ancient ones engraved on onyx. They are executed on a kind of hard shell, from pastes of the best antiques, and so admirably finished, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient from the modern.

The difficulties under which the poor Sicilians labour, from the extreme oppression of their government, obliges them sometimes to invent branches of commerce that nature has denied them. The sugar cane was formerly much cultivated here; but the duties imposed were so enormous, that it has been almost abandoned.—But their crops of wheat alone, under a mild government, would soon be sufficient to render them the richest and most flourishing people in the world. Even the exportation of this is prohibited, or the privilege must be purchased at a very high rate though one good crop is sufficient to support the island for seven years. The common price of the salma, which is two loads, is reduced to five shillings and six-

pence from this prohibition; and there is a probability that it will sink still lower.

This crop, when it is too abundant, it is said they are scarcely at the trouble to gather in, because it will not pay for their labour. Such are the means that arbitrary power uses to humble the pride of its subjects!

Talking of the natural riches of their island, our author informs us, they use this language. The mountains contain rich veins of every metal, and many of the Roman mines still remain; but to what end should we explore them? It is not one that should reap the profit. Nay, a discovery of any thing very rich would probably ruin the possessor. In our present situation, the hidden treasures of the island must ever remain a profound secret. Were we happy enough to enjoy the blessings of a free constitution, many new doors of opulence would then be opened; and we should soon reassume our ancient name and consequence; but at present we are nothing.

The foundation of the feudal system was laid here by the Count of Rugiero, about the middle of the 11th century, immediately after he had driven the Saracens out of the island. He divided Sicily into three parts; the first, by the consent of his army, was given to the church; the second he bestowed on his officers; and the third he reserved for himself.

Of those three branches he composed his parliament, the form of which remains to this day. The military branch is composed of all the barons of the kingdom, to the number of two hundred and fifty-one, who are still bound to service. The three archbishops, all the bishops, abbés, priors, and dignified clergy, amounting to near seventy, form the ecclesiastical branch. There are forty-three royal cities, styled Demaniale, that have a right to elect members, and these resemble our burgesses in parliament. Their chief is the member for Palermo, who is likewise pretor, or mayor, of the city. He is an officer of very high rank and

extensive power, and only inferior to the viceroy, in whose absence the greatest part of the authority devolves on him.

The pretor, together with six senators, styled patricians, have the management of the civil government of the city. He is appointed annually by the king, nor have the people any longer even the shadow of suffrage. It is therefore no difficult matter to judge of the situation of liberty, in a country where all courts, civil as well as criminal, are appointed by regal authority, and where all offices are conferred only by the will of the sovereign and are revocable at his caprice.

The power of the viceroy is most extensive. He has not only the command of all the military force in the kingdom, but likewise presides with unbounded authority in all the tribunals, civil as well as religious.

He visits the prisons, with great pomp, twice every year, and has the power of liberating whatever prisoners he pleases, and of reducing or commuting their sentences.

The whole military force of Sicily amounts to about ten thousand men, about one thousand two hundred of which are cavalry. Many of the cities would require numerous garrisons to defend them; but the support of internal peace seems to be as much as is intended; for the whole army would be inadequate to attempt a defence.

The Sicilians still retain many of the Spanish customs. The youngest sons of the nobility are styled Don, and the daughters Donna. The eldest son has commonly the title of count or marquis.

A very common title here, as well as at Naples, is prince. Though these were not created till the time of Philip II. of Spain, they take precedence of all the other nobility; some of whom carry their origin back as far as the time of the Normans, and look with secret contempt on these upstart princes.

The luxury of the people here, like that of the Neapolitans, consists chiefly in their equipages and horses. Few of them put less than four horses to their carriage without the walls of Palermo, though within they are, in general, restricted to two, by a wise sumptuary law. Even the upper servants of a man of fashion would be as much ashamed to be seen on foot as their masters. Our travellers took the liberty to ridicule this vain ostentation to some of their most intimate friends. The absurdity of the practice was allowed; but who had courage enough to break through it!

It was regarded as a singular proof of condescension for some of the young nobility to walk the streets with our countrymen, during the illumination; nor would they be prevailed on to stir out, till they had sent their servants a few yards before them with flambeaux, though the whole city was a flame of light.

Foolish as this must appear, it is possible we overlook many customs of our own, which to foreigners appear not less ridiculous: for ridicule is mostly relative, and depends on time and place. When the prince Anamaboo was in England, walking out in St. James's park in the afternoon, he observed one of his acquaintances driving in a phaeton with four horses. The prince burst into a violent fit of laughter. When he was asked what was the occasion of his mirth. "Vat the d—l!" said he in his broken English, "has that fellow eat so much dinner that it now takes four horses to carry him? I rode out with him this morning, and he was then so light, that van little horse ran away with him. He must either be a great fool or a great glutton." Another time his friends insisted on his going to the play. He went; but was soon tired and returned to his companions. "Well prince," said they, "what did you see?" "Vat did I see—I did see some men playing de fiddle—and some men playing de fool."

From this instance, before we are too censorious in regard to the customs of foreign nations, we should learn to look at home; and see if we are not equally exposed to ridicule, for some practices which either constitute our pride or our pleasure.

The Sicilians are animated in conversation, and their action for the most part is so just and expressive of their sentiments, that, without hearing their voice, their meaning may be comprehended.

The origin of this facility in gesticulation, they carry back as far as the time of the earliest tyrants of Syracuse, who, to prevent conspiracies, had forbid their subjects, under the most severe penalties, to be seen in parties talking together. This obliged them to invent a method of communicating their sentiments by dumb shew, which they pretend has been transmitted from generation to generation ever since.

Till lately, the Sicilians retained a great number of foolish and ridiculous customs, particularly in their marriage and funeral ceremonies, some of which are still kept up in the wild and mountainous parts of the island. As soon as the marriage ceremony is performed, two of the attendants are ready to cram a spoonful of honey into the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, pronouncing it emblematical of their love and union, which they hope will ever continue as sweet to their souls, as that honey is to their palates. They then begin to throw handfuls of wheat upon them, which is continued till the new-married pair reach their future abode. This is probably the remains of some ancient rite to Ceres, their favourite divinity.

The young couple are not allowed to taste of the marriage feast. This, it is pretended, is to teach them patience and temperance. When dinner, however, is finished, a great bone is presented to the bridegroom by the bride's father, or one of her nearest relations, who pronounces this sentence, "Pick you this bone, for you have now taken in hand to pick one, which you will find much harder, and of more difficult

digestion." This probably has given rise to the proverb of such general circulation, " He has got a bone to pick."

The marriages of the Sicilian nobility are celebrated with great magnificence; and the number of elegant carriages produced on these occasions is astonishing. The ladies enter the bands of wedlock very young, and frequently live to see the fifth generation. In general they are sprightly and agreeable; and in most parts of Italy would be esteemed handsome. Nothing, however, is so vague as our ideas of female beauty; they change in every climate, and the criterion is no where to be found. The ladies here have remarkably fine hair; and they understand how to dress it to the greatest advantage. It is now only used as an embellishment, but in former times, during a long siege, their countrymen being distressed for bow-strings, they all cut off their hair and applied it for this purpose. " The hair of our ladies," says a quaint Sicilian bard, " is still employed in the same office; but now it discharges no other shafts than those of Cupid; and the only cords it forms, are the cords of love."

The Sicilians are more addicted to study than their neighbours on the continent, and their education is much more solid and complete. They take pleasure in discoursing on subjects of literature, history, and politics; but particularly poetry. At some period of his life, almost every person is sure to be inspired by the god of verse; and a lover is never believed as long as he can speak of his passion in prose.

The best English authors are not unknown here in their original language. Several of the young nobility speak the English tongue, and more understand it.

To enter on the natural history of this island, would open a vast field, which the present work forbids to traverse. Some general remarks must therefore suffice. Mineral waters are most abundant; many boiling hot; and there are others, though colder than ice, that never freeze.

In several places they have fountains that throw up a kind of oil on their surface, which the peasants burn in lamps, and apply to other purposes. The Fonte Canalotto is covered with a thick scum of a kind of pitch, which, among the country people, is esteemed a sovereign remedy in rheumatic and other complaints.

The water of a small lake, near Naso, is celebrated for dyeing every thing black that is put into it; though the water appears remarkably pure and transparent.

There are also various sulphureous baths, where the patient is thrown into a profuse perspiration, by the heat of the vapour alone. The most celebrated are those of Sciaccia, and on the mountain of St. Cologero, at a great distance from Etna; in the vicinity of which they might naturally be expected.

Indeed lava, pumice, and tufa are found in many parts of Sicily remote from the volcano, which sufficiently indicate the origin and the nature of the whole island. About a mile and a half to the westward of Palermo, at a small beach, are many springs of warm water, that rise within the limits of the tide.

At no great distance from this spot is a celebrated fountain, called Il mar Dolce, where are some remains of an ancient Naumachia; and in the mountain above it, a cavern is shewn where a gigantic skeleton is said to have been found. It fell to dust immediately on being exposed to the external air. The teeth alone resisted the impression; and Fazzello, who obtained two of them, says they weighed as many ounces.

Many similar stories are to be found in the Sicilian legends; and it seems to be an universal belief, that this island was once inhabited by giants, though no traces of them are to be found in any museum.

The population of Sicily has been estimated at upwards of one million souls, and about fifty thousand of that number belong to the different monasteries and religious orders. The whole number of houses in the

island has been computed at two hundred and sixty-eight thousand.

The great staple commodity of Sicily, and what has ever constituted its riches, is its crops of wheat. They preserve their grain in large pits or caverns in the rocks, where they ram it hard down, and protect the surface from the weather, and in this state it will keep good for years.

Soda is much cultivated here, and turns out to considerable account. This vegetable, it is well known, is indispensable in the glass manufacture. Great quantities of it are annually sent to Venice.

Sicily likewise carries on a trade in liquorice, rice, figs, raisins, and currants, the best of which grow among the extinguished volcanoes of the Lipari islands. —Their honey is highly valued, and is found in abundance in the hollows of trees and rocks. The country of the Lesser Hybla is still, as formerly, the part of the island which is most celebrated for honey.

The plantations of oranges, lemons, bergamots, almonds, and other fruits, yield no unprofitable returns. The pistachio nut, likewise, is much cultivated in many parts of the island, and with great success.

The cantharides fly is a native of Sicily, and is found on several trees of Etna, whose juice is supposed to have a corrosive or abstersive quality, particularly the pine and the fig-tree.

The marbles of this island would afford a great source of opulence, were there any encouragement given to work the quarries, of which they have an infinite variety, and of the finest sorts. Mr. Brydone says he has seen some specimens little inferior to the giall and verd antique, which are now so precious.

At Centorbi they have a kind of soft stone that dissolves in water, and is used in washing instead of soap, from which quality it has received the appellation of Pietra Saponaro. They likewise find here, as well as in Calabria, the celebrated stone which, on being watered and exposed to a pretty violent degree of heat,

produces a plentiful crop of mushrooms. But it would be endless to enumerate all the various commodities and curious productions of this island. Etna alone affords a greater number than many of the most extensive kingdoms; and is no less an epitome of the whole earth in its soil and climate, than in its multifarious productions.

The first region of Etna covers their tables with all the delicacies that the earth produces; the second supplies them with game, cheese, butter, honey, and wood both for building and fuel; while the third, with its ice aud snow, keeps them fresh and cool during the heat of summer; as it contributes to keep them warm and comfortable during the cold of winter.

We need not then be surprised at the obstinate attachment of the people to this mountain, and that all its terrrors have not been able to drive them away from it. Like an indulgent parent, it mixes blessings with its chastisements, and thus prevents their affections from being estranged.

On the 29th of July, our travellers took their farewell leave of the viceroy and their friends. The attentions they had met with, the reflection that they were about to part with a number of worthy people, which there was little probability of their ever seeing again, imbittered this last scene.

In two days' delightful sailing, they arrived at Naples, where they rejoined the friends they had left on the commencement of the pleasing tour, in which we have accompanied them. Mr. Brydone was a philosopher, and was well qualified to philosophize, which indeed he has done in some places to too great an extent; but had he been acquainted with the divine science of botany, his journey to Etna would have possessed an additional charm to the admirers of nature, and would have entitled him to a still higher rank in the class of scientific travellers.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN,

BY HENRY SWINBURNE, ESQ.

IN 1775 AND 1776.

THOUGH Spain was formerly as little visited as if it had belonged to a different quarter of the globe, so numerous are the modern tourists and travellers through that kingdom, that it is difficult to select from their different labours what will generally be allowed most valuable. We have preferred Mr. Swinburne as our guide, for no other reason, but because his work bears the stamp of accuracy, and gives us some insight into the nature of the soil, the government, commerce, and manners, which we conceive are the most interesting objects that can engage a traveller's attention.

He set out from Perpignan, a mean and ill looking town, on the 24th of October 1775, and proceeded towards Spain. The weather was fine, but the roads were so bad and the mules so scarce, that they were forced to give twenty louis d'ors for ten horses as far as Barcelona.

The heavy rains, which had fallen about the autumnal equinox, had swelled the torrents to such a degree, that the roads were in many places quite spoiled. It was night before they reached a poor inn at Boulou, near the mountains which separate Rousillon from Catalonia.

Next day they fell in with several persons travelling to the fair of Girona, and formed a kind of caravan

singularly grotesque. Our traveller and friends were in the centre; the van-guard was formed by a drummer and a tabor and pipe; while the rear was brought up by a camel laden with five monkeys, escorted by two men who carried his portrait.

After proceeding a few miles, they came to the chain of mountains that divides France and Spain, which are of no very considerable elevation. The road over the pass is a noble work, and reflects great honour on the engineer who planned it. Formerly it required the strength of thirty men to support, and almost as many oxen to drag up a carriage, which four horses can now draw with ease.

Exactly on the limits of France, on the most elevated spot of the pass, stands the fort of Bellegarde commanding a boundless view over either kingdom. An officer of invalids has a lodge below, where he examines and signs the passports.

At La Junquiera, the first Spanish town, an officer of the customs made a shew of examining their baggage; but a piece of money put an end to his search. This was once a considerable city, inhabited by a colony of the Massilians. It is now dwindled to a paltry village, the natives of which subsist on the advantage they derive from travellers, and on the produce of the cork-woods.

The surrounding mountains are covered with those trees, most of which are of great size and age. They are usually stript of their bark once in seven or eight years; but this operation is repeated in the southern part of Spain every fifth year.

From Junqueira to Figuera, an insignificant straggling town, the country improves every step; the hills are clothed with evergreens; and the plains, in the finest state of cultivation, are divided by hedges of aloe, christthorn, or wild pomegranate. The inhabitants look respectable in their persons and dress, and the women are comelier than on the French side of the Pyrenees.

Their journey from thence to Girona was very pleasant, and lay through a continuation of country agreeably diversified by fertile plains, and gentle eminences, crowned with evergreen oaks and pines. The view extends as far as the sea over the olive plantations on the lower grounds.

In every village they found the people employed in making ropes, baskets, and shoes of a small rush, or reed, called esparto.

Girona is a large clean city, with some good streets; but it is poorly inhabited, and the houses, particularly the churches, are dark and gloomy. The Gothic cathedral is grand; but had it not been for the glimmering of two smoky lamps, our author says, they should not have discovered the canopy and altar of massy silver.

Next morning they travelled over a hilly country; but the dryness of the weather prevented the roads from being so fatiguing as they generally are. Advancing farther, they came to the most savage wilds in nature. Nothing but mountains on mountains covered with pines; rumbling sandy streams in the hollows, hanging woods, and narrow dells, saluted their view.

They reached San Salony on the 27th at night, and though it was on a Friday, the peasants brought them partridges for supper. The maid of the inn, however, by way of atoning for this irregularity, placed before them a well-dressed image of the Virgin, to whom it was expected they would make a liberal offering.

On the morning of the 28th, they came to the pass called El Purgatorio, which had nearly proved a hell to them, as their carriages were at one time almost immoveably jammed in between rocks. The prospects, however, were delightful. Nothing could be more agreeable to the eye, than the Gothic steeples towering above the dark pine groves, the bold ruins of La Rocca, and the rich fields on the banks of the Besos.

They got into Barcelona just before the shutting of the gates. Next day they paid the necessary visits to those in command. Their first entertainment was the Spanish comedy, the former absurdities of which were done away, and only dulness remained. Mr. Swinburne says, he should have been pleased to have seen Harlequin carrying relics in procession, saints and devils engaged in doubtful conflict, and Lucifer acting the part of a prior, as in days of yore. The Spaniards, indeed, seem to have thrown off many of those fooleries which amused strangers, without reaching that pitch of taste that can render them a pleasing and interesting people.

The play-house was handsome and well lighted. The first piece they saw acted was a tragedy, without any female characters; and in order to make it the more ridiculous, the actresses assumed the masculine attire, and allowed no males to appear among them.

The prompters, for they had several, read aloud, verse by verse, what the player repeated after them. Between the first and second acts, a seguidilla was sung, which though wild and uncouth, had some very moving passages.

After the second act, by way of interlude, an attack was made on the actresses, by the actors from a corner of the front boxes. The wit was briskly bandied to and fro, and made the audience roar again; but it appeared a string of poor quibbles.

The origin of the city of Barcelona, and the account of the aborigines of Catalonia, are like the general history of Spain, lost in a cloud of fables. The Massilians appear to have carried on a considerable trade hither. Hamilcar Barcas is said to have founded Barcino, now called Barcelona; but the Carthaginians did not long keep possession of it, as it is evident the Ebro was their boundary, so early as the end of the first Punic war.

After the fall of the Carthaginian commonwealth, the Romans turned their whole attention towards

Tarraco, and neglected Barcino, though they made it a colony under the name of Faventia. In the fifth century, the Barbarians of the north having pushed their conquest as far as this peninsula, Catalonia fell to the lot of the Goths, and after remaining about three centuries under their dominion, it fell under the yoke of the Saracens.

Various revolutions took place at a later period, till this province became finally united to the crown of Spain. The enthusiastic love of liberty, that has always actuated the Catalonians, has often rendered their country the seat of civil war and bloodshed. In the time of Ferdinand V. the peasants rose in arms, to emancipate themselves from the oppression of the nobles. About the time that the Portuguese shook off the Spanish yoke, the Catalans attempted to render themselves independent, but in vain. During the war of the Succession, they made another bold and persevering struggle to break their chains, and become a free nation.

Lewis XIV. sent the Duke of Berwick in 1714, with a formidable army, to reduce Barcelona. The trenches were opened in July, and the works carried on with the greatest vigour for sixty-one days. A French fleet blocked up the port, and prevented any supplies or succours being thrown into the town. Yet notwithstanding the famine which raged within the walls, the terrible fire from the batteries, and the despondency of the regular troops, the burgesses, catching animation from despair, rejected all offers of accommodation, and seemed determined to bury themselves under the ruins of the city. The very friars, inspired by the same enthusiasm, ran up and down the streets, exhorting their fellow citizens to die like brave men, rather than live the despicable slaves of a despot. The women and children breathed the same spirit, and shared the toils of the defence with their husbands and fathers.

After sustaining four bloody assaults, and disputing

the ground inch by inch, being at last driven from the ramparts, they took refuge in the new part of the town, where they made a kind of capitulation. Their persons remained untouched; but every privilege was abolished, and heavy taxes were imposed, to recompense the soldiery. Since this epoch the Catalans have borne the yoke with a sullen patience; and government has been afraid to irritate them to new resistance.

Barcelona is a sweet spot: the air equals in purity, and much exceeds in mildness, the boasted climate of Montpelier. The situation is beautiful and picturesque, both from land and sea. A great extent of fruitful plains, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills, backs it on the west; the mountain of Montjuich defends it on the south from the unwholesome air of the marshes of the Llobregat; to the northward, the coast projecting into the sea forms a noble bay; while the Mediterranean closes the prospect to the east. The environs are well cultivated and studded with villages, country houses, and gardens.

The form of Barcelona is almost circular; the Roman town occupying the highest ground, almost in the centre of the new. The ancient walls are still visible in many places; but the sea has retired many hundred yards from the port gates, and a whole quarter of the town now stands on the sands, that were once the bottom of the harbour.

The immense loads of sand hurried down into the sea by the rivers, and thrown back by the wind and the current into this haven, will in all probability choke it quite up, unless greater diligence is used in preventing the accumulation of the shoals.

The port is handsome: the mole is constructed of hewn stone, and is a masterpiece of solidity and convenience. Above is a platform for carriages; below, vast magazines, with a broad quay, reaching from the city gates to the light-house. This was done by the direction of the Marquis de la Mina, captain-

general of the principality, who long governed Catalonia more like an independent sovereign, than like a subject invested with a delegated authority.

Great are the obligations this city is under to that nobleman. He cleansed and beautified its streets, built useful edifices, and forwarded its trade and manufactures, without laying any very heavy expence on the province.

In 1752, he began building Barcelonetta, on the neck of land that runs into the sea, and forms the port. This is now a regular town, consisting of about two thousand brick houses, and a church in which the ashes of the founder are deposited, under an expensive, but tasteless monument.

The light-house at the end of the pier is a slender tower, near which ships perform quarantine.

Another capital work of La Mina, is the rampart, or great walk on the walls, extending the whole length of the harbour. It is built on arches with magazines below, and a broad coach road and foot path above, raised to the level of the first floor of the houses in the adjoining street. This pavement forms a very fine walk to the arsenal at the south-east angle of the city, where new fortifications are constructing.

At this corner, the rampart joins the Rambla, a long, irregular street, which is intended to be planted with an avenue of trees. Here the ladies parade in their coaches, and sometimes go quite round the city upon the walls. This is a charming drive, having a sweet country on one side, and clusters of small gardens and orange yards on the other.

The citadel has six strong bastions, calculated to overawe the inhabitants, as much as to defend them from a foreign enemy. The lowness of its situation renders it damp, unwholesome, and full of musquitoes.

The streets of Barcelona are narrow, but well paved; and a covered drain, in the middle of each,

carries off the filth. The houses are lofty, but little ornamented. To each kind of trade, a particular district is allotted.

The principal public structures are the cathedral, Santa Maria, the general's palace, and the exchange. The architecture of the cathedral is a light Gothic, which in some places is inimitably airy. The stalls of the choirs are neatly carved, and hung with escutcheons of princes and noblemen, among which Mr. Swinburne remarked the arms of Henry VIII. of England. The double arches under the belfry are deservedly admired, for bearing on their centres the whole weight of two enormous towers. In the cloisters, various kinds of foreign birds are kept, upon funds bequeathed for that purpose by an opulent canon. Santa Maria is also a Gothic pile.

The palace is low and square, without external courts or gardens, and contains nothing remarkable, save a noble ball-room.

Opposite to the south front of the palace, a new exchange is erecting on an extensive plan, but in a heavy taste. The expenses of the shell of the building were estimated at three hundred thousand Catalan livres. This work is defrayed by a tax on imports. Among the Roman antiquities in this city are a mosaic pavement, in which are represented two large green figures of Tritons, holding a shell in each hand; between them a sea-horse, and on the sides a serpent and a dolphin. There are also many vaults and cellars of Roman construction; and the archdeaconry was once the palace of the pretor, or Roman governor. In the yard of this edifice is a beautiful cistern, or rather sarcophagus, which they call the coffin of Pompey's father; but there is no evidence for or against this opinion. A large bass relief runs round it, of hunters, dogs, and wild beasts. The chief person is on horseback, bare-headed, and in a military dress. The figures and animals are well executed, and the whole is a fine

monument of antiquity, though it is now used to water mules.

In the house belonging to the family of Pinos, are many excellent busts and medallions. An Augustus pater, with a corona radialis, a small elegant Bacchus, and a woman holding a rabbit, supposed to represent Spain, the Provincia Cunicularis, are the most remarkable.

The 9th of November, being the festival of St. Charles Borromeo, the king's patron, was kept as a day of gala. All the officers waited upon the governor in grand uniform; the theatre was illuminated, and crowded with well-dressed company, and the price of admittance was raised. As seats are generally let by the year, or appropriated for particular purposes, a stranger finds some difficulty in obtaining a place.

The play was the Cid Campeador, an historical tragedy, written with a great deal of fire and force of character. In all tragedies, the performers drop a curtesy, instead of bowing to kings and heroes. A pretty ballad was sung by a woman in the smart dress of a maja, or coquette: she wore her hair in a scarlet net with tassels; a striped gauze handkerchief crossed her breast; and she had on a rich jacket, flowered apron, and brocaded petticoat.

During his residence in Barcelona, our author employed part of his time in investigating the number and situation of the Spanish armies, and thinks that the regular troops do not exceed fifty thousand. The king's household is composed of three troops of gentlemen horse-guards, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish; one company of halberdiers; six battalions of Spanish, and six of Walloon foot-guards; and one brigade of carabiniers.

There are six regiments of Spanish infantry of two battalions, and twenty-seven of one battalion; two Italian, three Irish, and four Swiss regiments of one battalion; one regiment of artillery of four battalions

six thousand seven hundred and twelve marines; and a company of engineers.

White or blue is the colour of their regimentals, except one Spanish, and three Irish regiments, that are dressed in red.

The cavalry consists of fourteen regiments, of which six are in blue, four in red, three in white, and one in green. The dragoons form eight regiments, of which one is blue, one red, and six yellow.

Besides the regulars, they annually assemble forty-three regiments of militia, and twenty-seven companies of city guards. The corps of invalids contains forty-six companies on duty, and twenty-six excused. The African and American garrisons have also their respective militia.

The uniforms of the Spanish soldiers are ill made, and the soldiers are abominably nasty in their appearance. Their black greasy hair is seldom dressed.

The pay of a soldier is five quartos and a half, and twenty-one ounces of bread a day. After fifteen years' service, he has an increase of five reals of Vellon a month; after twenty, nine reals; and after twenty-five, he may retire and enjoy a pazetta per day, and be clothed as if on actual service. If he remains thirty years in the army, he is allowed the rank and pay of a subaltern officer.

The rank of an officer may be known at first sight, by a particular badge of distinction. A captain general's uniform is blue, embroidered with gold down the seams, and three rows of embroidery on the sleeves; a lieutenant general has nothing on the seams, and but two rows on the cuffs; and a mariscal de campo has but one.

The pay of a lieutenant is two pazettas and a half a day; that of an ensign two. As every thing has trebled in price, since their pay was established, it is become insufficient for the maintenance of officers. In the guards, as in other countries, subalterns live upon their own fortune.

About seven thousand men form the garrison of Barcelona, of which four thousand two hundred are guards; the rest Swiss and dragoons. Each corps has its separate quarters, which it provides with sentries, and hence they never interfere with each other.

Our traveller acknowledges the civilities he met with here from his friends and acquaintances. The intendant behaved with great politeness, and access was allowed to the arsenal and magazines, which are not usually shewn to strangers.

During a gleam of sun-shine on the 10th of November, they accompanied the consul to his villa in the playa. The moist warmth of the day brought out myriads of insects, which were ready to devour them. Nevertheless, this is a very fine climate, and few spots on the globe can surpass it in fertility.

In the afternoon, as the weather was charming, they took a ride to Saria, a convent of Capuchin friars on the hills. The city and port of Barcelona appeared to great advantage from hence, being collected into a perfect landscape. The convent garden, on the slope of the hill, is truly romantic, and streams of limpid water run down on all sides with the wildness of nature, or spout through the eyes of a little Magdalen, or from St. Francis.

Their return to town was by a hollow way, under banks of Indian figs, cactus opuntia, where the butterflies were sporting as in the middle of spring. The women were busy making black lace, some of which is spun out of the leaf of the aloe. It is curious, but of little use, as it soon grows mucilaginous with washing.

They passed the convent of Jesus, belonging to the Cordeliers, and in a garden here saw the plant called aroma, a species of mimosa, or spunge-tree, bearing a round yellow flower, with a faint musky smell, to which many singular qualities are attributed. If the [illegible] is chewed and spit out in a room, it will imme-

diately fill it with an overcoming stench, and turn all the white paint black.

The evening concluded with a ball, where our travellers, for the first time, had the pleasure of seeing the fandango danced. It is very voluptuous, and throws the body into such attitudes as the eye of decency ought not to behold, or modesty to practise.

On the 12th, they visited the fortress of Montjuich, where the fineness of the day and the beauty of the prospect gave an enchantment to every object. Montjuich is supposed to be corrupted either from Mons Jovis, or Mons Judaicus: it stands single on the south-west point of Barcelona. The extent of its basis is very great. Large crops of wheat are produced on the north and east sides; and a great quantity of strong wine is made on the south-east angle; but it is said to be medicated with lime and mahogany chips, to give it spirit and colour.

The face of the mountain, towards the sea, is almost an insurmountable precipice. The road up to the top is very steep; and about half way is an ancient burial place of the Jews, with many large monumental stones scattered about, covered with Hebrew inscriptions.

Every part of the old castle is destroyed, and large modern works erected on the site. From hence Barcelona, and every individual house on it, may be seen to advantage, as well as a great extent of coast and country. All the walls are of stone, and multiplied to an amazing number.

The main body of the place is bomb proof. Two elegant stone staircases, with iron railing, lead down to the casements, or vaulted quarters, which are near four hundred yards long. One of the principal bastions is scooped out into a cistern, capable of containing seventy thousand cubic feet of water. Above the quarters is a grand terrace, round a court, with turrets at each angle.

This castle has already cost immense sums, during the space of fifteen years that it has been building, and will probably cost as much more before it can be finished; nor does it appear, from its elevated situation, capable of annoying an enemy, encamped on the plain.

The badness of the roads having detained our traveller at Barcelona some days longer than he intended, he set out with his companions to visit Montserrat. For a few miles from Barcelona, they found the roads most excellent; but they soon relapsed into their usual state in this country. At Martorel, a large town, where the natives manufacture black lace, they passed a very high bridge, with Gothic arches, built on the ruins of a decayed one, which had stood for one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five years, from its first erection by Hannibal, in the 535th year of Rome, as an inscription records.

At the north-end of this structure is a triumphal arch, said to have been raised by that general in honour of his father, Hamilcar. It is almost entire, and well proportioned.

Continuing their journey through a large village, named Espalungera, they arrived in the afternoon, at the foot of Montserrat, one of the most singular in the world for shape, situation, and composition. It stands insulated, and towering over a hilly country, like a pile of grotto work, or Gothic spires. Its height is about three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

They ascended by the steepest road, to save time; and after two hours' tedious riding, from east to west, up a narrow path, cut out of the sides of gullies and precipices, they reached the highest part of the road, and soon after came in sight of the convent placed in a nook of the road. It seems as if some violent convulsion of nature had split the eastern face of Montserrat, and formed in the cleft a sufficient platform to build the monastery on. The Llobregat roars at the

bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock, of immense height, rise from the water's edge, near half way up the mountain. On these masses of white stone rests the small piece of level ground which the monks inhabit. Close behind the abbey, huge cliffs shoot up in a semicircle to a stupendous elevation, with their summit split into sharp cones, pillars, and various fantastic shapes, all blanched and bare; but having their interstices filled up with forests of evergreen and deciduous trees and shrubs.

Fifteen hermitages are placed among the woods and pinnacles of the rocks, or in cavities hewn out of them. The rocks are composed of lime-stones of different colours, of quartz, freestone, and some touchstone, cemented together by a natural process. The assemblage and view of the whole are not only astonishing, but unnatural.

As our countrymen carried a letter for the abbot, they found a polite and hospitable reception. Saffron soup, however, and spiced ragouts were not much to their taste. After dinner a plate of carraways and a salver of wine were handed about, which reminded our author of the treat Justice Shallow offers to Sir John Falstaff.

The monks here are Benedictines, and their possessions are very considerable, though the king has lately curtailed them. Their original foundation, in 866, gave them nothing but the mountain; and to occurring, and subsequent benefactions, they owe the great increase of their landed property.

They are bound to feed and lodge, for three days, all pilgrims who come to pay their homage to the Virgin. The allowance is humble enough: it is no more than a luncheon of bread in the morning; as much more, with broth, at noon; and bread again at night.

The number of professed monks is seventy-six, of lay brothers twenty-eight, and of singing boys twenty-five, besides a physician, surgeon, and servants.

Next morning, Mr. Swinburne and his company were conducted to the church, by one of the monks. It is a gloomy pile internally, and has its gilding much sullied by the smoke of a large number of silver lamps continually burning.

The choir above stairs is decorated with the life of Christ, in handsome wooden carving. A large iron grate divides the church from the chapel of the Virgin, where the image stands in a niche over the altar, before which four tapers constantly burn.

In the sacristy, and the passages leading to it, are presses and cupboards full of relics and ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones. The most valuable and curious are two crowns for the Virgin and her son, of inestimable price, some large diamond rings, an excellent cameo of Medusa's head, the Roman emperors in alabaster, the sword of St. Ignatius, and the chest that contains the ashes of a famous brother, John Guarin, of whom they relate nearly the same story as that given in the Guardian, of the Santon Barisa and the Sultan's daughter.

Immense is the quantity of votive offerings to the miraculous statue of the Virgin, and as nothing can be rejected, or otherwise disposed of, the shelves are loaded with whimsical ex-votos.

They next visited some small rooms behind the high altar, and a strong silver-plated door being thrown open, they were bid to lean forward and kiss the hand of Nuestra Senora, which was already half worn away by the eager ostentations of its votaries.

Having seen every place about the convent, they set out for the hermitages, and took the short road up a crevice, between two huge masses of rock, where, in rainy weather, the waters devolve in furious torrents. They counted six hundred holes, or steps, so steep and perpendicular, that from below they could not discern the least track. A hand-rail and a few seats to breathe on, enabled them, however, to perform this scalade.

Soon after they arrived, through a wilderness of evergreens, at the narrow platform where the first hermit dwells. His situation is wonderfully romantic, and his accommodations very appropriate. He seemed to be a cheerful, simple old man, in whose mind, forty years retirement had obliterated all worldly ideas.

The hermits are clad in brown, and wear long beards: their allowance from the convent is small, and their respective limits are very narrow. They never eat meat, nor converse with each other. They make every vow of the monks, and likewise an additional one, that of never quitting the mountain. Their first habitation is always most remote from the convent, and they descend according as vacancies happen in the lower cells*.

Having left a small present in the chapel window, they continued their walk. The second hermitage they came to stands on a point of a rock, over a precipice that descends almost to the very bed of the river. The prospect was awfully grand. In a clear day, it is said, they can see Majorca from this spot, though no less than one hundred and eighty-one miles distant.

On the rock, that overhangs the hermit's cell, was formerly a castle with its cisterns and drawbridge, where some banditti harboured, and often spread their depredations over the neighbouring valleys. At last they were overpowered; and in commemoration of this event, the hermitage is dedicated to St. Dimas, the good thief.

At La Trinidad, the next cell they visited, the monks, by rotation, pass a few days in the summer season. It is a very pretty place, and has superior accommodations to the other hermitages. The tenant of

* It is impossible to read the austerities, the fooleries, and the impositions of monastic and eremitical life, without alternate pity and contempt.

this spot gave them a glass of good Sitges wine, and a pinch of snuff, raised from tobacco in his own garden; but the officers of the customs have extended their tyranny even to these solitudes, and ordered the cultivation of tobacco to be discontinued.

Having satisfied their curiosity among the hermitages, which, in general, differ little from each other, except in the situation, they arrived at Santa Cecilia, the parish church where the silent inhabitants of this Thebais meet every morning to hear mass, and twice a week to confess and communicate.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the sublime views and the uncouth appearance of the different parts of Montserrat. A painter or a botanist might spend many days here with pleasure. The apothecary of the house has collected a list of four hundred and thirty-seven species of plants, and forty of trees, that grow on this mountain.

One great inconvenience, in this romantic, and, in some respects, beautiful retreat, is the scarcity of fresh water. Except one spring at the parish, and another at the convent, they have only cistern water of the worst kind. This deficiency of the necessary fluid prevents any wild beast ever encroaching on the mountain.

Having dined at the abbey, and received the customary donation of blessed crosses and holy medals, they set out on their return for Barcelona, which they reached the following morning.

Catalonia is, almost throughout, extremely mountainous. The nature of the country appears to have great influence on the inhabitants, who are a hardy, active, and industrious race, of a middle size, brown complexion, and marked features.

The mocos, or mule-boys, are excellent pedestrians; some of them have been known to go from Barcelona to Madrid and back again, in nine days, which by the high road is six hundred miles.

The loss of all their immunities, the ignominious prohibition of every weapon, even a common knife,* and an enormous load of taxes, have not been able to stifle their independent spirit. By degrees, some of their ancient privileges have been restored; but this is done with a very sparing hand, and rather extorted from fear, than conferred from regard.

The common dress of a Catalonian sailor or muleteer is brown; and the distinctive mark by which they are known in Spain, is a red woollen cap, falling backwards like that of the ancient Phrygians. The middling sort of people and artificers wear hats and dark clothes, with a half-wide coat carelessly thrown over their shoulders.

The women have a black silk petticoat over a little hoop, shoes without heels, bare shoulders, and a black veil stiffened out with wire; so that they resemble a hooded serpent.

The Catalonians are excellent for light infantry, on the forlorn hope, or for a coup-de-main; but they are averse to the strictness of military discipline. Such is their pride, that they cannot submit to be menial servants in their own country; but will rather endure any inconvenience at home or abroad, than appear in this capacity. At a distance, however, they make excellent servants, and most of the principal houses of Madrid have Catalonians at the head of their affairs.

Those who remain at home are extremely industrious. Their corn-harvest is in May or early in June; but as those crops are liable to frequent burstings and mildews, they have turned their attention more to the culture of the vine, which they plant and nourish with infinite labour, even on the summits of their most rugged mountains. Their vintages are commonly very plentiful. The best red wine of Cata-

* Can the tyranny of despotism go further, can man submit to more!

lonia is made at Mataro, north of Barcelona; and the best white at Sitges, between that city and Tarragona.

There are mines of lead, iron, and coal, in the mountains, but they turn to poor account. The manufactures are of more importance. Barcelona supplies Spain with most of the clothing and arms for the troops. This branch of business is carried on with so much expedition, that they can equip a battalion of six hundred men in a week.

The gun-barrels of Barcelona are much esteemed, and sell for from four to twenty guineas. They are made out of the old shoes of mules.

The devotion of the Catalonians seems to be pretty much on a par with that of their neighbours in the southern provinces of France; and is much less ardent than nearer the capital. But they are equally as superstitious as the greatest devotees. On the 1st of November, the Eve of All Souls, they run about from house to house to eat chesnuts; believing that, for every chesnut they swallow, with proper faith and unction, they shall liberate a soul from purgatory.

The proceedings of the inquisition are grown very mild. If any person leads a scandalous life, or allows his tongue unwarrantable liberties, he is summoned by the Holy Office, and admonished; and in case of non-amendment, he is committed to prison.

Once a year every person must answer at that tribunal, for the orthodoxy of his family; but foreign protestant houses are passed over unnoticed. By avoiding religious discussions, and conforming to a few insignificant ceremonies, a person may live here in what manner he pleases.

Mr. Swinburne left Barcelona on the 19th of November, and they set forward for Valencia. The first day's journey was very short, and the roads were good. They stopped at Cipreret, a neat house, in a wild mountainous country, with a few pines scattered about. Here they saw, for the first time, a true

Spanish kitchen—a hearth raised above the level of the floor, under a wide funnel, where a circle of muleteers were huddled together over a few cinders.

Next morning they passed a broad glen, or hollow, over which a road had been attempted on arches, but it failed. In the present state this pass is dangerous; and farther on the road grows worse, in a large forest of pines, where the rocks and gullies almost render a carriage-way impracticable.

The country at the foot of the mountains is fertile and populous. About Villa Franca de Panades, the soil is remarkably light and easily cultivated.

In the evening they passed by torch-light under a Roman arch, and returned next morning to examine it. This arch is almost entire, elegant in its proportions, and simple in its ornaments. The inscription is much defaced, but an ancient Spanish author reads it—EX TESTAMENTO L. LICINII L. F. SERGII SURÆ CONSECRATUM. This Licinius was thrice consul under Trajan, and was famous for his extraordinary wealth.

Next day was very delightful. The sun shone out in all his splendor; the sea was smooth and calm, and the prospect incessantly varying as they advanced, sometimes along the rich level of the shore, and sometimes over gentle eminences. The little river Gaya distributes its waters in stone channels to all parts of the valley, and gives vigour to its productions. Here the tender olive sets are nursed up in long baskets, till they get out of the reach of goats and other enemies.

As they descended the hill of Bara, Tarragona presented itself to their view, and they turned off to the right into a wood of pines and shrubs, to visit a monument, that tradition has named the Tomb of the Scipios. They were the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus, both killed in Spain.

This building is about nineteen feet square, and twenty-eight high. In the front, facing the sea, are

two statues of warriors, in a mournful posture, roughly cut out of the stones of the sepulchre. The inscription is so much defaced, that it is impossible to make any sense of it.

They now ascended the almost naked rocks of Tarragona, which produce nothing but the dwarf palm, or palmetto. This plant grows to the height of one or two feet, and is not only valued for its fruit and the pith of its roots, but also for its leaves, which make good brooms and ropes, and serve to fatten cattle.

The ancient Tarraco is now dwindled away to a very trifling city. Many antiquities have been found here, and are still to be seen in the town, and almost all round the walls. A few vestiges remain of the palace of Augustus, and of the great circus, an arch or two of the amphitheatre, and some steps cut in the solid rock, still exist, overhanging the sea.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Thecla, is ill constructed; but the new chapel, dedicated to that saint, is a fine piece of architecture. The inside is cased with yellow and brown marbles, dug up in the very centre of the town, and ornamented with white foliage and bas reliefs.

From this day they descended into the Campo Tarragones, a plain about nine miles in diameter, one of the most fruitful and best cultivated spots in Europe. Reus, which stands almost in its centre, has agents and factors from all the foreign houses at Barcelona.

This town daily increases in size and population. Wines and brandies are the staple commodities. Of the former, the best for drinking are produced on the hills belonging to the Carthusians; those of the plain are best adapted for burning, as it is called. The annual exports are about twenty-thousand pipes of brandy. Five pipes of wine make one of strong spirit, and four make one of weak.

This branch of trade employs about one thousand

stills in the whole Campo. The brandy is all carried in carts down to Salo, an open but safe road, five miles off. Nuts are likewise an article of exportation, and upwards of sixty thousand bushels have been shipped off in one year. Every thing here wears the face of business; but this is at the expence of the inland villages, many of which are left almost destitute of inhabitants.

Proceeding from Reus, where they met with the most gratifying civilities, their view was soon confined on every side by groves of locust and olive trees, till they entered the desert, near the sea-shore, at a ruined tower, called the Casa Yerma. In the afternoon they came to a rocky pass under the fort of Balaguer. Their evening journey lay among bleak uncomfortable hills, covered with low shrubs.

The approach of night, and the danger of venturing in such broken ways in the dark, obliged them to stop at Venta del Platero, a hovel so superlatively wretched as to beggar all description. Pigs, mules, and human beings, all occupied the same floor. A pool of water, on the level with their apartment, made their cloaths so damp, that next morning they might have been wrung. However, such is the salubrity of the climate, that even this did not affect their health.

As soon as it was light they departed, and found the waste grow more and more barren. The acclivity of the roads made travelling in carriages almost impossible, nor was riding pleasant. The torrents had swept away the bridges and causeways, and washed the road to the very rock.

In a few hours they emerged from this desert, which is at least ten leagues long. A little turn of the road brought them in sight of the mouth of the Ebro, which appears to waste itself before it reaches the sea, by running through various channels in a flat track, which might be converted into very fertile land.

There are two good harbours at the mouth of the river, which is navigable for vessels of fifty tons bur-

den as high as Tortosa, and for small craft much higher. The waters of the Ebro, though muddy, are constantly drank without any ill effects, by the natives; and, like the Nile, they have a fertilizing quality, when the plains are inundated by them.

Just before our travellers entered Tortosa, they met the bishop of that see, clad in the simple dress of the inferior clergy of that province. His lank black hair was cut close to his ears, and covered by a great hat, squeezed out on each side into the form of a boat. The bishops in this country in general lead a very simple and exemplary life, laying out the greatest part of their income in charity and works of public utility. This, however, encourages indolence; and is more praiseworthy in principle, than beneficial to the community. The bishopric of Tortosa is worth thirty thousand dollars a year.

Near this place they saw the liquorice-work of an Englishman, who employs one hundred hands in gathering the plant, and about fifteen at constant work in the mills. He pays a certain sum to the proprietors of those lands, for the privilege of collecting the liquorice-roots. About four hundred tons of root make fifty of cake, which, in England, sells at about three pounds fifteen shillings per hundred weight.

Tortosa is an ugly town on the declivity of a hill, north of the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of boats. Its commerce in silk and corn is now at a low ebb. They next traversed the rich vale of Garena, where the olive trees grow to a great size. Here the peasants wear the Valencian dress, which consists of a monstrous slouched hat, cropt hair, a short brown jacket, white waistcoat and trowsers, stockings gartered below the knee, and pack-thread sandals.

At the passage of the Senia, they entered the kingdom of Valencia. After crossing a track of heath, they descended to the shore, which is beautifully planted with olive, mulberry, fig, and locust trees. They found a rich red soil, and vineyards neatly trim-

med. From this vicinity eight thousand pipes of a very strong, sweet, red wine are annually exported to Holland, Germany, and other places.

In this plain they suffer much for want of water; and the vintage is frequently diminished by the excessive heats, which dry up all the springs. Wherever they can procure water from wells by means of a wheel turned by a mule, they have fine vegetables all the year. They cut lucerne every week in spring, and every fortnight in winter; and mix it with sweet bran of the locust, as provender for their mules. Kid is the only kind of flesh to be found here.

The peasants, on the adjacent mountains, live most part of the year on the roasted acorns of the ever-green oak, a food which is really very savoury and palatable, but not very nourishing. Even the proprietors of vineyards live in a very poor style.

From Benicarlo they had much stoney road, alternately skirting the shore, or climbing up wild rocky hills. Few vales surpass that of Margal in beauty. The sea forms a picturesque bay before it, and the mountains run behind in a vast semicircle.

The moment they entered the petty kingdom of Valencia, they began to feel a sensible change in the climate: the days were disagreeably hot, though it was now the end of November, and the nights soft and mild, like the summer evenings in England.

The prospects along the calm Mediterranean are most enchanting. Creeks, promontories, towers, green woody vales, and rocks impending over them, are the constant scenes that present themselves in pleasing variety and succession.

In travelling through this country, for several nights, they heard the people singing doleful ditties under their windows to the sound of a guitar, which they struck without any idea of music, but merely as an accompaniment.

They were now approaching to Valencia, and from an eminence had a noble view of the valley of Al-

menara, a kind of land bay, surrounded by lofty mountains, and adorned by six pretty towns, rising out of the bosom of a forest of dark and light greens, charmingly tinted. The low range of turrets on the hill of Murviedro, once Saguntum, juts out towards the sea, from the chain of mountains that separates the vale of Almenara from that of Valencia.

At Murviedro they stopped to view the ruins of that once celebrated city. The present town is very inconsiderable, and seems to stand upon the same ground as the ancient Roman city; but in all probability, the Saguntum that was destroyed by Hannibal was built on the summit of the hill.

Half way up the rock are the ruins of the theatre, in sufficient preservation to give a tolerable idea of its extent and distribution. It is an exact semicircle, about eighty-two yards diameter; the length of the orchestra being twenty-four yards. The seats of the audience, the staircases, and passages of communication, the vomitoria, and arched porticos are still easy to be traced. The back part rests against the hill; and some of the galleries are cut out of the rock.

As the spectators faced the north and east, and were sheltered from the west and south, nothing could be more agreeable in this climate than such a situation; open to every pleasant and salubrious breeze, and defended from all winds that might bring with them heat or noxious vapours. It is computed that nine thousand persons could conveniently be seated in this theatre.

From this fine remain of antiquity, which might have been more intire, had not the barbarous inhabitants wrenched off the facing stones to build their convents with, Mr. Swinburne and his companions climbed up to the summit of the mountain, a narrow ridge covered with Moorish bulwarks. A few uninteresting inscriptions, two mutilated statues, and some Roman arches, thrown over a large cistern, were all the antiquities they saw.

The fortifications divide the hill into several courts

with double and treble walls, erected on huge masses of rock, laid in regular courses by the Romans. Over these are placed the Moorish works, which are perfectly characteristic of the military architecture of that nation.

The landscape from hence was beautiful and grand beyond all descriptions; and it is impossible for any pen to give the least adequate idea of it. Valencia, with all its spires, about twelve miles off, was distinctly discerned; but the varied scenery less remote was sufficient to arrest the eye in wonder and delight.

From this place to Valencia is one perfect garden, so thick of trees, that the view is confined to near objects. Villages and monasteries present themselves every hundred yards, and the roads were crowded with multitudes of people. All the grounds are divided into small compartments by water-channels, the work of the Moors; but the present inhabitants, less skilful in agriculture, or less industrious, have suffered many of them to fall into decay.

Valencia is situated in such a dead and woody flat, that they were in the suburbs before they thought of it. The morning after their arrival, they waited on the old intendant of the province, with a letter of introduction from his *confrere* of Catalonia.

The old gentleman received their letter very ungraciously, and flung it on the table, without saying a word, or even offering them a seat. Having waited for some time, they began to look at each other, and to smile at their reception. On this, the intendant looking up, asked if they were not Catalonians. No, replied Mr. Swinburne, we are Englishmen on our travels. Oh, oh! said he, you come from a better country. Can I be of any service to you?

They told him, the only favour they wanted was a protection from being pestered by the customhouse officers. He now assumed a very civil carriage; but his general behaviour was arbitrary, cruel, and avari-

cious in the extreme; and our travellers heard many stories to his disadvantage, among the Valencians, which proves that he is neither loved nor esteemed.

The climate here is mild and pleasant, but there is something faint and enervating in the air. Every eatable is insipid: the greens, wine, and meat, seem the artificial forced productions of continual waterings and hot-beds. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and when he has tired his jaws, find that he has only been chewing the idea of a dinner. The meat, as soon as it is cut into, yields abundance of gravy; and nothing remains but a mere withered caput mortuum. Vegetables, with the finest outward shew imaginable, taste of nothing but water.

Even the Valencians themselves seem affected in the same manner: they are large built, personable looking men, but flabby and inanimate. The women here are subject to jealous masters, who will neither trust them abroad, nor deign to let them sit at the same table. The wives of farmers stand at their husbands' elbow, and wait upon them.

The inhabitants, indeed, of this province, are stigmatized by their neighbours with many opprobrious appellations, dictated, as charity would incline one to hope, by the rancour of national prejudice. They are, however, allowed to be more sullen and unpolished, to have adopted less of the spirit of civilization than most other parts of Spain. They strut all day in redicillas, or nets, monstrous hats, and dark brown cloaks, which give the crowds in the streets the appearance of a funeral procession.

Scarcely any society is kept up among them, though the salubrity of the climate and reasons of œconomy induce several considerable families to make this city the place of their abode. Their chief expence lies not in conviviality and society, but in servants, mules, and equipages: and frequently in low and disgraceful amours.

Valencia is large and almost circular. Its walls are

lofty, and some of their original towers remain. Several large clumsy bridges cross the channel of the Guadaviar; but, except in rainy seasons, its bed is almost dry.

The captain general resides in the suburbs, in an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the Alameda, a long double avenue of poplars, cypresses, and palms, where the nobility take the air in coaches on festive occasions. About a mile below, is the port of Valencia, which, properly speaking, is an open road, the mole having been swept away by a violent storm.

Single horse chairs are much in use here, and are to be let at all hours at the gates. This vehicle is very uneasy; but the horses are excellent, and run along like lightning. Our travellers having occasion one day to hire a coach, the stable-boy at their inn offered his services to procure one; and in fifteen minutes brought a coach to the door, and four fine mules, with two postilions and a lackey, all in flaming liveries. They afterwards found that this equipage belonged to a countess; and that the nobility make no scruple of letting out their carriages, probably for the benefit of the servants, when they do not want them themselves.

The streets of this city are crooked and narrow; and being destitute of paving are full of dust in dry weather, and in wet, deep in mud. They even plead advantage from this, as it makes manure more plenty. Thus idleness and slovenliness will never want an excuse.

The houses are little more attractive than the streets. Most of the churches are tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments, both within and without. In the multitude, however, of sacred edifices, some may be found that excel in particular parts; but scarcely one that deserves commendation on the whole, for elegance or symmetry.

Some of the churches have domes, but the greater part tall slender turrets, painted and bedecked with all

sorts of pilasters and whimsical devices. Every thing, indeed, is gilt and bedaubed with incredible profusion. The cathedral is a large Gothic pile; and its archbishopric, one of the best in Spain, is said to be worth forty thousand pounds a year. The revenues of Toledo are still greater, but they are more precarious, and more expensive in collecting. The last and present archbishops of Valencia were the sons of peasants; and the ruling passion of both seems to have been convent-building.

Priests, nuns, and friars of every denomination and dress, swarm in this city; where some convents contain more than one hundred monks, all richly provided for.

The lonja, or exchange, is a very noble Gothic hall, built about the fifteenth century, with all the beauty and richness which that style is susceptible of. Some other civil buildings are not inelegant nor incommodious for their destination.

This city and kingdom has undergone many revolutions, and has fallen under various masters of different nations. At last it was taken from the Moors by James I. king of Arragon in 1238, and for ever annexed to that crown, the fate of which it has since followed in all its revolutions.

The population of Valencia is computed at one hundred thousand, and that of the whole kingdom at seven hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-four souls, resident in five hundred and seventy towns and villages. The manufactures of silk are the chief cause of a number of inhabitants, which, if compared with other provinces of Spain, may be reckoned very considerable.

Government has prohibited the exportation of raw silk from this province, in order to lay in a stock that may keep the manufacturers constantly employed in bad years; for it has sometimes happened, that half the workmen have been thrown out of bread, for want of materials.

The great nurseries of mulberry plants in this plain are produced from seed, obtained by rubbing a rope of esparto over heaps of ripe mulberries, and then burying it two inches under the ground. As the young plants come up, they are drawn and transplanted. The trees, which are all of the white kind, are afterwards set out in rows, and pruned every second year.

Fruit, hemp, wine, and cotton, are likewise produced in the utmost abundance in Valencia; and form some of the grand articles of exportation. But notwithstanding all this plenty, the peasantry can with difficulty procure food to keep their families from starving.

In the beginning of December, they left Valencia, and travelled the first day through a plain, as fertile as nature and frequent watering can render it.

Before they arrived at Alzira, a large town in an island of the Xucar, they crossed an extensive track of land astonishingly fertile. The peas and beans in the fields were very high, and in full blow. They were stopped several times by long droves of mules, carrying corn to Valencia, the conductors of which were ill-looking fellows, clothed in leather.

In the afternoon, at the entrance of a more mountainous country, they came to the rice-grounds, now in stubble. The rice of Valencia is more yellow than that of the Levant; but reckoned more nutritive, and capable of being longer kept.

They lay at Xativa, formerly a strong fortress, but being destroyed by Philip V. was rebuilt under the name of San Felipe. That monster, Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI. was a native of this town.

Their route from this town lay up winding vales, between ridges of high bleak mountains. Olive plantations, pine forests, and bare chalky hills now saluted their view.

Next morning, the frost was very sharp on the high bare hills, where there is much corn land, but no trees. The farm-houses are scattered about in that

track pretty much as they are in the open parts of England.

On entering Villena, they were struck with the dress of the inhabitants. A brown montero-cap, jacket, and breeches, with a yellow waistcoat, being the usual uniform, put them in mind of Sancho Pança; particularly as they were in that corner of the country from which the inimitable Cervantes drew his pictures.

The castle of Villena is large and well situated, and has once been strong. The whole confines of Valencia and Castille are full of ruined towers, a mark of the misery arising from small contiguous kingdoms, which nature intended to be united.

Soon after, they found the style of salutation quite changed. Instead of "God keep your worship," the peasants here began to bawl out, at some distance, "Ave Maria purissima," to which it is necessary to return, "Sin pecado concebida," or, "Deo gratias."

They reached Alicant very early in the morning of the 8th of December, and took up their lodgings at an inn that overhangs the sea, where the waves beat against their walls under their windows, and the whole road and harbour lay beautifully stretched out before them.

Our travellers soon experienced the usual politeness of their countrymen, resident in this town. The British factory consists of five houses; and the style of living in it was more elegant than they expected to find out of the capital.

But, hospitably as they were treated here, our author says he cannot praise the place itself: it has neither buildings nor streets that can recommend it to distinction. The houses are solid, with flat roofs, covered with cement; and every thing looks so white that it tires the eye. The dust flies about in whirlwinds in fine weather, and when it rains, it requires boots to walk the streets in.

In the hot months this place is a very furnace; but

in winter it is impossible not to be delighted with the climate, and the beauties the situation of the port of Alicant affords. It stands on the middle of a narrow neck of land, that stretches out into the sea in a semi-circular form. A rocky mountain rises directly behind the town, on the summit of which stands the castle, fortified in the modern style.

Behind the castle-hill is a plain, some leagues in circumference, and the gardens of Alicant lie along the sea-shore, surrounded on three sides by very lofty mountains. In this valé the fine Alicant and tent wines are made.

Water is the great agent, the primum mobile of all productions in this country. Every thing languishes, and is soon parched up without an ample supply of it. Abundance of rain secures both a plentiful harvest and a copious vintage. Whenever a spring is discovered, the king's officers seize on it, and allot to each landholder a proper hour for letting it flow on his grounds.

The English factory here imports all sorts of bale goods, corn, and Newfoundland cod. The articles of exportation are wine and barilla. This last grows in great quantities along the coast, especially near Carthagena.

The opera here is performed in the Italian taste, but has few attractions. Our author says, they were very near being deprived of the pleasure of seeing it, such as it was, by the superstition of the clergy, who attributed the long continuance of drought to that ungodly entertainment; but, luckily for the poor performers, a smart shower fell just as the interdiction was publishing, and the continuance of rain all the next day made the priests in a better humour.

They left Alicant on the 12th of December, and halted first at Elche, a large town built on the skirts of a wood of palm trees, very old and stately. The country round this town has a very cheerful aspect, and is sufficiently fertile from the abundance and

judicious distribution of the water. Near this place are avenues, planted with the Peru pepper tree, or schinus molle, loaded with branches of a handsome rose-coloured fruit.

From hence they proceeded up the vale of Murcia, so justly celebrated for the variety and richness of its culture. Though it was then the heart of winter, the general appearance of this celebrated spot was a bright green, arising from the young corn, the flax, lucerne, pulse, and orange groves.

The city of Murcia is neither large nor handsome. The Segura, a muddy river, divides it in two, and, though it does not contribute much to the embellishment of the town, it assists to fertilize the plain. Hundreds of drains convey its waters to the inclosures; and in spite of the effects of a scorching sun, they preserve the vegetable system fresh and succulent.

The cathedral is a large massive pile, and is remarkable for its spire, to the top of which it is possible to ride. From this elevation is a full view of the town and country. The names and banners of the Jews that have been burnt in this town by the Inquisition, are hung up in the church like so many trophies won in the day of battle.

From Murcia they struck directly across the vale, into the chain of mountains on the south of the town; and after passing the night at a most pitiful venta, they arrived early next day at Carthagena, where they took up their lodgings at the Golden Eagle, the best house of entertainment they had found in Spain.

By means of a letter from Barcelona, our author and his friends procured permission to visit the docks and magazines of this port, the most considerable in the Spanish dominions.

The arsenal is a square building, south-west of the town. Forty pieces of cannon defend its approach from the sea; but on the land side it is without defence. They saw only one seventy-gun ship on the

stocks, and a rotten hulk heaved down to be repaired. Behind the wet-dock was a long range of magazines for stores, which did not appear very well filled, though the Spaniards pretended the contrary. Indeed, they seemed uneasy and jealous of our travellers; who found it difficult to persuade them, that they had no sinister views in their expedition.

The ships are heaved down in dock, which must be kept clear of water by the constant use of several fire engines, and the great pump, which is plied without intermission by Spanish criminals and Barbary slaves. Of the former they have eight hundred, and of the latter six hundred. Most of these wretches are kept to the hard labour of pumping sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and in the summer season, scarce a day passes that some of them do not drop down dead at their work. Their despair is sometimes so outrageous, that if they can get within reach of a weapon, they plunge it in their own breast, or in that of an associate, merely to be put to death themselves.

It is impossible to see those miserable beings without commiseration, yet the atrociousness of their crimes, perhaps, have deserved all they endure. The severity, however, exercised over the Moorish captives makes reason and humanity revolt. Retaliation will not be a sufficient plea in justification of Christians.

The port of Carthagena is in the figure of a heart, and is naturally very complete. The island of Escombrera blocks up the entrance, and shelters it from the violence of the wind and waves. High bare mountains rise very steep from the water-edge, on the east and west. On the north, a narrow long ridge of hills, on which the city stands, shuts out the view of the inland country.

Our travellers, accompanied by some friends, rowed round this delightful harbour, and examined its different parts and stations. They found two frigates and four chebecs lying here. Just as they were passing the commodore, a signal was made for weighing anchor, and

getting under sail. As our countrymen were desirous of learning a little of Spanish seamanship, they requested their steersman to lie upon his oars, and remain alongside, that they might see the men of war move out. The old sailor heartily laughed at their request, telling them they were not at Portsmouth; and bade his men row away, as he was sure none of the vessels would be ready to depart for three days at least, and that the signal was merely in compliance with the letter of their orders.

Carthagena is large, but has very few good streets, and still fewer grand or remarkable buildings. The hospital is a large square, round two courts, three stories high towards the sea, and two towards the land. The style of architecture and the plan are good.

Farther east, is a small church, erected in honour of St. James, the patron of Spain, who is piously believed to have landed here, when he came from Palestine, to convert this country to Christianity.

As the principal crops of barilla are produced in this vicinity, Mr. Swinburne was at some trouble to obtain information respecting such a valuable vegetable. He found that there were four plants of this genus, which, in the early part of their growth, bear a strong resemblance to each other. These are, to use the Spanish distinctions, barilla, gazul, or algazul, soza, and salicorni, or salicor. They are all burnt to ashes; but applied to different purposes, as being possessed of different qualities.

Barilla is sown fresh every year, and rises to the height of about four inches. Gazul is sown but once in three, four, or five years, according to the soil, and does not exceed half the height of barilla; soza rises to treble the size of barilla, and retains a bright green colour to the last. Salicor, from the first, grows upright, and much resembles a bush of young rosemary: its natural soil is on the declivities of hills, and near salt marshes.

Barilla contains less salts than the others; and when

burnt it runs into a mass resembling a spongy stone, with a faint cast of blue.

All these ashes contain a strong alcali; but barilla the best and purest. On this principle it is the fittest for making glass and bleaching linen: the others are used in making soap, for they would burn linen.

The method used in making barilla is the same as what is followed in the north of England in burning kelp. An acre will yield about a ton; consequently the crop is very valuable.

Not far from Carthagena is a place called Almazaron, where they gather a fine red earth, called almagra, used for polishing mirrors, and likewise for giving tobacco that colour and softness which constitute the principal merit of Spanish snuff.

On the 19th of December, they left Carthagena, and for two days travelled up the plain, till the two ridges of mountains, that formed its boundaries, united at its head.

Proceeding through a country, extremely varied, and, in general, little attractive, or presenting any interesting objects, they arrived at Isnallos on the 24th. This is a dismal ruinous village with mud walls; but the roads had been so bad, and their journey so long continued, that any place was agreeable where they could repose.

Next morning they proceeded down a valley, and soon came in sight of the plain and city of Grenada, beautiful, even in its brumal robes, beyond expression.

Grenada is a place of great antiquity, and has been much celebrated in history, both European and oriental. It was the beautiful and favoured metropolis of a Moorish kingdom of the same name, which subsisted seven hundred and eighty-two years.

Ferdinand of Castille, after a nine months blockade of the capital, obliged the Moorish king, Abouabdoulah, to surrender; and the conqueror, with his queen Isabella, made their triumphal entry into Grenada on the 2d of January, 1492. The Moorish prince, as he

was conducting to the place appointed for his residence, stopped on the hill of Padul, to take a last view of his beloved Grenada. The sight of this, which renewed his most tender recollections, overcame his resolution; he burst into tears, and in the anguish of his soul, broke out into the most bitter exclamations against the severity of his fate.

Such Moorish families as remained in Grenada, after the dissolution of the monarchy, were continually molested by zealous priests and bigotted princes. The Spanish clergy, not at all satisfied in the external show of their conversion to Christianity, were eager to discern the sincere from the pretended; and therefore set spies over them to watch their minutest actions, that they might be furnished with grounds of accusation.

Irritated at last beyond endurance, the Moriscos formed a grand conspiracy against their tyrants, in 1568, but after an insurrection of two years, they were at last reduced by the Spaniards, and dispersed all over the kingdom; while the rabble of the two Castilles were sent to occupy their lands.

In 1610, Phillip III. issued an edict, commanding every person of Moorish extraction, without exception, to retire out of Spain. This rigorous and extraordinary order was apparently punctually obeyed; nevertheless, in 1726, the inquisition ferreted out and drove into banishment some considerable remains of that unfortunate race; and it is very probable they are not wholly extinct now, though experience and adversity have taught them the caution of concealment. Indeed, our author says, that a village in the mountains up the Daro is almost wholly composed of the descendants of Moors, who are easily distinguished from the Castillians by their round plump faces, small bright eyes, little nose, and projecting under-jaw.

The glories of Grenada have passed away with all its old inhabitants; its streets are choked with filth; its aqueducts crumbled to dust; its woods destroyed;

its territory depopulated; its trade lost; in short, every thing, except the church and the law, is in a most deplorable situation.

But enough of the Alhambra still remains to shew the magnificence of the ancient kings of Grenada. This fortress and residence of the Mahometan monarchs of that country derives its name from the red colour of the materials of which it is originally built—alhambra signifying a red house. Most of the sovereigns took a delight in adding new buildings to the old towers, now called Torres de la Campana, or in embellishing what had been erected by their predecessors.

The pleasantness of the situation and the purity of the air, induced the emperor Charles V. to begin a magnificent edifice on the ruins of the offices of the old palace, probably for his usual residence; but his volatile temper, and the multiplicity of his avocations, made him give up all thoughts of Grenada, long before he had finished the plan.

The Alhambra stands between two rivers on a very high hill, that projects into the plain, and overlooks the city. The entrance from Grenada is by a massive gate, which conducts into the outward inclosure of the palace. An avenue of elms commences here, which soon increases to a wood, intersected by walks, and little streams almost choked up. A large fountain adorns the platform near the top of the hill.

A diverticle to the left leads from this spot, under the walls of the inner inclosure. Its appearance is that of an ancient town exhibiting a long range of high embattled walls, interrupted at regular distances by large, lofty, square towers. These have one or two arched windows, near the top, and a precipitate slope from the bottom into a dry ditch. The whole is built with round irregular pebbles, mixed with cement and gravel.

The principal entrance into the castle is by a square tower, anciently called the Gate of Judgment, be-

cause justice used to be administered here in a summary manner.

As this gate is never used for carriages, the passage winds through several turns, full of images, indulgences, and altars, before the visitor reaches a narrow street, between a row of mean barracks on the right, and the castle wall on the left, supposed to have been built by the Phœnicians.

This lane ends in the great square, or Plaza de los Algibes, so named from the ancient cisterns that undermine it from one end to the other, and are constantly fed by a supply of running water. The prospect from the parapet wall is wonderfully grand.

On the brow of the hill, overhanging the city, stand the Towers of the Bell, a group of high square buildings, now converted into prisons. Below them is the governor's garden, a very pleasant walk, lined with pine, orange, and cypress trees, and myrtle hedges.

On the right hand of the Plaza de los Algibes is a gateway, erected by Charles V. to conduct to the superb palace he designed, which stands facing the Torres de la Campana. This edifice is a perfect square, of two hundred Spanish feet: it has two orders of pilasters, Doric and Ionic, on a rustic base.

Three of the fronts are open; the fourth, or northern, is connected with the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. The plan of Charles V. was never completed; but, from the progress made, enough is shewn to excite the regret of every admirer of architectural beauty, that it had not proceeded farther. The architect, who was a Spaniard, has displayed a transcendent genius, grandeur of style, and elegance and chastity of design.

The Moorish palace, on the north, is a huge assemblage of buildings, without any apparent design. The walls are entirely destitute of ornament, and are composed of pebbles and gravel, plastered over very inartificially; yet, within it possesses beauties almost un-

rivalled. The first court contains the common baths, which are uncommonly rich and elegant. The ceilings and walls are incrusted with fret work in stucco. In every division are Arabic sentences of different lengths, most of them expressive of the following meaning: "There is no conqueror but God;" or, "Obedience and honour to our lord Abouaboulah." The ceilings are gilt or painted, and, though constantly exposed to the air, time has caused no diminution in the freshness of their colours.

Opposite to the door of the Communa, is an entrance into the apartment of the Lions, an oblong court one hundred feet long and fifty broad, environed with a colonnade. The area is paved with coloured tiles; the colonnade with white marble. The walls are covered five feet up with chequered tiles of blue and white. Above and below is a border of small escutcheons with the Arabic motto, "No conqueror but God." The columns that support the roof and gallery are of white marble, very slender, and fantastically adorned. They are nine feet high, and eight inches and a half in diameter. The ceiling is executed in stucco, with inimitable delicacy and beauty.

In the centre of the court are twelve ill-designed lions, from the mouths of which issued streams of water, afterwards received into a large reservoir, where it communicated by channels with the jet d'eaus in the apartments. This fountain is of white marble, and embellished with many festoons and Arabic distichs.

Passing along the colonnade, on the south is a circular room, with a light and elegant cupola, painted and designed in the most exquisite taste. Every thing in this apartment inspires the most pleasing and voluptuous ideas.

Beyond this are two rooms supposed to have been tribunals, or audience chambers. In the ceiling are three historical paintings, executed with much force of colouring, but harsh and stiff.

Opposite to the Sala de los Abencerrages is the entrance into the Torre de las dos Hermanas, or the Tower of the Two Sisters; so named from two very very beautiful pieces of marble, laid in the pavement. This gate exceeds all the rest in beauty of prospect, and in profusion of ornaments. It commands a view of a range of apartments, where a multitude of arches terminate in a large window open to the country. In a gleam of sunshine, the variety of tints and lights thrown on this enfilade, are uncommonly rich. Some of the apartments in themselves are highly attractive, but no description can convey an adequate idea of them.

Having completed the tour of the upper apartments, they descended to the lower floor, which originally consisted of bed chambers, and summer rooms. The back stairs and passages, that facilitated the intercourse between them, are without number. The most remarkable apartment in this suite is the royal bed room. The beds are placed in two alcoves, upon a raised pavement of white and blue tiles. A fountain played in the middle, to refresh the air in hot weather. Behind the alcoves are two doors that led to the royal baths which are of marble.

Hard by is a whispering-gallery, and a kind of labyrinth. Under the council room is a long slip, called the king's study; and adjoining to it are vaults, the place of sepulchre for the royal line.

It is impossible to view this palace without being struck with a sense of its perfect adaptation for voluptuous retirement. No wonder the Moors regretted the loss of Grenada; no wonder they still prefer their weekly prayers for the recovery of this city, which they deem a terrestial paradise.

The Alameda, along the banks of the Xenil, is a most delightful walk for the inhabitants of Grenada. The hills rise boldly to back the avenue with orange groves, cypress alleys, and clusters of houses, grouped upon the waving line of its sides and summits. Be-

yond the river is another promenade, or drive, for the Grenadines.

The more distant parts of the hills are rather bare, and hollowed out into caverns, by the ancient inhabitants of the country, and still occupied by a tawny, ill-favoured tribe.

The environs of the town are still charming. It is universally affirmed, that Grenada is a delicious residence even in summer; and nothing, Mr. Swinburne says, could be more agreeable than the mild sunny afternoons they enjoyed here, though it was Christmas.

The women dress in black veils and black silk petticoats. They are much handsomer than the ladies in the other parts of Spain, that had fallen under our traveller's view. The surprizing purity of the air probably contributes to the freshness of their complexions, and the vivacity of their manner.

The walls and gates of the town are mostly demolished. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty. The Rambla is a very broad long street, leading to the great walk. A lofty church and some public edifices give this street an air of grandeur, not common in a Spanish city.

There is scarcely a house in Grenada that has not over its door, in large red characters, Ave Maria purissima sin pecado concebida. The immaculate conception is a favourite doctrine of the Franciscans, the prevailing party: the Dominicans, on the other hand, are their great antagonists.

The market-place is spacious, but the buildings are ill constructed. They are generally Moorish, and, from top to bottom, nothing is to be seen but rows of large windows, divided by narrow brick pilasters. The regulations of the market are very strict; but extremely serviceable to the interests of the poor. No person is allowed to carry home his meat till it has been weighed before a sitting committee of magistrates.

One of our countrymen's servants, from ignorance of this regulation, was hurried to jail. An alguazil coming up behind him, seized on his catering basket; and was immediately saluted by a violent blow on the chaps with a shoulder of mutton, which brought the Spaniard to the ground. The hero was then marching off in triumph, but he was soon overtaken by a detachment of alguazils, and committed to custody; from which, however, he was liberated, on submission and proper application.

The outsides of the churches are painted in a theatrical taste, and their insides set off with a profusion of marbles, brought from the neighbouring mountains. The dark green, from Sierra Nevada, is the most valued.

The cathedral, which in point of architecture stands very high in the opinion of the Grenadines, is an assemblage of three churches. The first is a clumsy parish church, the second a large chapel erected by Ferdinand, at the æra when the arts were in the most unflourishing state. Both within and without, this chapel is encumbered with the weight of its own ill-proportioned ornaments. Ferdinand and Isabella repose before the altar, under a large noble monument, replete with figures and grotesques, not badly executed, considering the short time that elapsed between their execution and the building of the chapel.

Adjoining, on a similar tomb, are stretched out the effigies of their son-in-law, Philip the Fair of Austria, and of Joan their daughter. Over the great door is the emblem of the united monarchies—a bundle of arrows tied together, and clutched in the talons of an eagle.

From the chapel is the entrance into the main church, not yet finished, though it was begun in the reign of Charles V. It has the advantage of being well lighted; but the architect, by essaying every order, has combined and disposed of them in such a

heavy and confused manner, that they produce none of that grand effect which results from the well-proportioned parts of a whole, when placed in harmony with each other.

The church of St. John of God is richly ornamented, and so are many others in Grenada; but few of them are in a chaste style of architecture.

The amphitheatre for bull feasts is of stone, and passes for one of the most magnificent in Spain.

The courts here draw a swarm of lawyers, who absorb the riches, and are the only people that live in any degree of luxury or affluence. Commerce is very feebly carried on, without encouragement or protection; and population gradually decreases.

The whole city does not contain more than fifty thousand souls, of which number, not more than eighteen thousand are productive hands; the rest are lawyers, ecclesiastics, children, and beggars.

The play-house differs in some respects from most others in Spain. The men occupy all the ground floor; and the women are seated high up in a kind of crazy gallery. The fire of the flint and steel was so frequent among the men, who were preparing to smoke, that it looked like soldiers going through their exercise. One day a farce was exhibited, which was all metamorphoses, a continual change of clothes and character. At last out came a Capuchin friar, mounted on an ass, who, after many grimaces and buffooneries, coupled the other performers in the bands of wedlock.

On the 2d of January, 1776, our travellers set out from Grenada by the way of Vega, passing chiefly through arable lands, without either vines or mulberry trees.

Passing through Antequera, a large straggling town, they hired a guide, and set out on horseback for Malaga by the mountain road, a ride of seven leagues, and soon reached that town.

Malaga stands in the corner of a plain which is quite bare of wood, except the little that grows about the country houses: the naked craggy mountains hang over the shore, and scarce leave room for the city. A Moorish castle, on the sharp point of a rock, commands every part of it.

This confined situation renders Malaga insufferably hot eight months in the year. The road and port seem well sheltered and safe, but are susceptible of much improvement. The streets are narrow; and, except the cathedral, few public edifices deserve notice. This is indeed a stupendous pile, begun by Philip II. while married to Mary of England. Their united arms are over the gate. It is said to be as large as St. Paul's in London; but Mr. Swinburne is not convinced of the accuracy of this account. The bishop of this diocese enjoys an income of sixteen thousand pounds a year.

There are about fourteen foreign houses settled in trade in Malaga, who export five thousand butts of wine a year, at from ten to thirty pounds a butt. Formerly more wine was exported; but the demand has of late been considerably diminished. The raisins, or dried grapes, make a capital branch of commerce. If pressed, they would make a rich white wine.

Returning from Malaga, by the same road to Antequera, they left the latter again on the 9th of January, and took the way of Pedrera, through a champaign and pleasant country, with some lakes of great extent appearing between them and the mountains.

At Ossuna, a large disagreeable town, they observed that the inhabitants wore large white hats. On the 11th, they entered a beautiful park-like country, where the swells were covered with forests of pines and cork trees, or rows of olives. Next day they began traversing the rich vales of Andalusia; and at Alcanterilla, they passed a bridge of two arches, the lower part of which was Roman, as appeared from

the words AUGUST.-PONTEM, the remains of an inscription between the arches.

Farther on lay Xeres, a large town with winding streets, and horrid kennels of black stagnated water, which emitted a most suffocating effluvia. The hills about the town are pretty, and the view towards Cadiz pleasing. Some poets have placed the Elysian fields in this neighbourhood, and pretended that the Guadalete is the river of oblivion, or the Lethe of antiquity. If so, the place must have undergone very important changes; for this paradise now is little more than a flat marsh, resembling the Lincolnshire fens.

On the 14th of January, they hired a bark to carry them down the Guadalete to Cadiz. The passage was short, and they were enchanted with the view of the bay, shipping, and city stretching into the ocean.

Cadiz occupies the whole face of the western extremity of the isle of Leon, which is composed of two parts joined together by a narrow bank of sand. At the south-east end, the ancient bridge of Suaco, thrown over a deep channel, affords a communication between the island and the continent; and a strong line of works defends the city from all approaches along the isthmus.

Except the Calle Ancha, all the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and filthy. They are all drawn in straight lines, and most of them intersect each other at right angles, the houses are lofty, and generally furnished with a vestible, which is left open at night. The principal apartments are up two pair of stairs. The roofs are flat, and covered with an impenetrable cement, and few are without a turret, or mirador, for the purpose of commanding a view of the sea. Round the parapet walls at top are placed rows of square pillars, which give this city a singular appearance.

Cadiz is divided into twenty-four quarters, under the inspection of as many officers of police. The po-

pulation is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand souls.

The square of St. Antonio is large and tolerably handsome. The public walk, or Alameda, is a pleasant evening promenade. Beyond this is the Campo-santo, or airing place in carriages; and opposite to it stands the fortress of St. Sebastian, built on a neck of land running out into the sea. The round tower, at the extremity, is supposed to have saved the city from being swept away by the fury of the waves, in the great earthquake of 1755.

On the shore stands the cathedral, a work of great expence; but though fifty years have elapsed since its foundation, it is not yet complete. The arches that spring from the clustered pilasters, to support the roof of the church, are very bold; and the vaults are executed with great solidity. From the sea this pile has a singular appearance, in its present unfinished state.

From the ramparts, that defend the city on the side of the bay, the prospect is animated in the highest degree; the men of war ride in the eastern bosom of the bay; lower down, the merchantmen are spread at anchor; and close to the town innumerable barks of different sizes cover the surface of the water. The more remote views from this spot are peculiarly grand and varied.

Every commercial nation has a consul resident at Cadiz: those of England and France, however, are not allowed to have any concern in trade. The police here is extremely negligent, and delinquents and criminals are with difficulty brought to punishment.

The style of living in Cadiz is far from being brilliant. The different nations do not associate much together. Our countrymen settled here live in a very hospitable, social manner, and do every thing in their power to render the visits of travellers agreeable.

The usual afternoon amusements, in winter, are a saunter on the Alameda, and the theatres. The Spa-

nish play, which exhibits but a poor set of actors, begins about four; the Italian opera about seven, and the French house a little earlier; so that a rambler may partake of each of those entertainments the same evening. The French theatre is on a grand scale, and is supported by the voluntary contributions of the merchants of that nation settled here.

Our travellers were at Cadiz during the Carnival; but neither public balls nor masquerades were allowed; and the only mark of festivity they saw, was the pleasure which the women took in sluicing the men, who walked under the balconies of the houses, with pails full of water. There were, indeed, many balls and assemblies of the lower class, where the fandango was danced *a la ley*; that is, in its highest degree of perfection. Among the gipsies in this country there is another dance, called the Manguindoy, so lascivious and indecent, that it is prohibited under severe penalties. Both are said to be of negro origin. The fandango, however, is perfectly naturalized in Spain; even children of three years old will dance it with astonishing precision.

After a considerable stay at Cadiz, chiefly on account of the rains, our travellers set out for Gibraltar about the close of February, and without any material occurrence, came in sight of that immortal rock, and the coast of Africa. Stopping at St. Roque, a large village on the top of a hill, overlooking the bay, they obtained the necessary passports from the governor.

A regiment of infantry, several batteries, and a fort at each end, defend the lines that run across the isthmus which separates Gibraltar from the continent. Here they passed without being searched, as they expected to be; and after half an hour's ride, reached the landgate of the English garrison.

Mr. Swinburne says, the hospitality of the governor, officers, and inhabitants; the bustle, military music, and parade; the fine appearance of the troops;

and the variety of tongues spoken, and dresses worn here, are subjects inexhaustible. After a long journey through the still wastes and stupid towns of Spain, they were at first flurried and confounded with the hurry of a garrison, and the perpetual discharge of artillery.

From this spot the buildings in Ceuta, and even in Tangier, may be clearly discerned. The African mountains, with their snowy tops, are likewise prominent objects in the landscape.

People of all religions and nations are allowed to reside in Gibraltar, and seem to live in great happiness. Here all meet as it were on neutral ground. This place may, indeed, be styled the paradise of that dispersed nation, the Jews; for here they seem to be at home, and carry on a very lucrative retail trade. They are of Barbary extraction, and are a comely race of men.

The rock of Gibraltar abounds in partridges, which breed in peace, as no one is allowed to shoot within the garrison. The officers sometimes take the diversion of fox-hunting on the Spanish hills, where there is plenty of game, but little running.

On the east side of the rock of Gibraltar, amidst the broken precipices, is a stratum of bones of all sizes, belonging to various animals and fowls, enchased in an incrustation of a reddish calcareous stone.

Our travellers, after several ineffectual attempts to visit the coast of Africa, were obliged, by the long continuance of contrary winds, to give up this favourite pursuit, and to return to Cadiz, by nearly their former route. They, however, made one deviation, in order to visit the almost imperceptible remains of the city of Carteia, where Eneius, son of Pompey the Great, took refuge after the battle of Munda. These ruins, of which scarcely any thing but a wall is to be seen, stand on a rising ground, at the mouth of a little river, which falls into the north-west corner of the bay of Gibraltar.

When they got to Chiclana, they hired a bark to carry them to Cadiz. This passage was very pleasant, and presents some very picturesque views; though the contrary winds and currents kept them on the water till they were quite sick of their little expedition.

On the 3d of April, they left Cadiz, and landed soon after at Port St. Mary, where they were received and entertained for three days in the most polite and cordial manner, by that celebrated character, General Count Alexander O'Reilly, of whom our author speaks in terms of high eulogium.

One morning they took a ride to Sanlucar, to see the mouth of the Guadalquiver, the ancient Bœtis.

Near this place the country is arable, with few inclosures. Sanlucar, the ancient Fanum Luciferi, was once the port of Seville, and a very bustling place; but it is now little used.

Proceeding on their journey, they came to Xeres, which contains about forty thousand inhabitants, of whom a twentieth are ecclesiastics. Next morning they went to view a monastery of Carthusian monks, whose convent is well laid out, and who are famous for a remarkably fine breed of horses. Our travellers, however, were disappointed in seeing their stallions.

On the morning of the 8th of April, they arrived at Seville, the capital of Andalusia. Soon after, in strolling round the town, chance led them into the court of the alcazar, or royal palace; and they were directed to the beautiful and curious gardens, which resemble some of the hanging gardens of Italy. Here they roved among the plantations, till they were quite in exstacy with the sweets.

Philip V. spent many of the last years of his life at this place, filling up his time in drawing with the smoke of a candle on deal boards, or angling for tench, in a little reservoir, by torch light. Such are the insignificant amusements of decrepid royalty!

The palace is a mixture of Saracenic, conventual, and Grecian architecture. The principal front of the

inner court is a good piece of Morisco work. The court is flagged with marble, and surrounded with a colonnade of white marble columns, of the Corinthian order, elegantly proportioned, and well executed. The Alhambra is a pleasing specimen of Arabic architecture, though certainly inferior to that of the Grenadine palace.

Near the western entrance was formerly to be seen, a stone seat, with a canopy, supported by four pillars. Here Peter the Cruel used to sit and decide causes, with such an inflexible regard to justice, that he was looked upon by many as a wanton and bloody tyrant. His character, however, is variously spoken of; though in general it is held up to the detestation of mankind.

Next morning they made an excursion in search of the antiquities of Italica, where Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius the Great are supposed to have been born. After wandering a long league wide of the mark, a peasant informed them that old Seville, as they call Italica, lay a considerable way to the north, in the skirts of the plain. Soon after they picked up a half naked fellow, who engaged to shew them the antiquities.

Of the ancient colony of Italica, conjectured to have been founded by Scipio, with his veteran soldiers, scarcely the least vestige remains. The river Bœtis seems to have varied its course, and perhaps, in a long series of inundations, swept away its ruins.

On the summit of one of the hills, which Italica is supposed to have covered, are some ruinous brick walls, called El Palacio. The peasants in the vicinity gravely informed our countrymen, that underneath there had formerly been found columns of silver and brass; but they were enchanted, and nobody was able to draw them up; and that farther, no one would now venture to dig for them, as there was every reason to believe, that the magician would twist off the heads of those who should make the attempt.

On the more distant eminences are considerable remains of an amphitheatre, in form a perfect oval. The arena measures about one hundred yards in its greatest length, and sixty in its greatest breadth. Some of the vomitoria, cells, and passages, are still perceptible; but scarcely any traces of the seats remain. Indeed, in modern times, many parts of the walls were blown up with gunpowder, in order to procure materials for an embankment; but as if the Guadalquiver meant to revenge the cause of taste upon those barbarians, the very first flood swept away the whole fabric.

Seville is supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians, who called it Hispalis. It is the Julia of the Romans, who embellished it with many magnificent buildings.

Here the Gothic kings resided, before they removed their court to Toledo; but the most brilliant period of its history was soon after the discovery of America, when all the wealth and produce of the New World poured into the Guadalquiver, and made Seville the emporium of its treasures.

The shape of this city is circular, without any great rising in the whole space. The walls seem of Moorish construction, and are about five miles and a half in circumference. The suburb of Triana, on the west side of the river, is as large as many towns; but remarkable for nothing but its gloomy Gothic castle, where the inquisition formed its first establishment in Spain in 1482.

The streets of Seville are crooked, dirty, and inconveniently narrow. The most spacious and airy place is the Alameda, a great walk of old elms, decorated with three fountains, and the statue of Hercules, the reputed founder, and of Julius Cæsar, the restorer of this city.

Most of the churches are built and ornamented in a barbarous style. The Cathedral, the Capuchins, and the Charidad, are, however, interesting structures.

The first for its great antiquity; and the two latter by the chef d'œuvres of Murillo.

The cathedral was about one hundred years in building. Its length within is four hundred and twenty feet, its breadth two hundred and seventy-three; and its greatest height one hundred and twenty-six. It has nine doors, eighty windows, and as many altars, at which five hundred masses are said every day. The tower is three hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty square; it was built by the Moors about the year 1000.

Murillo has adorned the Charidad and Capuchins with several very valuable pictures, which may be reckoned among his best performances. The characters of his figures are often mean, and taken from the lowest class of citizens; but there is such expression, truth of colouring, and intelligence in the composition of his groups, that it is impossible not to see and admire the merit of his works.

The Sevillian historians consider the Canos de Carmona, or the great aqueduct, as one of the most wonderful monuments of antiquity, existing in the universe. Our travellers, however, were disappointed in their expectations of it; and the whole is falling into decay. It is, nevertheless, a very extraordinary work; and brings down such a volume of water, that almost every house in the city has the benefit of it.

They next visited the snuff manufactory, which is situated in a street behind the Alcazar. For the more convenient carrying on of this lucrative branch of commerce, Ferdinand VI. erected a most magnificent roomy palace, which was finished in 1756. One thousand men are constantly employed; and one hundred and eighty mules work twenty-eight mills or machines, for grinding and mixing the tobacco with the red earth of Almazarron.

The excessive adulteration that has taken place, of late years, has occasioned a prodigious falling off in the demand for this article; and the trade, it is pro-

bable, will soon be confined to Spain and its dominions.

Thirty-two reals a pound is the current price of the snuff; but none is allowed to be sold by retail in the manufactory. Our travellers visited every part of the house, at the risk of being suffocated. In one room they found four hundred and sixty men employed in forming cigarros, or little rolls of tobacco, which the Spaniards smoke without a pipe. It is said that the annual profits of this establishment amount to more than six millions of dollars.

Near the cathedral is the Louja, or Exchange, which is now quite deserted by the merchants, and appropriated to other uses. It is a square edifice, in a plain but noble style, and remains a monument of the good taste of the Spaniards, at that brilliant period of their history, which includes the reigns of Charles V. and his son Philip.

The great hospital de la Sangre and the college of St. Elmo, are rather remarkable for their size than their beauty.

Having seen every thing in Seville recommended to their attention, they set out on the 11th of April, and lay the first night at Carmona. This is a large town seated on a high hill. Its castle, which is now in ruins, was formerly of immense extent, and in it Peter the Cruel and his family placed their main hope of defence.

Like most places in this province, Carmona makes a figure in Roman history, and contains many remains of walls and inscriptions, as proofs of its ancient consequence. The surrounding country is hilly and champaign, but far from unpleasant, being verdant, and containing some wood and water.

The roads now were excellent for this kingdom, and appeared extremely ancient, probably of Saracen origin. Passing through La Luisiana, they came to a colony of Germans, who have regular and uniform dwellings, with a certain allotment of corn-land.

Notwithstanding the encouragement these industrious people have met with, such is the fatal and deleterious effects of a despotic government, that it is unlikely they should ever become rich and flourishing.

The country leading to Cordova is bare, hilly, and devoted to corn. The view of the river, city, and woods, on the opposite hills, is extremely picturesque and agreeable. The environs, indeed, are delightful, and enjoy a rich variety of woods, eminences, and cultured fields, vivified by abundance of limpid water. Corn, olives, orange, and other fruit trees enrich the scene.

The Guadalquiver runs before the town. A bridge of sixteen arches, defended by a large Moorish tower, leads from the southward into Cordova; and near the end of the bridge stands the mosque, now the cathedral. The walls of the town are in many places in the same state as the Romans left them. Here each long square stone is terminated and flanked by two thin ones, set up on end.

The streets are crooked and dirty; and few of the public structures or private buildings are remarkable for the beauty of their architecture. The new hospital, for orphans, however, has something bold and simple in its cupola and portico. The palaces of the inquisition and of the bishop are extensive and well situated.

The mosque, in Spanish La Mesquita, was begun by Abdoulrahman I. and destined by him to remain, to after ages, a monument of his power and riches, and a principal sanctuary of his religion. His own ideas were sublime, and he was fortunate enough to find an architect whose genius was equal to the task of putting them in execution. His son finished the pile about the year 800. It was more than once altered and enlarged by the Mahometan sovereigns; and has undergone several changes since it became a Christian church.

In the days of the Musselmen, the mosque was a square building with a flat roof upon arches. It was four hundred and twenty feet in breadth, and five hundred and ten in length. The roof was supported by near one thousand columns, which formed nineteen aisles from east to west, and twenty-nine from north to south.

The columns were of the richest marbles; the twenty-four gates were plated with bronze, curiously embossed. The folding doors of the principal entrance were plated with gold. Upon the highest cupola were three golden balls, bearing a pomegranate and a fleur-de-lis of the same metal. Four thousand seven hundred lamps nightly illuminated the mosque, and consumed annually twenty thousand pounds of oil. Such is the description of this famous temple, by the Arabian and old Spanish writers.

The streets round the mosque, or cathedral, as it now is, are narrow and ill calculated for a general view. There is nothing very shewy on the outside. The roof is hid behind battlements, cut into steps. Each side is divided by buttresses into about thirteen parts. On the north side is a lofty belfry, which, being modern, has much altered the appearance of this part.

Seventeen gates open into the church and cloister. The latter is an oblong square, of the same length as the church, and two hundred and forty feet broad. A portico of sixty-three pillars environs it on three sides. The middle is occupied with three handsome and copious fountains, and decorated with orange, cypress, and palm trees, which afford a most delightful shelter in the sultry hours.

Near the great gate that leads from the cloister into the church, are three pieces of columns, each with an inscription, bearing the names of three different Roman emperors. They appear to have been Roman mile stones; but the meaning of the inscrip-

tions, which are all the same, except the name, has never been explained.

Nothing can be more sublime, than the first entrance into this singular edifice. It is divided into seventeen aisles or naves, each about twenty feet wide, by rows of various marbles. These pillars are not all of equal height; for the Arabs, having taken them from Roman buildings, lengthened the short ones with monstrous capitals, and chopped off the bases of the long ones. However, the thickness of the shaft is generally about eighteen inches in diameter. A couple of arches, one above the other, run along the rows; and from the same basis springs an arch, that forms the roof of each aisle.

The manner of casting the arches, grouping the columns, and designing the foliages of the screen and the throne, is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, and unlike the Moorish architecture at Grenada. Indeed this is several centuries more ancient.

The Zancarron, or Holy Chapel, where the books of the law were deposited, faces the great gate. Under it the Duke of Alba has his family vault. Behind this chapel, and on each side of it, were the lodgings of the dervises, which are now converted into the chapter house, sacristy, and treasury.

This church is extremely rich in plate, and has lately added to its store four ponderous silver candlesticks, made in Cordova, of exquisite fabric; each of which cost about eight hundred and fifty pounds.

It is scarcely possible to ascertain the exact number of columns in the mosque, as they originally stood; because great changes have been made, and many of them have been removed, or built up in the walls of separate chapels. In any other situation, the choir would deserve all praise for the Gothic grandeur of the plan, the loftiness of the dome, and the carving of the stalls, which last, took twelve years to finish; but in the middle of a Mahometan mosque, it destroys

all unity of design, and renders confused every idea of the original general effect of the building.

Light is admitted by the doors, and several small cupolas; but, nevertheless, the church is dark and awful; and people walking through such a chaos of pillars, recal the ideas of magic, enchanted knights, or discontented wandering spirits.

In one of the cupolas hangs the tooth of an elephant, which, it is said, formerly belonged to one of those animals that was particularly serviceable in carrying stones, and other materials, for building the mosque.

The bishop's palace is a pleasant and comfortable retreat. The revenues of the see amount to three thousand five hundred pounds a year. As the bishops cannot devise by will, all they die possessed of, escheats to the king.

While our travellers were in Cordova, they were spectators of a bull feast, where no horsemen were allowed, as the animals were not of a breed sufficiently noble to try the lance upon. One poor bull, that would not fight, was very dexterously run through the heart; two oxen were tormented a little, and then sent to the adjoining shambles; and a small cow, after shewing some sport, in jumping and skipping, got a reprieve in consideration of her excessive leanness.

The motive of this paltry spectacle, bating its cruelty, is extremely laudable. The corridor gives these little shews to the people on Sundays and festivals, and out of the profits and hire of the seats, raises a sum sufficient to carry on any public work.

After the entertainment, the nobility paraded about in their coaches, and made a very elegant appearance. The nobility here, indeed, live in a very agreeable manner. Our author was told, that thirty or more families meet every night at a house chosen by rotation, where the ladies do the honours of genteel refreshment, merry good-natured conversation, and some moderate card-playing. The generality of the

women seem to be handsome, some were even beautiful.

On the 18th of April, they left Cordova, and travelled through the delightful vale of the Guadalquiver, which runs between two ridges of hills, covered with hanging woods and olive yards. Several clear streams traverse the plain, and augment the current of the river.

Near the bridge of Alcolea, where they crossed the river to the south, are kept the king's stallions. One or two of them appeared noble animals; but an Andalusian breeder requires his horse to be forward and bulky in the shoulders, with his forelegs far under the belly, and the tail set very low; he is never suffered to lie down, but constantly kept on a clean pavement, sloping from the manger, with his forelegs close chained to the ground. Cordova has long been celebrated for its breed of horses; but it seems to be sadly fallen off, as very few good looking ones are now to be met with.

For two days they travelled up the banks of the river, through a rich and beautiful country, with plains extending far and near, charmingly tinted with rows of olive trees. Towers and castles lined the banks of the stream, and presented the most agreeable prospects. The cliffs along the river side swarmed with flocks of that elegant bird, the bee-eater, several of which they shot.

At Anduxar they took leave of the Roman, or Moorish road, on which they had hitherto travelled, which, however, they had now and then a distant peep of from the heights.

On the 20th, they entered the Sierra Morena, a chain of mountains that divides Castille from Andalusia, rendered famous by the wars of the Christians and Mahometans; but, perhaps, better known to the generality of readers, by being the scene the immortal Cervantes has placed the most entertaining adventures of his hero.

The journey was very agreeable up the course of the Rio de las Piedras, a clear roaring torrent, tumbling over a bed of rocks, through glens of beautiful woods. The wastes are covered with a profuse variety of flowering shrubs; particularly cistus, of many varieties. From the gum-cistus, or rock rose, they gather manna in the spring, by beating the bushes with small twigs, to which the viscous substance of the plant adheres. Sumach also grows in great abundance on those hills; the leaves, flowers, and stalks of which being pounded together, are used in lieu of oak-bark in dressing hides.

They now entered the new colony of La Carolina and its dependencies, planted a few years ago by the king, in a very extensive tract of woody country. The first settlers were Germans; but from eating unwholesome herbs, and drinking too copiously of wine and brandy, above half of them soon died, and now the inhabitants are a mixture of various nations. The reach of land in cultivation, and full of houses and villages, where only forests stood before, the resort of banditti, extends at least three leagues in length, and about as much in breadth.

La Carolina, the capital of all the colonies, stands on a fine hill, towering above the whole settlement. Its situation denies it wood and water: the latter they are obliged to seek by digging an incredible number of wells. The streets are wide, and the houses are plain, and on an uniform plan. All the flat on the crown of the hill, before the town, is laid out in kitchen gardens, and planted with avenues of elms, intended for future walks.

No scene can be more pleasing to the eye, or more gratifying to the heart, than to see the lot of man ameliorated, and cultivation extending over wastes; but our author expresses his apprehension that all this will dwindle away again, through neglect or want of encouragement; and that La Carolina, will, in a few years, become a petty Spanish town, though its be-

ginnings were so fair and promising. The foreigners, to whose industry this creation is owing, complain of injustice and partiality to the natives; and that as soon as they have brought a spot into cultivation, they have been removed where they had the same toil to encounter anew.

Here our travellers found an excellent inn and a good dinner, and regaled themselves on cow's milk and butter, to which they had long been strangers; for though they have cows in many parts of Spain, they seldom milk them; but keep them for breeding, and afterwards fattening for slaughter.

A little north of Carolina they passed through a new village, called Las Navas de Tolosa, from the old name of the defile in the neighbouring mountains, where three Christian kings in 1212, attacked and cut to pieces the army of Mahomet, king of Morocco.

The evening was very fine, and the hills steep, which induced them to walk most part of the way. Having got among the woody dells, as they were indulging Quixotic ideas, the sound of a guitar struck their ears, and they soon discovered a troop of well-dressed young men, and as many smart maidens, dancing on a platform of large level stones.

Some of the men politely invited our countrymen to partake of their sport, while a very pretty girl presented them with sweetmeats and sugar-plumbs. A jolly friar seemed to do the honours of this fête champêtre, and to be a favourite with the ladies; for they all courted his smiles and caresses. They staid some time with this merry party, and were entertained with several songs and seguidillas. Being pressed to accompany them to the house they belonged to, and to participate in their jollity, they were obliged to decline the favour, from the state of the weather, and the approach of night

As soon as they descended the Sierra Morena, and entered the Mancha, they perceived a very sensible

alteration in the climate: from the beginning of summer, they were, in a manner, thrown back to the last months of winter. In Andalusia the vines were all in leaf, and their fruit set; on the north side of the mountain scarce a young leaf was to be seen, or a bud in the vineyard.

The Mancha is an immense plain, intersected by different ridges of low hills and rocks. Not an inclosure of any kind is to be seen, except mud walls about the villages, and very few trees, save dwarfish evergreen oaks. All this vast tract of open country is cultivated in corn or vines. The villages are large; and not a venta is to be met with, that could be fixed on as the scene of any of Don Quixote's exploits.

They passed over the subterraneous river, Guadiana, which buries itself for eight leagues, at the Venta de Quesada. The well in the yard of this inn communicates with the river; and straw, or any light stuff, being dropped into it, is hurried away with amazing rapidity.

Soon after they reached Toledo, which enjoys the most romantic situation. The Tagus, after winding at large through a fine plain, comes at last to be wedged in between two ramparts of high steep rocks: the passage is very narrow, and before the river can disengage itself from its barriers, it is carried almost back to the place where it entered the defile. On this rocky peninsula stands the city, ill-built, poor, and uninviting. The streets are so steep, that it would be madness to attempt to use a carriage in them.

The alcazar, or ancient palace, is placed on the highest point of all. It is a noble, extensive building, and has lately been repaired at the expence of the archbishop, whose revenues are estimated at four hundred thousand ducats a year. The architecture is chaste and simple. The inner court is very grand; its colonnade of granite columns, of the Corinthian

order, makes a noble appearance. Some of the apartments are immensely spacious.

The cathedral has nothing remarkable externally to distinguish it from many other Gothic churches. The spire is an assemblage of blue turrets piled on each other. The inside of the church, however, is well lighted and cheerful, and neither heavy nor confused with too many ornaments. The richness of the gilding is unrivalled. The wealth of the see is indeed visible in the profusion of the gold lavished on the walls. The iron rails and Gothic arches are gilt; and lines of gold are drawn even to mark the joints of the stones, which compose the pillars of the choir.

The group of angels, called El Transparente, fixed behind the choir, and esteemed by the Toledans the glory of their church, in Mr. Swinburne's opinion is, at best, but a clumsy, ill-designed monument, distinguished for nothing but the fineness of the marble and other materials.

In the chapel of St. Eustatia, in this cathedral, a certain number of priests and clerks officiate every morning, according to the Mosarabic ritual; in consequence of a foundation of Cardinal Ximenes, who was unwilling that his church should lose all remembrance of its ancient forms.

The Mosarabic rite is so called, from its having been observed by the Christians, who remained in the provinces conquered by the Arabians. It was in constant use in the church of Spain, down to the pontificate of Gregory VII. in the eleventh century. At that time the Roman ritual was generally introduced in its stead; though it still subsisted in six parishes of Toledo as late as the fifteenth century. In essentials there does not appear to be much difference between them; but in outward forms they vary widely.

From the ancient capital of New Castille, to within half a league of Madrid, the roads are bad, and the country uninviting. This metropolis of a great nation

makes but a poor figure from the opposite hills; but as soon as the trees of the walks shut out the prospect of the neighbouring country, the appearance of Madrid is grand and lively, and the whole has the air of a capital.

The court being at Aranjuez when our travellers arrived at Madrid, they made no longer stay in the latter place than to rest themselves, before they set out to be presented. Aranjuez is twenty-seven miles distant; and the roads between the two royal residences are extremely fine.

Aranjuez itself has great and commanding beauties. It stands in a very large plain, surrounded with hills; and the intervening space is agreeably laid out in noble rows of trees, and inclosures of pasturage and meadow. The river Tagus winds towards the east; and the walks and rides along its banks, through the venerable groves, and under the majestic elms that overhang the roads, are luxuries unknown to the rest of Spain. The beauties of the scenery are enhanced by the flocks of many coloured birds that flutter among the trees, and the herds and droves of a vast variety of animals that wander uncontrolled through those enchanting woods.

The finest avenue, named *Calle* de la Reyna, is three miles long. It extends in a straight line from the palace gate, and crosses the Tagus twice before it loses itself in the thickets. In an island of the Tagus, to the north of the palace, is a most enchanting garden, to which company retire in hot weather. It is cut into various walks and circular lawns, where nature has almost obliterated every vestige of art. Jet d'eaus dash up among the trees, and add fresh verdure to the leaves. The terraces and balustrades, along the river, are overgrown with roses, and other beautiful shrubs depending into the stream. Many of the statues, groups, and fountains in this charming spot are handsome, and well placed, as to effect.

The palace was originally begun by Philip II. but has been much enlarged and beautified since his time. The apartments are good; but are not remarkable for many capital embellishments in the works of art. Some paintings, however, by Titian and Mengs, are deservedly admired.

Aranjuez was formerly a poor place, and it was difficult for the ambassadors and the attendants on the court to provide themselves with lodgings. Many of the habitations were vaults half under ground. One day, a coach driving along, broke through the ceiling of the nuncio's dining-room, and fell down upon the table. This ludicrous accident set the court about thinking seriously how to remedy the evil. Many new streets were planned, and such expedition was used, that not only the necessary buildings for habitation were erected, but squares, markets, churches, a play-house, and an amphitheatre for bull feasts, were quickly raised, as if by magic.

The pleasures of Aranjuez are, walking or riding in the morning, going to court, dining at some of the open tables kept by the great officers of state, a game at cards, a drive along the avenue, and the Italian opera. The ministers are quite easy in their manners, and their houses free from ceremony and restraint. Our author acknowledges the very flattering civilities they met with from the Marquis Grimaldi, the prime minister, and from the English ambassador, Lord Grantham.

The ceremony of presentation is performed as the king rises from table. Charles III. is a much better looking man, says Mr. Swinburne, than most of his pictures make him. His dress seldom varies from a large hat, a plain grey Segovia frock, a buff waistcoat, a small dagger, black breeches, and worsted stockings. On gala days a fine suit is hung upon his shoulders; but, as he has an eye to his afternoon's sport, and is a great economist of his time, the black breeches are worn to all coats. There are scarcely

three days in the whole year, that he spends without going a shooting; and these are noted with the blackest mark in the calendar. Neither heat, cold, nor wet, can keep him at home; and he would drive over half his kingdom to have an opportunity of firing on a wolf, his favourite game.

He is of an even phlegmatic temper; of strict probity; devout, and regular. He delights in conversing and joking with elderly persons, especially monks and friars. To Naples, his original kingdom, he is very partial, and always speaks of that country with great feeling.

The prince of Asturias* is of an athletic make, with a severe countenance and a harsh voice. His princess is lively, well shaped, and conversible. When she walks out, all persons who have been presented, and chance to be in the way, are expected to join her company, and escort her as long as she pleases. Her mildness and good nature have softened much of her husband's roughness of manner.

Don Gabriel is a tall well looking prince, but timid to excess. He possesses many talents, and a real love for literature; but his constant avocations out of doors prevent him from applying so much as he wishes to study.

Don Lewis, the king's brother, after having been a cardinal, and an archbishop, Mr. Swinburne says, is on the eve of matrimony with a pretty Aragonese girl, of whom he became enamoured last year, as she was chasing a butterfly over the fields. As the prince himself has made a good collection of natural history, this similarity of taste made a great impression on him; and the king, though with reluctance, has consented to the match.

Such is the outline of the picture of the court of Spain, given by our author. To develope the characters of the great is difficult, perhaps impossible.

* Now king of Spain, under the title of Charles IV.

A few leading traits are the only inlights we can have to assist us.

Our travellers next visited the king's horses, some of which are beautiful creatures; though fine horses are scarcer in Spain than they imagined. At Villamejor, a few miles down the Tagus, his majesty has a noble breed of asses, in very high estimation.

The bull-feasts, whatever they have been in former times, Mr. Swinburne thinks, are now but poor exhibitions, though the crowds of people assembled and agitated in a most tumultuous manner, must be allowed to be an interesting and curious spectacle. None of the royal family ever appear at these favourite amusements of the Spanish nation; and the nobility no longer pique themselves on their strength, courage, and dexterity in these rough exercises.

The show is now conducted with great economy and parsimony: none but the worst of horses are used, and the mercenary assailants no longer study the most graceful, but the most secure way of destroying the bull, as they are allowed so much a head for each beast they slaughter. The money paid for boxes and seats is commonly appropriated to the building, or endowing of some hospital.

The common method of conducting a bull-feast is as follows: one or two toriadors, dressed in rich jackets, broad brimmed hats, and breeches and boots made of tough impenetrable leather, with a long ashen lance under their right arm, parade on horseback round the lists, and pay their devoirs to the governor of the place. They then retire to their post, in front of a large door, which is opened to let out the bull. The person that acts as porter on this dangerous occasion, immediately climbs up into the gallery, to escape the fury of the enraged animal, which sometimes darts forward with the utmost impetuosity.

The cavalier presents the head of his horse to the bull, and with the lance, which cuts along its shoulders, pushes it away to the right; at the same time

bearing off his horse to the left. When the assailant is mounted on a nimble, spirited, and docile steed, there is no difficulty in this evolution, as the motions of both animals coincide, in giving additional force to the well-directed stroke; but if the horse is dull or refractory, the bull is likely to strike him in the flank, and to throw both horse and rider to the ground.

To divert the bull's attention from the chief combatant, several nimble fellows, on foot, run about and toss darts with curled paper tied to them; which, sticking in the head and shoulders, drive the poor creature to madness, and cause a great effusion of blood. This light infantry is often in iminent danger, and obliged to take the most active and instant measures for its preservation.

When the governor thinks a victim has afforded sufficient diversion, leave is given to put an end to its life. A well made champion steps forth, with a short brown cloak hung upon a stick, held out in his left hand, and a straight two-edged toledo in his right. This matador advances up to the bull, and provokes it to action. As the bull darts at him, and makes a push obliquely, with his eyes shut, he turns it off with the cloak, retiring a little on one side, to be ready for the return. On the second attack he holds the sword in an horizontal position, with such steady aim, that the furious beast rushes on the point, and often forces it up to the hilt. Sometimes the animal drops down dead instantly; sometimes it stands for a few minutes, spouting a torrent of blood from the mouth and nostrils.

When the bull refuses to run at the matador, it is dispatched by stabs in any part of the body, or worried by bull-dogs. The last bull of each siesta has his horns muffled, and all the mob is let in with sticks in their hands, to learn the trade, to beat the animal, or to be bruised and tossed about themselves.

One bull-feast our countrymen saw was a very bloody one: two bulls killed seven horses, but fortunately no men lost their lives, though many had hair-breadth escapes. Scarcely one of the horses shewed spirit or agility; and no sight could be more nauseously disgusting, than to see the bulls tearing out their entrails, and scattering them round the area on their horns.

About the beginning of June they returned to Madrid. Except the royal palaces, they found few buildings that deserved attention. It has no cathedral, nor indeed any church that is much distinguished from the common run of parishes and convents. With few exceptions, the outward architecture of all seems to be in a bad taste; as they were in general either built or retouched, during a period when the elegant arts were at a low ebb in Spain. Some of the paintings, however, are very capital.

The first king, who particularly honoured Madrid with his residence, was Henry IV. Before his reign, this was an insignificant place. The salubrity of the air and the abundance of good water, induced the emperor Charles V. to build a spacious palace here, intended for his chief residence.

The sovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility soon abandoned their hereditary castles, and houses in other cities, to follow the court. They were at first under the necessity of occupying the houses which they found ready built; and for that reason, added to the supine indifference of the Spaniards, most of the great families still continue to inhabit vast ranges of common fabrics, little distinguished except in size, from the houses of tradesmen.

The palaces of the grandees, that contain either statues or pictures of value, are few in number. In that of Medina Celi are many precious monuments of antiquity in marble, brought from Italy. The Duke of St. Estévan possesses many capital pieces of

Lucca Giordano. In the gallery of the Marquis of Santiago are a life of Jacob, and a Madona, by Murillo, of inestimable value. At the Duke of Alba's is a famous picture of Corregio, called the School of Cupid, and several other prime productions of the pencil; some of which were once in the collection of that nice connoisseur, Charles I. of England.

The old royal palace being burnt down in 1734, another was erected on a magnificent scale, but a tasteless plan. It is all of white stone. Each of the fronts is four hundred and seventy feet in length, and one hundred high; so that this immense pile towers over all the country. The entrances of the ground floor are as massy as those of a fortress, and the range of large glazed arches, round the inner court resembles the inside of a manufactory.

No palace in Europe, however, is fitted up with more royal magnificence. The ceilings are the chef-d'œuvres of Mengs, Corrado, and Tiepolo: the richest marbles are employed in the cornices, the door, and window-frames, all produced in the quarries of Spain. Indeed, few countries contain greater stores of marbles, alabaster, and jasper.

The great audience-chamber is rich beyond comparison. The ceiling, painted by Tiepolo, represents the triumph of Spain. The walls are incrusted with beautiful marble, and hung round with the most splendid mirrors in rich frames.

A collection of pictures, by the greatest masters, adorns the walls of the inner apartments; the detail of which would occupy more space than we can allow; yet even this vast fabric does not afford room for a display of all the riches his catholic majesty possesses in this branch of the arts.

The palace of Buen Retiro is now stripped of all its best furniture and pictures. The buildings are poor and unworthy of a sovereign; so that it is abandoned not merely from caprice. The gardens are agreeable, and are generously thrown open to the public.

In the shallow vale, between the Retiro and the

town, his majesty has finished the Prado, which, in a few years, is likely to become one of the finest walks in the world. Its length and breadth are very considerable, and the avenues are laid out in a noble style. All the coaches from Madrid drive in the ring here; and two hundred carriages have been counted at once though the court was absent.

Opposite the new gate, below the palace, is the royal park of the Casa del Campo. The villa is far from being considerable; but the woods are wild and pleasant. In the court is a grand equestrian statue of Philip III. and in the rooms are many pictures, among which Callot's Temptation of St. Anthony is one of the most remarkable. In the menagerie are some vicunas, or Peruvian sheep; from whose wool a very fine silky cloth is fabricated, and made up into winter clothes, in its natural colour, which is a rich brown.

The natives of almost every distinct province of Spain have some distinguishing peculiarity in manners and pursuits. A cursory traveller cannot be supposed capable of catching the minute shades of distinction. In some respects, however, they seem to agree. That listless indolence, equally dear to the uncivilized savage and to the degenerate slaves of despotism, is no where more indulged than in Spain. Thousands of men, in all parts of the realm, pass day after day, wrapt up in a cloak, standing in rows against a wall, or dozing under a tree. In total want of every incitement to action, the springs of their intellectual faculties forget to play; and their views grow confined within the narrow sphere of mere existence. They feel little or no concern for the welfare of a country, where a few overgrown families engross every thing valuable, and seldom bestow a thought on the condition of their vassals.

The poor Spaniard does not work, unless urged by irresistible want, because he perceives no advantage from industry. Naturally abstemious, his scanty

fare is easily procured; blessed with a warm climate clothes are not much an object.

Yet this listlessness does not seem to be inherent in the Spanish character. In any favourite scheme, where they have sufficient temptation, either from profit or pleasure, they are indefatigably eager in the pursuit. A better form of government, and due political advantages would rouse them from inaction, and lead them to riches and glory.

Their soldiers are brave and patient of hardships. They follow wherever their officers lead them, with true resolution; but an example must be set them, or they will not stir a step. Most of the Spaniards, indeed, are hardy; and when once engaged in any business, however arduous and difficult, they never murmur nor flinch.

This nation is by no means naturally melancholy: misery and despotism, which have clouded their prospects, have likewise cast a gloom over their minds; and the terror of the inquisition is ever present before their eyes; yet their villages still resound with the music of the voice and guitar; and some of their public meetings are remarkably noisy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence than the French or Italians, and gesticulate with equal, if not superior, eagerness.

In religion they appear rather lukewarm; wrapt up in unmeaning forms, they forget the vital essence of devotion, and show is substituted for reality. Indeed religion is a dangerous topic in the dominions of so tremendous a tribunal as the inquisition.

Our travellers found the common people inoffensive, if not civil; and though much has been said of their jealousy and revenge, those malignant passions are perhaps not more general here than in other countries. Their good, as well as their bad qualities, seem to have been much exaggerated by most writers.

Education is at a very low ebb in this country; and

the minds, even of the great, are too little enlightened, by study or communication with other nations, to rub off the general rust, with which the Spanish genius has been incrusted for years. The public schools and universities are in a deplorable state of ignorance and irregularity. The catalogue of living authors is confined to a very small number; yet it would be illiberal not to allow that some of them are eminent in the different walks of literature they have chosen. The common education of an English gentleman, however, would constitute a scholar here; and should he understand Greek, he would be quite a phenomenon.

The Spanish women are in general small and thin: few are strikingly beautiful; but almost all have sparkling black eyes, full of expression. They are endowed ny nature with a great deal of wit and lively repartee; but for want of the polish and aids of education, their wit is buried under the grossest ignorance and the most ridiculous prejudices. Their tempers never having been fashioned by polite intercourse, nor softened by necessary contradiction, they are extremely pettish and violent.

The court ladies have few pretensions to beauty, and possess no elegant accomplishments: their cortejo, or gallant, seems their only play-thing. Few countries, Mr. Swinburne says, exhibit more barefaced amours, and a greater appearance of indelicate debauchery than this.

Previous to our travellers leaving Madrid, the ministers, by the particular orders of his majesty, furnished them with every permit and passport that could conduce to the comfort of their journey to the frontiers of France. They had likewise liberty to carry with them the horses and mules they had purchased in the kingdom; and to have their baggage passed, unsearched. His catholic majesty, indeed, had honoured them with particular attention during their residence at his court; and our author says, he is not

a little proud to acknowledge the honour and obligation.

On the 6th of June they left Madrid, and travelling through the park of the Casa del Campo, proceeded through a noble wood to the Escurial. The aspect of this celebrated convent, situated in a corner of a lofty ridge of mountains, struck them with awe and pleasure. The landscape is very grand, presenting, at one view, one of the largest edifices in the world, a boundless extent of woodlands, and a clear prospect of Madrid; and beyond all, a vast tract of country, that gradually loses itself in the horizon.

The Escurial was built by Philip II. in consequence of a signal victory gained over the French on St. Lawrence's day 1557, and dedicated to that saint. It seems to have been his father's dying request, that he should erect a mausoleum for him and his empress Isabella, which he executed on this spot. The structure consists of several courts and quadrangles, which, taken altogether, represent a gridiron, the instrument of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence; the apartment where the king resides forming the handle.

This pile is a long square, of six hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty, and the whole circumference is not less than two thousand nine hundred Spanish feet. The height up to the roof is sixty feet all round. At each angle is a square tower, two hundred feet high. The number of windows in the west front is two hundred; in the east, three hundred and sixty-six. The orders of architecture are the Doric and Ionic; but the whole is rather grand than elegant.

The church, which stands in the centre, is large, awful, and richly ornamented. The cupola is bold and light. The high altar is composed of rich marbles, agates, and jaspers, of great rarity. Two magnificent catafalques fill up the side arcades. On one the emperor Charles V. his wife, daughter, and two sisters, are represented in bronze, kneeling: opposite

are the effigies of Philip II. and his three wives, in the same devout attitude.

Underneath is the real burial place of the royal family, called the Pantheon. Twenty-five steps lead down to this vault, over the door of which is an inscription beginning thus:

HIC LOCUS SACER MORTALITATIS EXUVIIS CATHOLICORUM REGUM, &C.

The mausoleum is circular, thirty-six feet in diameter, incrusted with fine marbles, in an elegant taste. The bodies of the kings and queens lie in tombs of marble, placed in niches, one over the other. The plan of these sepulchres is grand, and executed with princely magnificence. The princes and princesses of the royal family are deposited in two side vaults, near the entrance of the pantheon.

The collection of paintings, dispersed about various parts of the church, sacristy, and convent, is truly grand; and perhaps superior to any gallery in Europe, if we except that of Dresden. Formed out of the spoils of Italy, and the wasted cabinet of that unfortunate judge of virtû, Charles I. of England, it contains some of the most capital works of the greatest painters that have flourished since the revival of the art.

The library contains a most precious collection of manuscripts, many fine drawings, and other curiosities. Among other writings of Saints, the least valuable of the whole, Mr. Swinburne was shewn a wretched scrawl of St. Theresa the mystical reformer of the Carmelite nuns.

Notwithstanding the cold expositure of this convent, the king passes several months of the year at it, for the sake of hunting. An entire new town has been built for the convenience of the retainers of the court; but in spite of all that art can do, the Escurial will always be an uncomfortable winter residence.

From the Escurial our travellers proceeded along

the foot of the mountains, that separate the two Castilles; and among the woody heights of the Puerto, they found the snow still very deep on the summits of the mountains.

Arriving at St. Ildefonso, they were gratified to find that orders had preceded them, for their immediate admission to the palace, water-works, and other curiosities of the place.

This palace was much favoured by Philip V. who spent much treasure in forcing nature, and rendering it an imitation of Versailles. As it is a remarkably cool spot, the court generally retires here during the warm months; but the situation exposes it to sudden and frequent changes of temperature and seasons, in the course of a few hours; and these transitions, without great care, are apt to have an unpleasant effect on the health.

A romantic brook rolls over the rocks, at no great distance from the town, through a large track of thickets. A fine walk is cut along the sides for a mile or two. The water is the principal beauty of Ildefonso. The palace is patchwork, and has little to recommend it externally. In the apartments, however, are many valuable pictures, though they appeared to less advantage, after recently leaving the Escurial. There are likewise many fine statues, busts, and bas-reliefs.

The gardens are in the formal French style; and the soil is so rocky, that the trees have not scope to luxuriate. The water-works are most magnificent. They throw out a stream as clear as crystal, whereon the sun-beams play in the most beautiful prismatic tints; and in this respect they are much superior to those of Versailles, which appear mudy.

The designs of several of these fountains are elegant, especially that of the frogs,—a centrical one, where sixteen spouts play in regular combination; the great cascade; and the basket; but the fountain of Diana is surprizing for the richness of its decoration,

and the fulness of its stream. The lofty column of water issuing from the trump of Fame, exceeded their utmost conception of the power of hydrostatics.

These fountains are supplied by two reservoirs, at the foot of the mountain. The larger, which is emphatically called El Mar, is a very pretty lake, which, with the hanging woods and small buildings on its edge, forms a pleasing subject for a landscape painter.

Below the town is the manufactory of plate glass, belonging to the crown. In it two hundred and eighty men are employed. The largest plate cast here, was one hundred and twenty-six Spanish inches long: the small pieces are sold for mirrors all over the kingdom. To provide fuel for the fires, the pine woods are put under regulations, and stated falls. Twenty-seven mule-loads of fire wood are daily consumed; and every four loads, delivered on the spot, cost the king about forty reals.

The first object that arrested their attention in Segovia, was the Aqueduct, which is perfectly well preserved. From the first low arches to the reservoir in the town, the length is two thousand four hundred Spanish feet; and its greatest height is one hundred and four. It consists, according to the ground over which it is carried, of upper and lower arches; and is not only an admirable monument of antiquity, for its solidity and good masonry, which have withstood the violence of so many barbarians, and the inclemencies of seasons for ages, but also for its beauty and elegance of design. Some ascribe it to Trajan, and others, for the honour of their country, carry it back to Hercules. The Romans indisputably were its founders; but no inscription remains sufficiently legible to mark its era.

It is still likely to last in its present state, as long as the town, for whose accommodation it was built; for, being indispensably necessary, it is in no danger of being suffered to run to decay.

The cathedral, dedicated to Neustra Ségnora de la Paz, is one of the handsomest Gothic churches in Spain. The inside is majestic; the high altar is rich and shewy.

The Alcazar, or castle, stands in a fine position, on a rock rising above the open country. A very pretty river washes the foot of the precipice, and the city spreads on each side on the brow of the hill; the declivity is woody, and the banks charmingly rural. Towards the town is a large court before the great outward tower, which formed the prison of Gil Blas, so well described by Le Sage. The palace is antique, and has seldom been inhabited by any but prisoners, since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It contains some magnificent halls; and all the kings of Spain are seated in state along the cornice of the great saloon. The royal apartments are now occupied by a college of young gentlemen cadets, educated at the king's expence for engineers.

Another court of the palace is allotted as a prison to eleven Algerine captains of vessels. They appeared handsome, portly figures; and, excepting the confinement, seem to spend their time here in ease and tranquillity. As soon as they saw our travellers, they knew them to be Englishmen, and flocked round them with the utmost demonstrations of joy: they kissed their hands, and called them Ingles bueno bueno Amigos, over and over again.

Mr. Swinburne directed his servant to inform them, in Lingua Franca, of the late defeat of the Spaniards before Algiers, which had been studiously concealed from them. One venerable looking Musselman raised both his hands to heaven, and seemed to forget the irksomeness of slavery, in the success of his country.

Below the Alcazar is the Mint, a large building, and the most ancient place of coinage in the kingdom. Copper alone is now coined here.

The unevenness of the ground gives a wild look to this city. Most of the streets are crooked and dirty,

and the houses miserable, wooden hovels. A manufactory of cloth is carried on here, with little apparent benefit to the inhabitants.

The surrounding country is reckoned the best in the kingdom for feeding the breed of sheep that produces the celebrated Spanish wool. Other parts, perhaps, are equally adapted for this kind of pasturage. But a small quantity of the wool is manufactured in this country, notwithstanding the decided superiority of its quality, which renders it such an object to other manufacturing nations.

The country grew sandy as they advanced into Old Castille; but it is much more populous, and the villages stand thicker than in New Castille. Passing Olmedo, a ruined town in a fine plain, they slept on the 10th at Hornillo. This is a small village on the river Aldaya, the banks of which are prettily wooded, and form many interesting points of view.

Next morning they reached a hill that overlooked the plains of Valladolid and the course of the Duero, a fine river that falls into the sea at Porto, in Portugal.

Beyond a chain of white bare hills, at one of their angles, stands the town of Simancas, in the castle of which the archives of the realm were long ago deposited, and where they still remain.

They found Valladolid to be a large ill compacted city, with many separate edifices, which, during the reign of Philip III. who made this his constant residence, were the palaces of his great officers and nobility. Being deserted by the court, the town and palace are fallen into decay. The great square, however, and some of the public and private edifices bear witness of its former celebrity. The Dominican Convent, a Gothic edifice, is the most remarkable in the city. The university is in the last stage of decline; and indeed, poverty and misery are painted in every face throughout the town.

Proceeding through a country famous for the excellence of its wines, but not very captivating in it-

self, they crossed and recrossed the Puiserga several times. At Torquemada is a bridge over this river of twenty-two arches. The common houses in this track are built of clay, squared, and imperfectly baked in the sun.

On the morning of the 13th, after entering a more agreeable and populous country, they arrived at Burgos, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Castille, long since abandoned to decadency. The approach up a long valley is rather pleasing, the view being terminated by the castle and the cathedral.

Before our travellers entered Burgos, they passed the famous Abbey de las Huelgas, one of the best endowed in Spain. Its ruins are all noble; and the abbess almost a sovereign princess, by the extent of her territories, her power, and prerogatives. This convent, however, is not very shewy, and its situation is low and unpleasant.

The little river, Alarcon, separates the suburbs from the city of Burgos. The town itself is built in a very irregular manner, on the declivity of a steep hill, commanded by an antique castle, once the abode of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Castille.

Over the city gates are some statues of the judges or counts, which are still objects of great veneration in the eyes of the patriotic Castillian.

The cathedral is one of the most magnificent fabrics of the Gothic kind in Europe; but though it is of great elevation, its situation, in a hole cut out of the side of a hill, is a great disadvantage to its general effect. Its form is exactly the same as that of York Minster, which our author considers as the criterion by which the beauties or defects of every Gothic church are to be judged. At the western or principal front, are two steeples ending in spires, and in the centre of the edifice rises a large square tower, adorned with eight pinnacles; and on one side of the east end is a lower octagon building, with eight pyramids, exactly corresponding to the chapter house at York.

Santiago, the patron of this cathedral, stands very conspicuous on his war horse among the needles of the main steeple; and the Virgin Mary is seated in solemn state over the great window of the west porch. The foliage work, arches, pillars, and battlements, are executed in the most elaborate and finished mân-ner, in the Gothic, or as some call it, the Arabic taste.

In a narrow lane, near Burgos, our travellers were detained for some time by the passing of many small carts, coming down from Aragon with spears for the bull-fighting, iron, and chairs. These are the carts that suggested to Cervantes the idea of Merlin's chariot, in the second part of Don Quixote. Their wheels make a creaking, or grinding, which can be compared to nothing but the noise of iron-mills, and fire-engines.

Proceeding along the river side, they passed the Carthusian convent, which enjoys a charming situa-tion on the side of a round hill, backed with moun-tains, whose summits are clad in snow. They slept at a poor place, where the head-dress of the married women attracted their particular notice. It consisted of a black periwig, faced all round with the wool of a black lamb, ending behind in two plaited tresses, that depended to their rumps. Previous to their nup-tials, they are obliged to make up this singular kind of helmet, which renders their natural ugliness still more horrible.

On the 14th, they travelled from vale to vale, over the bare hills that separate them; and, at length, came to the foot of the Sierra del Oca, a lofty ridge of mountains, running from east to west. In a de-file, Pancorvo is situated, a long village, with im-mense piles of rock impending on every side. It wears a very awful and tremendous aspect, which was heightened by the black clouds that hung upon the summits of its cliffs, and soon after burst in a violent storm of thunder and rain.

Next day they entered the fruitful plains of the Ebro; and as the bridge had been washed away, they passed it in a ferry, at Miranda. This town is well situated, but its buildings are poor, and its gates and streets so narrow, that a carriage cannot pass them.

Soon after ascending the hills, at Puebla de Trivino, they entered Alaba, a district of Biscay, and immediately found the finest road imaginable, made at the expence of the province, and carried as far as the frontiers of France.

Every thing now assumed a new aspect: instead of the bare depopulated hills, the melancholy dejected faces, the dirty inns, and abominable roads that they had been accustomed to for so many months, they were here revived by the sight of a rich, studied culture, a clean-looking, cheerful people, neat houses, and pleasant travelling.

Biscay is the country of the ancient Cantabri, so slightly annexed to the Roman empire. Their mountains have, in all ages, afforded them temptations and opportunities of withdrawing themselves from every yoke that had been partially imposed on them. Their language is accounted aboriginal, and unmixed with either Latin, French, or Spanish. It is so totally different from the Castillian, that few of the peasants of the two countries understand each other.

The Biscayners are stout, brave, and choleric to a proverb. Their privileges are very extensive, and they guard them with a jealous eye. They have no bishops, and style the king only Lord of Biscay.

The women are beautiful as angels, tall, light, and cheerful; their attire is neat and pastoral; their hair falls in long plaits down their backs; and a veil, or handkerchief, twisted round in a fantastic manner, serves them for a very becoming head-dress.

In the evening they reached Victoria, through one of the finest plains in Europe. Its fertillity, population, and prospects all supply so many charms to the

heart of taste and sensibility. Victoria enjoys an elevated situation, and makes a good figure on every approach; but the streets are narrow and gloomy.

Soon after, they again ascended the hills into woods of oak, beech, and chesnut. Near Salinas, a village inhabited by the workmen of the iron forges, they entered the very heart of the mountains, which would be almost impassable, were it not for the attention paid to make and keep the roads in the best repair.

The tops of all these mountains are crowned with forests, and the acclivities are cultivated as far as their nature will allow, while the valleys are thronged with villages, hamlets, orchards, and gardens. The iron works employ a great number of hands, and give life and spirit to the whole province.

Having winded along a charming valley for many hours, and repeatedly crossed a stream that laves it, our travellers passed over a high chain of mountains, at the Puerto de Villareal. From thence they descended into the valley of Tolosa, a large town, swarming with inhabitants.

Early on the 13th, they gained the summit of a woody hill, from whence they overlooked the Bay of Biscay, Fontarabia, Andaye, the course of the Bidassoa, the province of Labour in France, and an immense range of the Pyrenees.

By the ferryboat they passed the Bidassoa, and landing on the French frontier, our author terminated his travels in Spain, through which he had made a circle of one thousand six hundred miles, between the months of October and June. The Bidassoa, which divides the two kingdoms, is impetuous and difficult at high water; but at other times clear and placid, flowing through a delicious vale that ill accords with the ideas generally, and too justly, entertained, of the boundaries between two mighty nations.

TOUR

THROUGH THE

WESTERN, SOUTHERN, AND INTERIOR

PROVINCES OF FRANCE,

IN 1775 AND 1776.

By N. W. WRAXALL, Esq.

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

THIS lively and well written tour, in a track not often visited by common travellers, is published in the form of letters, and is so interesting as well as concise, that we should be doing injustice to the author did we materially alter his manner. We have, indeed, dropped the epistolary form, and connected the narrative, because our plan required it. We have also sometimes assumed a different dress, and frequently taken a shorter road; but we have never lost sight of our intelligent and pleasing guide. This, however, is a compliment we meant to pay, not a liberty we wished to take.

I landed in France, says Mr. Wraxall, at Cherbourg, on Wednesday August 22, 1775. The ruins of the pier, which was demolished by our troops in the late war, present a mournful picture of devastation; as they still remain exactly in the state they were left by the English in 1758.* The town itself impresses a stranger with no high ideas of opulence or commerce. It is a wretched collection of houses, crowded together in a sandy valley, close to the shore, without order, cleanliness, or elegance. The situa-

* It were to be wished, that this description might still be applicable to Cherbourg; but who is ignorant, that this port has since been improved and fortified with the utmost care.

tion, however, in the centre of the channel, and between the two Capes of Barfleur and La Hogue, has always made it important in the eye of policy.

As Havre de Grace has been ever esteemed, with reason, the key of High Normandy, so Cherbourg is of the Lower. During the many reigns in which it was subject to the English government, our princes appear to have been impressed with a due sense of its value. A very strong garrison was generally maintained in it; and Charles VII. terminated his long train of victories over the timid and divided counsels of our Henry VI. by this important conquest. It was re-annexed to the crown of France in 1450; but owing to various causes, for a long series of years, was less attended to than its importance deserved.

About half a mile from the town is a cliff, or rock, of prodigious height; the ascent to which is by a winding path. On the top I found a little convent of Benedictine monks, or hermits, who have chosen to quit the vale below, and having retired to the bleak summit, cultivate a few acres of ground, barren and stony, from which they procure, with difficulty, a miserable subsistence. The superior, after having shewn me the little chapel and refectory, led me to the extreme point of the cliff, on which stands a crucifix. "This," said he, "is the spot, from whence John, king of England, is said to have thrown his nephew, Prince Arthur of Bretagne. Tradition reports, that he did it with his own hand, in a tempestuous night; and that the sea, which, though now at some distance, then washed the foot of the rock, received the body of the unhappy prince." This is, however, a very disputable fact; and there is scarcely any illustrious death the circumstances of which are so ill ascertained as that in question. It is, indeed, well known, that Prince Arthur, after having been conducted through several provinces, with ignominy, by his uncle King John, finally disappeared in 1203. But so far are historians from positively naming the

time or manner of his exit, that they disagree in the place of his confinement, previous to that event.

Another vestige of our English monarchs is yet in being here, which stands on incontestible authority. About a mile to the westward of the town, a little rivulet empties itself into the sea, which is called the Chantereine. In a meadow, a few paces from the shore, stands a small chapel, which was built by Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. History relates that, in the reign of Stephen, who usurped the throne, she passed over from Wareham into Normandy, to raise fresh forces in support of her claim. Being attacked by a violent tempest at sea, she had recourse to prayers, to avert the danger. Reposing her whole hope in the Virgin Mary, according to the superstition of the times, she made a vow that, if she ever set her foot again on land, she would sing a hymn to the Virgin, on the spot where she first alighted. Her vows were heard; the storm abated, and she arrived happily. The instant she got on shore, one of the sailors reminded her of her promise, in these words, *Chante, reine, voilà terre!* and as the words were spoken exactly at the mouth of this rivulet, they gave rise to the name which it still retains. Not content with so small a mark of her gratitude, she erected the chapel which I have mentioned, and which is called Notre Dame du Vœu. The story of its origin is there recorded at length. The architecture bears every mark of extreme rudeness and barbarism, such as characterized the age in which it was built. Six centuries, which have elapsed since its construction, have loosened the stones that compose it, and begin to threaten its total ruin.

Cherbourg pretends to very high antiquity; and is said to have been originally called Cæsarbourg. Richard, the second Duke of Normandy, uncle to William the Conqueror, built a strong castle here, and having come in person to view it, was so pleased

with the situation of the place, and its importance, as it appeared to him, for the defence of his dominions, that he is said to have exclaimed in a rapture, '*Ly castel est un cher bourg per mi!*' This circumstance was the origin of its present name. Coins of several Roman emperors have been dug up here at different times. A gentleman shewed me one, in fine preservation, of Antoninus Pius, found only a few years since. The beautiful Val-de-Saire, which lies in the eastern part of the Contentin, near Cape Barfleur, is said to be a corruption of Val-de-Ceres, by which name the Romans called it, in honour of that goddess, from its extraordinary fertility.

I left Cherbourg on Thursday morning, and after dining at Valognes, a considerable town, arrived at Carenten the following evening. The town is small, but the ruins of the castle are very beautiful. This place is celebrated in the civil wars under Charles IX. and in those of the League which followed, in the reigns of Henry III. and IV. The architecture of the great church is elegant; it was built in the fifteenth century, when the Gothic structures had almost attained to their highest point of beauty and perfection. The altar and painting, dedicated to St. Cecilia, are the only internal decorations that merit attention. This patroness of harmony appears playing on a sort of harpsichord, her fingers running negligently over the keys. A blue mantle, loosely buckled over her shoulder, exposes part of her neck to view, and her fair hair floats down her back. The balls of her eyes are thrown up to heaven in a fine frenzy of musical enthusiasm. It is only six leagues from Carenten to Coutances; but the road, even at this season of the year, is incomparably bad. The roads of Low Normandy are infamous to a proverb; and I should never have had the boldness to venture through them, had I known their actual state. Countances has, however, in some degree, made amends for the difficulties I found in arriving at it, and repaid me by

the objects it affords of entertainment. It was founded by the Romans, who established a legion here, and called it Castra Constantia. It stands on a hill, which slopes down with prodigious rapidity. Beyond the vale a range of hills rises like a superb amphitheatre, and surrounds it on every side. The houses bear all the marks of antiquity in their structure and taste, which is rude to the greatest degree. Many of them have doubtless stood five or six hundred years; and on one, the style of which merits peculiar attention, is the date 1007, yet remaining in very legible characters.

On the summit of the hill, in the centre of the town, stands the cathedral. There is a grotesque beauty spread over the whole; and the fantastic ornaments of Gothic building are mixed with a wonderful delicacy and elegance in many of its parts. It was begun in 1047; and William the Conqueror, king of England, assisted in person at its consecration some years after. I went up to the top of the great centre tower, to enjoy one of the finest prospects imaginable. The town of Granville appears in front, and beyond it the little islands of Chausey. Jersey, at the distance of seven leagues to the north, forms a noble object. The country on all sides, towards St. Lo, Avranches, and Carenten, is a garden, rich, cultivated, and tinted with woods.

Coutances is large, but the convents considerably augment its size, and the monks of different orders constitute a great part of its inhabitants. As it is situated at two leagues distant from the sea, and has not any navigable river, it is destitute of commerce; but some few provincial noblesse reside in the place.

I was charmed with the Couteutin, as all this part of Low Normandy is called. From Cherbourg to Valognes, it was mountainous and heathy; but, in general, the country is inferior to no part of the north of Europe. Fine acclivities, clothed with wood, and rich valleys waving with corn, form a most pleasing

scene. There is notwithstanding an apparent penury among the people. The hand of oppression is visible in their dress, their hovels, and their whole appearance. I saw none of those neat and pretty peasants so common in our most sequestered villages.

The Coutentin has given birth to some illustrious characters. Those brave and romantic heroes, so famous in ancient story, Tancred and Robert Guiscard, who, after having expelled the Saracens from Apulia and Calabria, founded the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, which they transmitted to their descendants, were Counts of Hauteville, a little town not far from Valognes. History informs us, that Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, the most generous and the most necessitous prince of his age, mortgaged this part of his dominions to his brother Rufus, before he went to the Holy Land. The sum, I think, was only ten thousand marks, which the rapacious Rufus levied on his English subjects.

I left Coutances Monday evening, in my way to Granville. The distance is only six leagues, through a continuation of the same agreeable country which I have already described. As I was desirous to visit the celebrated Mont St Michel, I hired two horses, and set out for that place in the morning. It is about twenty miles from Granville, and the road lying along the sea-shore, makes it very pleasant. I got to Genet, a little village, before noon. From thence it is only a league to the Mount; but as the road is entirely across the sands, which are only passable at low tide, it was indispensably requisite to procure a guide, under whose direction I arrived there at one in the afternoon.

This extraordinary rock, for it is no more, rises in the middle of the bay of Avranches. Nature has completely fortified one side, by its craggy and almost perpendicular ascent, which renders it impracticable for courage or address, however consummate, to scale it. The other parts are surrounded by walls fenced with semilunar towers in the Gothic manner; but suffi-

ciently strong, added to the advantages of its situation, to withstand any attack. At the foot of the mountain begins a street or town, which winds round its base to a considerable height. Above, are chambers in which prisoners of state are confined, and other buildings intended for persons to reside in; and on the summit is built the abbey itself, occupying a prodigious space of ground, and of a strength and solidity equal to its enormous size, since it has withstood all the storms of heaven, in this elevated and exposed situation, during many centuries. I examined every apartment in the edifice, under the guidance of a Swiss.

The Sale de Chevalerie, or knight's hall, reminded me of that at Marienbourg in Polish Prussia. It is equally spacious; but more barbarous and rude. Here the knights of St. Michael used to meet in solemn convocation on important occasions. They were the defenders and guardians of this mountain and abbey, as those of the temple, and of St. John of Jerusalem, were of the holy sepulchre. At one end is a painting of the Archangel, the patron of their order; and in this hall Louis XI. first instituted the order, and invested with the insignia of it, the knights of the cross of St. Michael.

We passed on through several lesser rooms into a long passage, on one side of which the guide opened a door, and through a narrow entrance, perfectly dark, he led me, by a second door, into an apartment, or or rather dungeon, in the middle of which stood a cage. It was composed of prodigious wooden bars; and the wicket, which admitted persons into it, was ten or twelve inches in thickness. I went into the inside: the space it comprised, was about twelve or fourteen feet square, and it might be nearly twenty feet in height. This was the abode of many eminent victims in former ages, whose names and miseries are now forgotten.

"There was," said my conductor, "towards the latter end of the last century, a news-writer in Hol-

land, who had presumed to print some very severe reflections on Madame de Maintenon, and Louis XIV. Some months afterwards, he was induced, by a person sent expressly for that purpose, to make a tour into French Flanders. The instant he had quitted the Dutch dominions, he was put under arrest, and immediately, by his majesty's express command, conducted to this place. They shut him up in this cage. Here he lived upwards of three-and-twenty years; and here, at length, he expired. During the long nights of winter," continued the man, "no candle or fire was allowed him, nor was he permitted to have any book. He saw no human face except that of the jailer, who came once every day to present him, through a hole in the wicket, with his little portion of bread and wine."

As I stood within this dreadful engine of cruelty, I execrated the vengeance of the prince, who could inflict so tremendous a punishment for so trivial an offence; and I hastened out of this sad receptacle, impressed with feelings of the deepest pity and indignation.

"It is now fifteen years," said the Swiss, "since a gentleman ended his days in that cage; this was before the time when I came to reside here; but there is one instance within my own memory. Monsieur de F——, a person of rank, was conducted here by command of the late king, and remained three years shut up in it. I fed him myself every day; but he was allowed books and candle to divert his misery; and at length, the abbot, touched with his deplorable calamities, requested and obtained for him the royal pardon. He was set free, and is now alive in France.

"The subterranean chambers," added he, "in this mountain, are so numerous, that we know them not ourselves. There are certain dungeons, called Oubliettes, into which they were accustomed formerly to let down malefactors guilty of very heinous crimes: they provided these wretches with a loaf of bread and

a bottle of wine, and then they were totally forgotten, and left to perish by hunger in the dark vaults of the rock. This punishment has not, however, been inflicted by any king in the last or present century."*

We continued our progress through the abbey. He led me into a chamber, in one corner of which was a kind of window; between it and the wall of the building, was a very deep space or hollow, of near a feet perpendicular, and at bottom was another window, opening to the sea. It is called the Hole of Montgomeri. The history of it is this. In the year of 1559, Henry II. king of France, was unfortunately killed at a tournament by the Count de Montgomeri. It was unintentional on that nobleman's part; and he was forced, contrary to his inclination, to push the lance against his sovereign, by his express command. He was a Hugonot, and not having escaped the massacre of Paris, made head against the royal forces in Normandy, being supported by our Elizabeth with arms and money. When driven from his fortresses in those parts, he retired to a rock called the Tombelaine. This is another mountain, similar to the Mont St. Michael, only three quarters of a league distant from it, and of nearly equal dimensions. At that time there was a castle on it, which was afterwards demolished, and of which scarce any traces now remain. From this place of security, only accessible at low tides, he continually made excursions, and annoyed the enemy, who never dared to attack him. He coined money, laid all the adjacent country under contribution, and rendered himself universally dreaded. Being desirous to surprize the Mont St. Michael, he found means to engage in his interests one of the monks resident in the abbey, who promised to give him the signal for his enterprise, by displaying a handkerchief. The treacherous monk having made

* Friends as we are to the legitimate power of kings, we hope despotism will never again dare to sentence the worst criminal to such a fate, in any future age, or in any quarter of the globe.

the signal, armed all his associates, who waited Montgomeri's arrival. The count came, attended by fifty chosen soldiers, desperate, and capable of any attempt. They crossed the sand, and having placed their scaling-ladders, mounted one by one; as they reached the top, they were dispatched without noise. Montgomeri, who followed last, at length discovered the perfidy, and escaped with only two of his men, with whom he regained the Tombelaine. He was afterwards besieged and taken prisoner by the Mareschal de Matignon, in 1574, at Domfront, in Normandy; and Catherine of Medicis, who detested him for his having been, though innocently, the cause of her husband's death, ordered him to be immediately executed.

The church is an object of great curiosity. It is supported by nine pillars of most enormous dimensions, which stand upon the solid rock. Besides these, there are two others, of still superior size, which support the centre of the church, over which the tower is raised. If the prodigious incumbent weight and the nature of the situation is considered, nothing less massy could sustain the building. They seem, indeed, as if they were designed to defy the ravages of time and the convulsions of nature.

The treasury is crowded with innumerable relics; among which some few have a real and intrinsic value. There is a fine head of Charles VI. of France cut in crystal, deserving attention. They have got, Heaven knows by what means, an arm of Edward the Confessor; and they shewed me another of St. Richard, king of England, as they called him; but who this saint and prince was, I confess, is beyond my comprehension. As to the monks, they know nothing about it; but they were positive he was a king of England.—An enormous golden cockle-shell, weighing many pounds, given by Richard II. duke of Normandy, when he founded the abbey, is worth remarking.

In the middle of the choir hangs a stone, which is said to have fallen on the head of Louis XI. at the

siege of Besançon, without doing him the smallest injury. This, he conceived, and with reason, must have been owing to some divine interposition; for the stone weighs, I should suppose, at least ten pounds. Louis, though one of the greatest monsters that ever filled a throne, was yet, at intervals, exceedingly pious: he used to come often in pilgrimage to Mont St. Michael; and he ordered this stone to be suspended by a chain in the choir, and left the income of certain lands for the maintenance of priests, who were to say masses on account of his preservation from so imminent a danger.

The refectory, the cloisters, the cells of the monks, are all very magnificent and spacious; but a vast sum of money is now wanted to put the whole in repair, and reinstate what the lapse of ages has defaced and deformed. One of the great towers is cracked and decayed; and other parts are verging to ruin.

The late king, Louis XV. sequestered the revenues of the abbey, which are very ample. A prior is substituted instead of the abbot, and the number of monks is reduced from thirty to fourteen. It is at present considered chiefly as a prison of state. The apartments are at this time occupied by many illustrious prisoners, who have been sent here by Lettres de Cachet, for crimes of state. They are detained in more strict or easy confinement, according to the royal mandate. There are at present eight in one range of rooms, who eat at the same table together. They are allowed each a pint of wine; but neither knives nor forks are ever granted them, lest they should commit suicide to escape the horrors of imprisonment. No person is permitted to enter that division of the abbey in which they live, or can hold any conversation with them. Four of these were sent here since the accession of his present majesty. There are others who have the liberty of going into every part of the mount without restraint; but to enjoy this permission, they must be habited as priests,

and of consequence be known to every one. To escape, seems almost impossible; yet very lately a gentleman, who had been confined ten months, succeeded in an attempt to liberate himself. I was shewn the place from whence he let himself down by a rope: it is near a hundred feet perpendicular. He crossed the sands immediately, while the sea was low; and it was imagined he had embarked either for Jersey or for England, as no intelligence had been received concerning him.

Some apartments are destined to a species of wretches yet more deplorable—I mean, to lunatics. There are several here who are of high rank. In the cloisters of the abbey, a person accosted me in very polite terms. He appeared to be above fifty years of age; his dress was mean, and at his button-hole hung a cross of the order of St. Michael, fantastically adorned with ribbons. His face, though brown and sickly, was noble and engaging; his hair, of a deep black, mixed with grey, hung floating upon his shoulders; and over his whole person was an air of dignity in ruin. It was the Marquis de R——, a nobleman of Bretagne, who has been shut up here five-and-twenty years. He was insane, but harmless, and observed perfectly all the forms of politeness and good breeding.

Though the age of pilgrimage is nearly at an end in all European nations, the number of pilgrims who come annually to pay their vows to St. Michael at this mount, amounts to between eight and ten thousand. They are mostly peasants, and persons in mean occupations; but even among the nobility there are not wanting those who are induced to make this journey from principles of piety. The little town at the foot of the mount is sometimes so crowded with them, that not a bed is to be procured. I saw several of these devotees, while I was there. They all wore the emblems of St. Michael.

Near the foot of the mountain, close to the waves of the sea, is a very fine well of fresh water; but as this might be taken possession of by an enemy, they have contrived to form cisterns in the solid rock, proportionate to every other part of the building, and capable of containing many hundred tuns of water. Indeed, to besiege the mountain, would be an act of madness; as a hundred men might defend it against ten thousand assailants, and any number of vessels; nor could it, if taken, be of any benefit to the captors.

The town itself is almost as much an object of curiosity as any other part of the mount. I did not see a house which seemed to have been built since the time of Louis XI. The whole number of persons resident in the abbey and in the town, does not exceed a hundred and eighty, in time of peace. A militia, composed of the inhabitants, mounts guard, to prevent any of the prisoners from escaping. In time of war there are five hundred soldiers commonly in garrison; and they assured me, that in different parts of the abbey, thirteen thousand troops might be disposed of, without any sort of inconvenience or difficulty.

We give an anecdote relative to this place, which is as honourable to the one party, as it is disgraceful to the other.

In the year 1090, Robert, duke of Normandy, and William Rufus, king of England, sons of William the Conqueror, besieged their younger brother Henry a long time in the Mont St. Michael. It must be presumed that they were masters of the foot of the rock; for otherwise it would be impracticable to invest it. The prince could never have been reduced to surrender from force; but he was in want of water, and from that necessity was on the point of yielding up the fortress, when Robert, with the benevolence and generosity which marked his character, sent him some pipes of wine; and this succour enabled Henry

to hold out. Rufus reproached Robert for his conduct: "Shall we then," said he, "suffer our brother to die of thirst?"—And what return did he meet with from Henry? An imprisonment of twenty-eight years in a vaulted chamber of Cardiff Castle, where he expired.

Having satisfied my curiosity here, I returned to Granville. This town is situated very pleasantly on a neck of land stretching into the sea. It is not small; but the buildings are scattered, mean, and irregular, extending near a mile from one extremity to the other, part on the rock above, and part in the vale below. It is open to the sea, and has no bay, though they have constructed part of a pier to shelter and protect the shipping. Some small redoubts and batteries have likewise been erected on the eminences round the place, to defend it from invasion; but they are of little strength.

Leaving Granville, I next reached Avranches; and had I been a Roman Catholic, I should certainly have put both myself and my carriage under the protection of the Virgin, or of some saint who is the tutelary patron of travellers, before I adventured into such perilous roads, where I met with many difficulties and some disasters.

Avranches detained me a few hours. The city is mean, but its situation is very fine. The cathedral stands on a hill, which terminates abruptly, the front of the church extending to the extreme verge of it, and overhanging the precipice. It bears the marks of high antiquity, but the towers are decayed in many places, though its original construction has been wonderfully strong. While I stood near it, one of the priests very politely accosted me, and offered, as I appeared to be a stranger, to give me some information respecting it.

"The cathedral," said he, "has been the work of different ages; but the two western towers are supposed to be as old as the eighth century. One of the

English kings, Henry II. received absolution here from the Papal Nuncio, for the murder of St. Thomas-à-Becket, in 1172, and the stone on which he knelt during the performance of that solemn ceremony, still exists." He carried me to look at it. Its length is about thirty inches, and the breadth twelve. It stands before the north portal, and on it is engraved a chalice in commemoration of the event.

The ruins of the castle of Avranches are very extensive; and beneath lies a rich extent of country, covered with orchards, and abounding in grain.

I resumed my journey on Sunday noon, September 2d, and quitting Normandy, reached the city of Dol in Bretagne the same evening. Dol must attract the notice of every person who has any veneration for the remains of antiquity. Except the episcopal palace, which is an elegant modern building, there is not a house within the walls, which does not seem to have been built in ages the most barbarous and remote. The fortifications are in the same style, and appear to have been anciently very formidable; and indeed history confirms this.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening, and I walked near half a league from the town to view a singular object of curiosity. In the middle of a very large orchard stands a single stone, between forty and fifty feet high: its circumference near the base equals its height. It is called The Stone of the Field of Lamentation. There are no certain accounts when, or on what occasion, it was erected; but the traditions relative to it are equally numerous and contradictory. I had the pleasure to see and converse with the gentleman on whose estate it is situated. He said, the most approved opinion was, that Julius Cæsar had caused it to be erected as a trophy, to mark the extent of his conquests, after a bloody engagement which he gained over the inhabitants of Armorica. The peasants are fully persuaded that the devil set ti

up in one of his idle hours; "but," added he, "I have myself caused the earth to be removed round its base to the distance of forty feet on every side; and I find that it joins to a prodigious rock, from which it seems to have sprung; so that I am induced to think, notwithstanding its name, that it may be a natural production." It certainly deserves an accurate investigation.

Next day I got to St. Malo. The castle was built by the celebrated Anne of Bretagne, who annexed the duchy to the crown of France by her marriage with Charles VIII. in 1489. She was asked by the engineer who constructed it, what plan she would choose as its model? "My coach," said she; and so it is in effect. A large square area within, constitutes the body; two small towers in the fore part answer to the fore-wheels of a carriage, as two others of a larger size do to the hinder ones; a projection in front forms the pole, and an arched niche behind corresponds to the place where the servant was used to stand. Conscious that posterity might accuse her of caprice and absurdity, she has obviated their criticisms in a manner truly royal, by an inscription engraved on the wall, and very legible at this hour—

"Qui que gronde, tel est mon plaisir!"

This must be allowed to be the reasoning of a sovereign, and ought to silence impertinence!

St. Malo is situated in an island joined to the continent by a causeway. The ancient city and bishopric were half a league distant, upon the main-land; but in the year 1172, the bishop, John de la Grille, removed his residence to the little island of St. Aaron, and began the town which now exists. The houses are all lofty and elegant; but the streets, owing to the want of ground and to the number of inhabitants, are narrow, dirty, and ill paved.

September 6th, I left St. Malo, and lay at Hedé, a little town situated on the summit of a mountain, which commands a most extensive prospect. I got to the city of Rennes next morning. Here I had flattered myself with the pleasure of seeing the celebrated Monsieur de la Chalotais, who, after having suffered, under Louis XV. all the punishments which despotism could inflict, was now returned to pass the little remainder of his days in his native province of Bretagne. I had received very particular letters of introduction to him; but he was gone to his seat at Caradeuc, the preceding day. To the honour of his present majesty and of the ministry, they have endeavoured to make him every possible compensation for the cruel indignities which he met with under the late reign, by a liberal pension, and a title!

I staid near two days at Rennes. It is the honorary capital of Bretagne, because the states are assembled there; but like all cities destitute of commerce, is dull and poor. Several of the principal streets are, however, very handsome; a fire which happened in the year 1720, and which almost reduced the whole place to ashes, having obliged the inhabitants to rebuild them with great regularity. In one of the squares, is a fine bronze statue of Louis XV. erected by the province in 1744, soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness with which he was attacked in Flanders, and which obtained him the title of Bien-aimé. Under the figure of the prince, appears on one side Hygeia, the goddess of health, with her serpent and patera; and on the other, is the genius of Bretagne, kneeling on one knee, with looks expressive of exultation and reverence. At the foot of the pedestal is an inscription in Latin. I blushed as I read it, for the monarch to whom it was offered.

Rennes is situate on the little river Vilaine, and was anciently very strongly fortified; but the walls are now in ruins, and the ditch nearly filled up. The siege of the city by Edward III. king of England, is

very celebrated in history. The English and Breton army consisted of forty thousand men; and nevertheless, after having remained before it six months, were obliged to retire without success.

I arrived at Nantes on the 11th. This is a noble city, and its situation is equally advantageous and agreeable, being built on the easy declivity of a hill, sloping on every side to the river Loire. Exactly opposite to the spot on which stands the town, it is divided into several channels, by a number of small islands, most of which are covered with elegant houses. The great quay is more than a mile in length; the buildings very superb, and chiefly erected since the peace of 1763. As its commerce is annually increasing, the city is consequently in a state of continual improvement, and advance in beauty. The Loire is notwithstanding very shallow; and all goods are brought up in large boats from Painbeauf, which is nine leagues distant. At the eastern extremity of the town stands the castle, in which the ancient Dukes of Bretagne held their residence. It was built about the year 1000; but the duke of Mercœur, who, during the long wars of the League, in the sixteenth century, rendered himself in some degree sovereign of this province, made several considerable additions to it. In the chapel, Anne, duchess of Bretagne, and widow of Charles VIII. married Louis XII. in 1499; and by this second union, confirmed the duchy to the crown of France. I was shewn the chamber in which the celebrated Cardinal de Retz was confined by order of Anne of Austria, and from which he made his escape, by letting himself down with a rope into a boat, which waited for him on the Loire.

Many of the ancient dukes of Bretagne are interred in the different churches of the city. The most splendid of all the monuments erected to their memory, is that of Francis II. who was the last of them. It is in the Eglise des Carmes, and was raised by filial

duty. His daughter Anne caused it to be constructed while she was queen of France. Michael Columb, a Breton by birth, was the artist; and it must be confessed to be a master-piece of sculpture. The tomb is as magnificent as any of those in the abbey of St. Denis; and not content with this proof of her attachment to her father's memory, Anne ordered her own heart to be deposited within a golden box, in the same vault.

Nantes was anciently, like almost every considerable city in Europe, very strongly fortified. Peter de Dreux, one of the dukes of Bretagne, surrounded it with walls, which have only been demolished within these few years. The bridge is an object of curiosity. It is near a mile and a half in length, being continued across all the little islands in the Loire, from north to south. There are two other smaller rivers, which unite at this city, one of which is called the Erdre. I ascended this river about two leagues, to a gentleman's chateau, where I dined. The Meander, so famous in Grecian fable, can hardly exceed the Erdre in beauty. It winds between groves of chesnut, oak, and poplar, which cover the banks to the edge of the water, and which are only broken by vineyards, gardens, and elegant villas. About half way are the ruins of a celebrated fortress, formerly possessed by the Hugonots, called the Castle de la Verriere; and at the distance of a mile from the house, where I passed the day, is an ancient mansion surrounded with thick woods, which belong to Peter Landais, the infamous and unworthy favourite of Francis II.

Bretagne is by no means so fertile or so cultivated a province as Normandy. The interior part is chiefly open and healthy, but the sea-coasts are more populous, and the soil is richer. Round this city, and to the southward, in the Pays de Retz, vines are very plentiful, and they make a thin sour wine, known by the name of Vin Nantois.

The origin of Nantes is very uncertain, and is lost in remote antiquity. The Romans doubtless had a station here. In the year 1580, among the ruins of a tower demolished at that time, was found a stone, which, by order of the magistrates, was transferred in 1606 to the Hotel de Ville. The inscription on it, as follows, has greatly exercised the attention of antiquaries. It is very legible, and in Roman characters.

"NUMINIB : AUGUSTOR :
DEO : VOL : JANO.
M : GEMEL : SECUNDUS. ET C. SEDAT : FLORUS.
ACTOR : VICANOR. PORTENT. TRIBUNAL. C. M.
LOCIS EX STIPE CONLATA POSUERUNT."

I cannot forbear mentioning one other monument, equally singular. Near a bridge which crosses the Loire, called Le Pont de la belle Croix, is a stone fixed in the wall, with the remains of a defaced inscription on it. It was placed there to mark the spot where Gilles, Mareschal de Retz, was burnt, under the reign of Charles VII. This nobleman was accused of, and condemned to die for, crimes, which were said to be too horrible and flagitious even to be named. They were never divulged, but covered up in darkness and mystery. I was assured, that the Mareschal de Retz's trial is yet preserved among the archives of the city; but that it had never been opened, from the same motives of horror and caution which originally actuated his judges. I must confess, that this whole story appears to me very extraordinary.

On Saturday night, the 16th of September, I slept at Aigrefeille, and breakfasted next morning at Montague, the first town in Poitou. I continued my journey the whole day through that province, and arrived, as the sun went down, at Moreille. The evening was uncommonly beautiful, and I should have proceeded

some miles farther, if a very large convent, which stood opposite the post-house, in one of the finest situations to be conceived, had not rivetted my attention. The great gates were open, and admitted me into a spacious court, or lawn, in front of the building. Here I met the prior, a thin, spare figure, in appearance past his fiftieth year; if his dress did not tend to deceive my judgment. He accosted me with extreme politeness; and on my informing him that I was a traveller, induced by curiosity to visit his convent, he conducted me into the church, and through the apartments. "We are," said he, "of the Cistercian order, and owe our foundation to Eleanor, queen of England, and wife to Henry II.; but during the unhappy wars of the League, the chief scene of which lay in this part of the kingdom, our archives were all carried away, and the building itself defaced, by the soldiers of Coligni."

He afterwards invited me to supper. Our repast was served up with great elegance, and followed by a desert from the gardens of the priory, which are very extensive. I staid till near midnight, and left my generous host with the utmost regret.

I got to Marans on the 18th. It is a miserable town, situated on the river Sevre, which divides Poitou from the Pays d'Aunis. At a small distance from the place, on the bank of the river, towards its efflux, tradition yet points out the spot rendered celebrated by the interview of Louis XI. of France, and his brother Charles, duke of Guyenne. The artful monarch exhausted, in vain, all his treacherous policy to gain his brother; and their interview, like most others between princes, was unaccompanied with any lasting or beneficial effect.

It is only twenty miles from Marans to Rochelle, through a rich country, covered with vines. This city, so famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the refuge, at that time, of the Hugonots, and their grand barrier against the royal power, is still a com-

mercial and populous place, though much declined from its ancient lustre. The port, though it is incapable of admitting vessels of any considerable burthen, is yet well calculated for trade. At the entrance are two very noble Gothic towers, called the Tour de St. Nicolas, and the Tour de la Chaine. They are now in a state of decay, but were anciently designed to protect the town and harbour. Without these towers is an outer port, and beyond all lies the road, well sheltered by the islands of Ré, Oleron, and Aix.

This place has no claim to any remote antiquity. It was only a little collection of houses on the shore, inhabited by fishermen, when William IX. last Count of Poitou, rendered himself master of it in 1139. From that prince it descended to his only daughter Eleanor, who, after her divorce from Louis VII. of France, brought all her ample dowry in marriage to Henry II. of England.

The reformed religion, which was first introduced into the kingdom about 1540, met with a most favourable reception here; and under Charles IX. this place became the grand asylum of the Protestants. The massacre of Paris was followed soon after by the memorable siege of Rochelle, which began in November 1572, and was raised in June 1573. Enthusiasm supplied the besieged with constancy and courage, which rendered them superior to the assailants; and the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. who commanded the royal army, was happy to find a pretext, in his election to the crown of Poland, for withdrawing his shattered troops; after having lost twenty-two thousand men before the place. This success conduced towards inspiring them with resolution to withstand Louis XIII. in 1627; but Richlieu's daring genius was not to be vanquished. After having precluded every source of assistance by sea and land, and having invested the place for thirteen months, it surrendered to the mercy of the king. The calamities which the garrison endured, from famine, are only

to be compared with those of Jerusalem under Titus. This was the last effort of religious opposition, and the era which established an unlimited royal power throughout the kingdom of France.

I carefully inspected the celebrated mound erected by Richlieu. When the sea retires, it is still visible; and I walked out upon it above three hundred feet. It extends from side to side, across the whole harbour, nearly an English mile in length. Its breadth is more than one hundred and fifty feet, and it widens continually towards the base. No effort of art or power can possibly impress the mind with so vast and sublime an idea of the genius of Richlieu, as does this bulwark against the sea: it almost appears more than the work of man. A small opening of about two hundred feet was left by Pompey Targon, the architect who constructed it, to admit vessels, and to shut up by chains fixed across it. A tower was likewise erected at each end, no remains of which are now to be seen. Neither the Duke of Buckingham nor the Earl of Lindsey, who were successively sent from England to the aid of the besieged, by Charles I. dared to attack this formidable barrier; they were obliged to retire, and to leave Rochelle to its fate. In all probability, a thousand years, aided by storms, and all the fury of the sea, will make little or no impression on this mound, which is designed to endure as long as the fame of the cardinal, its author.

From the northern point of the harbour, is a fine view of the three islands, Ré, Oleron, and Aix. It was on the former of these that the Duke of Buckingham landed, and, after his fruitless attempt on the citadel of St. Martin, was repulsed with the loss of eight thousand men. This little island, which is only six leagues in length, is separated from the main land by a channel of three miles broad. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is better cultivated than the finest province of France; while Oleron, which is more than double its size, has not near that

number of people, and is neither in the same state of cultivation nor improvement. This contrast is the result of their different political situations, the island of Ré being free, and exempt from all duties or taxation.

On the southern side of the port stands a convent of Minims, erected by Louis XIII. after the siege in 1628, to pray for the souls of those who perished before La Rochelle. When Charles IX. began to invest it in 1572, there were at that time seventy-two thousand persons in the city. In the second siege, they had diminished to twenty-eight thousand; and, at present, the inhabitants are only between seventeen and eighteen thousand; of which scarce two thousand are reputed Hugonots. Religious zeal and animosity have entirely subsided; and the citizens are esteemed to be as well attached to the crown as any in France.

The weather was now the most serene and delightful that could be imagined. The vintage was already begun round the city, and the peasants were engaged in all that happy festivity natural to the season and the employment. No scene can be more delightful than happy labourers, amidst abundant fertility.

On the 21st of September I left Rochelle. The distance from that town to Rochfort is seven leagues, the first four of which are exceedingly pleasant, the road lying along the sea-shore, and in view of the islands of Oleron and Aix. It is now almost a century since Louis XIV. constructed Rochfort, in the midst of marshes, which were expressly drained for that purpose. Colbert was then the first minister, and, it is said, he used to call it La Ville d'Or, from the prodigious sums his master had expended there. Time has, however, evinced the utility of the project, and the port is become as necessary and important to the crown of France, as either Brest or Toulon. It is situated on the river Charente, about five leagues from its mouth. I passed several hours in the different magazines and dock-yards. Every thing ap-

pears to be under admirable regulation, and the several branches of naval equipment are carried on with the utmost vigour and dispatch.

The number of workmen commonly employed at Rochfort, is about nine hundred, and to these are added six hundred galley-slaves, who are occupied in the most painful and laborious branches of service. They are chained two and two, with heavy fetters, constantly guarded, and confined in a long building erected for that purpose in the centre of the yard. Some of these wretches are thus detained for a term of years; others during life. The precautions used to prevent their escape are excellent, and improved on continually by experience; yet, in spite of every obstacle, they are continually eluded. So strong is the love of liberty in the heart of man, even when it has lost every other valuable principle!

The armory, the rope-walks, the store-houses of every kind, are all in the best order, and kept with prodigious neatness. Louis XIV. fortified the city at the time he constructed it; but its situation, at so considerable a distance from the sea, renders it sufficiently secure from any attack; and they have, therefore, lately closed up the battlements, and neglected the fortifications. It is laid out with great beauty and elegance. The streets are all very broad and straight, extending through the whole place from side to side; but the buildings do not correspond with them in beauty, as they are mostly low and irregular.

The province of Saintonge, of which this city is the capital, begins at a small distance from Rochfort. The antiquities, which Saintes still contains, detained me there for some time. It was a Roman colony, and those conquerors of the earth, who polished the nations they subdued, have left behind them several traces of their magnificence. In a hollow valley between two mountains, and almost adjoining to one of the suburbs, are the ruins of the amphitheatre. Though now in the last stage of decay, its appearance

is august and venerable. In some parts, scarce any of the arches are to be seen; but the east end is still in a great degree of preservation. A triumphal arch, on which is an inscription in Roman letters, merits, likewise, attention. It was erected to Germanicus, on the news of his death, so universally lamented throughout the empire.

The Charente surrounds this city; and though that river cannot compare with the Loire or the Rhone, in size and depth, yet the actions which have been performed on its banks, in different ages, will render it immortal in history. At Taillebourg, only six miles from hence, and nearer to its mouth, was fought the battle between Henry III. of England and St. Louis, where the latter was conqueror, and in which he gave proofs of almost unexampled prowess and intrepidity, by defending, almost alone, the passage of a bridge against the whole English army, during some minutes. Francis I. one of the most amiable and accomplished princes who ever reigned in France, was born in 1491, at Cognac, only seven leagues higher up on the Charente. Two leagues beyond Cognac is the famous plain of Jarnac, where the Hugonots were beat in 1569, by the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. and where the great Louis, first Prince of Condé, was assassinated by Montesquiou.

Except the remains of Roman grandeur yet visible at Saintes, the place contains very little to detain or amuse a traveller. It is built with great irregularity; the streets are narrow and winding, the houses mean, and almost all of them very old. The cathedral has been repeatedly defaced and destroyed by Normans and Hugonots, who made war alike on the monuments of art or piety. One tower only escaped their rage, which is said to have been built as early as the year 800, by Charlemagne. It is of an enormous magnitude, both as to height and circumference. These circumstances have, probably, conduced more to its preservation, during the fury of war, than any

veneration for the memory of its founder, or for the sanctity of its institution.

The reformed religion seems far on the decline in this province, where anciently it had gained so many votaries. The reason is evident;—the fervours of devotion, warm and animated in the beginning, are nourished by persecution, but unhappily become languid and extinct in an age of more mild and tolerating principles. Interest is ever present, ever intimately felt by mankind. The established religion holds out offices and honours; Protestantism is barren: her rewards are in another world; but they are worth all our temporal sufferings and all our solicitude.

I continued my journey from Saintes, and slept the first night at Pons, a small town, agreeably situated on a mountain. Near the summit, in the centre of the place, is an ancient castle belonging to the Prince de Marsan, which commands an extensive and luxuriant prospect of the vales of Saintonge and Angoumois, covered with vines, and watered by two or three fine rivulets, which lose themselves, after many windings, in the Charente. I entered the province of Guyenne the next day, and arrived at Blaye, on the northern bank of the Garonne, on Tuesday the 4th of October. I put my carriage into a boat, and came up to Bourdeaux by water; a distance of about seven leagues. At Blaye, the river is above four miles in breadth, but it diminishes insensibly as it approaches Bourdeaux. Nearly half way between the two places is the mouth of the river Dordogne, which, after running through the Limosin and Perigord, empties itself into the Garonne. The prospect, at the conflux of these two streams, is wonderfully picturesque. Few spots have more attractive charms.

Our passage from Blaye was long, and the sun was setting as we turned round a point of land, which opened to us the city of Bourdeaux at the distance of three miles. The effect on the spectator is exceedingly striking. It describes the figure of a crescent more

than a league in length, the buildings of which, near the water side, are all modern, lofty, and very elegant. This view is equal to any I have seen.

The favourable impression which Bourdeaux cannot fail to make on a stranger, at his first arrival, is well confirmed by farther acquaintance with it. Pleasure seems to have as many votaries here as commerce; luxury and industry reign within the same walls, and that in the most extensive degree. The air of courts is ever effeminate, seducing, and voluptuous. Commercial cities are usually marked by opposite manners, and the love of gain, powerful in its influence over the human heart, generally obscures, and absorbs the softer passions. Here, however, these rules are by no means verified. Luxury and dissipation are more openly patronized, and have made a more universal conquest, than in half the capitals of Europe. It is natural to seek for the reason of this. We shall find it chiefly in the genius of the French nation, and in the spirit of the government, which rather encourages than represses luxury among all ranks of people. Superstition, the only engine capable of opposing the torrent, has ceased in France, where the Virgin is held in as little estimation as among us. Divest mankind of the influence which religion, interest, and decorum have over them, what restraint can be imposed on the gratification of their passions?

The ancient city of Bourdeaux, though considerable in point of size, was, at the accession of Louis XIV. ill built, badly paved, dangerous, without police, or any of those municipal regulations indispensably requisite to render a city splendid or elegant. It has entirely changed its appearance within these last thirty years. The public edifices are very noble, and all the streets, newly built, are regular and handsome. The quays, along the Garonne, are four miles in length, and the river itself is considerably broader than the Thames at London bridge. On the opposite side, a

range of hills, covered with woods, vine-yards, churches, and villas, extends beyond the view.

Almost in the centre of the town is a fine equestrian statue, in bronze, erected to the late king in 1743. This inscription is so pathetic, so simple, and so much addressed to the heart, that I have retained it in my memory.

"LUDOVICO QUINDECIMO,
SÆPE VICTORI, SEMPER PACIFICATORI;
SUOS OMNES, QUAM LATE REGNUM PATET
PATERNO PECTORE GERENTI;
SUORUM IN ANIMIS PENITUS HABITANTI."

The beauty of the river Garonne, and the fertility of the adjoining country, were probably the causes which induced the Romans to lay the foundations of this city. The ruins of a very large amphitheatre yet remain, constructed under the emperor Gallienus; it is of brick, as are most of the edifices of that period, when the empire was verging to its fall, and the arts began rapidly to decline.

During the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and peculiarly in those which the Normans repeatedly made, Bourdeaux was ravaged, burnt, and almost entirely destroyed. It only began to recover again under Henry II. of England, who, having united it to the crown by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitain, rebuilt it, and made it a principal object of his policy to restore the city again to the lustre from which it had undeservedly fallen.

The Black Prince received all Guyenne, Gascony, and many inferior provinces in full sovereignty from his father Edward III.; he brought his royal captive, John, king of France, to this city, after the battle of Poitiers in 1359; and held his court and residence here during eleven years. His exalted character, his uninterrupted series of good fortune, his victories, his modesty, his affability, and his munificence, drew

strangers to Bourdeaux from every part of Europe; but all this splendor soon disappeared. He lived to experience the ingratitude of those he had protected; and, in the meridian of life, became a prey to disease, which brought him to an untimely end.

Bourdeaux presents few remains of antiquity. The cathedral appears to be very old, and has suffered considerably from the effects of time. The unfortunate Duke of Guyenne, brother to Louis XI. who was poisoned in 1473, lies buried before the high altar. The adjacent country, more peculiarly the Pays de Medoc, which produces the finest clarets, is exceedingly pleasant; and at this season, when the peasants were all engaged in the vintage, formed one of the most delicious landscapes in the world.

I left Bourdeaux on the 10th of October, and taking the road to Agen, along the southern bank of the Garonne, I crossed that river at Langon, a little town pleasantly situated on its banks; and stopped in the evening at La Reole. While supper was getting ready, I took a walk to see the place. The sun had set, but the sky was without a cloud, and the air perfectly serene. The castle of La Reole overhangs the waters of the Garonne, and is reflected on its surface; time has crumbled many of the battlements into ruin, but enough yet remains to shew its former splendor. Catherine of Medicis resided in it some time, during one of the journeys which she made into the southern provinces; and Henry IV. then only king of Navarre, had here an interview with her, at which he fell in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle d'Aylle, one of her maids of honour.

I dined the ensuing day at Aiguillon. On the hill above the town, stands the chateau of the celebrated duke d'Aguillon, who has lived to experience the most severe reverse of fortune; and after having been the minister and the favourite of Louis XV. is now sentenced to pass the remainder of his days, an exile

in his own house, deprived of power, and unaccompanied even with that compassion which often attends illustrious persons in disgrace.

I reached Agen in the afternoon. The country through which I passed from Langon, where I crossed the Garonne, to the gates of that city, is fertile beyond any I have seen in Europe. The hills are all covered with vineyards to the summit, and the valleys scarce require the industry of the peasants to produce, in plenty, whatever is necessary for their subsistence. The climate, at this season, is delicious; and no marks of winter appear in any of the productions of nature. Cherry-trees, figs, acacias, poplars, and elms, are in full verdure; in many places, where they border on the side of the road, the vines have run up, and mixed their clusters among the boughs, in a truly beautiful and picturesque style.

In the midst of this charming country, in a plain, close to the Garonne, stands the city of Agen. Behind it, to the north, rises a very high hill, called Le Rocher de la belle Vue. I went up to the summit, on which there is a convent. The chapel and some of the adjoining cells are hollowed out of the rock. It is said that these apartments are very ancient, and were made many centuries ago by hermits, who retired thither from motives of devotion and austerity. The prospect is beautiful, overlooking the Condomois, Agenois, and Armagnac; beneath, lies the city of Agen, and through the meadows which surround it, rolls the Garonne. One of the monks shewed me the apartments of the convent: and in the recesses of the rock he led me to a spring which is never dry, and which he assured me had been opened by miracle, at the intercession of some holy recluse in ages past. Their little refectory was hung with portraits of the same monastic heroes, among which was St. William, Duke of Aquitaine; and at the upper end, in golden letters, was written *Silentium*.

Agen is a very mean and disagreeable place; the houses are ill built, the streets narrow, crooked, and dirty. I saw only one building, which appeared to me deserving of notice. It is a chapel belonging to a nunnery of Carmelites. The walls are exquisitely painted in Chiaro Oscuro, and the deception of the roof, which is executed in the same manner, is admirable. The high altar is magnificent, and adorned with a piece of painting, the subject of which is very interesting. It is a nun, sinking under the transports of holy contemplation. Above, descends a radiant figure, with looks of tenderness and pleasure, surrounded with the glories of the skies, too strong for mortal sight. If it had not been a religious edifice, I should have supposed it to be the story of Jupiter and Semelé, to which it bears the most apt resemblance. Near the piece is this inscription:

" QUID NON CONATUR AMOR!
COELOS IN TERRIS ADUMBRARE
CARMELI FILIÆ TENTARUNT,
ANNO SALUTIS
1773."

We are used to apprehend the condition of a young woman, who has taken the veil, to be very miserable. In general it may be so; but there are some, I doubt not, supremely happy. Enthusiasm has ample room to exert her powers, amid the gloom of the convent, and to raise her votary above the poor gratifications of earth.

" To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
" And melts in visions of eternal day."

Agen has anciently been fortified, and the Gothic battlements and turrets yet remain almost entire round the whole place. Margaret of Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France, and wife to Henry IV. so re-

nowned for her genius, her adventures, and her gallantries, kept her little court some time at this city, during the civil wars which desolated France. The Agenois was part of that fine domain, which, by the peace of Bretigni, in 1360, was ceded to the crown of England, and constituted part of the territories governed by Edward, the Black Prince. It followed the fate of Guyenne under Charles VII. who reconquered it, and for ever re-annexed it to the dominions of France.

I continued my journey from Agen on Thursday evening the 8th, and at Layrac I once more crossed the Garonne. The passage is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, the river being very rapid, and running between high banks.—I stopped a few hours at the city of Leytoure. As it is situated on a mountain, the sides of which are very steep, I left my carriage below, and walked up alone. Here, from the summit, I had the first view of the Pyrenees, at the distance of ninety miles; their heads lost in clouds, and covered with eternal snow. While I stood gazing on these stupendous distant mountains, a gentleman very politely accosted me, and observing that I was a stranger, entered into conversation with me, and offered his services to point out any thing worthy of observation in the place.

"This town," said he, "was a Roman colony, and called by them Lectoura. Many antiquities have been discovered here; and a beautiful fountain, which springs from the side of the hill, near the episcopal palace, is declared, by immemorial tradition, to have been consecrated to Diana, who had a temple near the spot. In succeeding ages, Leytoure belonged to the counts of Armagnac, who were great vassals of the crown of France, and sovereigns in their own territories. The last of these princes, John V. was put to death in this city. His history was very singular. He began his reign in 1450. The youngest of his sisters, Isabella, was a princess of uncommon beauty

and accomplishments; the count conceived an unhappy passion for her, and, unable to repress or extinguish it, he determined, in defiance of every obstacle, to make her his wife. He married her publicly, but the reigning pope, offended at so incestuous an union, denounced against him a sentence of excommunication; and Charles VII. king of France, prepared to enforce it by the instant seizure of his dominions. The count, abandoned by his subjects, and incapable of resistance, fled to Fontarabia, carrying with him his beloved sister. Having, however, at the intercession, of the Count de Foix, obtained his pardon, and the restoration of his possessions, he returned to Leytoure, leaving the beautiful and unhappy Isabel in Spain, where she died in the utmost obscurity. Louis XI. from the desire of uniting so ample a fief to the crown of France, declared war against John, and in 1473, an army under the command of Peter de Beaujeu, his son-in-law, was sent into Armagnac. John retired to Leytoure, in which place he was invested. He capitulated on very honourable terms, and on the most solemn assurances of being continued in the possession of his dominions. But while the treaty was on the point of being signed, and the count, confiding in the honour of the king, remitted his usual vigilance, the soldiers broke into the town, and he was himself murdered in his own palace. Louis immediately seized on his possessions, as escheated to the crown."

When the gentleman had concluded this affecting story, he conducted me to the brow of the mountain, where are still the remains of a castle. "In this fortress," said he, "the noble and unfortunate Mareschal de Montmorenci, (grandson to the famous constable of France of the same name,) was confined, after the battle of Castelnaudari, in 1632. So amiable was his character, so general was the attachment borne to him, and so detested was the cardinal de Richlieu, his enemy, that the ladies of the place attempted, by a

stratagem, to procure him his liberty. They sent him, as a present, a large pye, in which was concealed a silken ladder of ropes. He lost no time in endeavouring to avail himself of this instrument for his escape, and having fixed it the same evening, to the window of his apartment, he ordered his valet to descend first, with intent to follow him; but the servant, having unfortunately missed his hold, fell, and broke his thigh. The sentinels, alarmed at his cries, ran to the spot, and intercepted the Mareschal, who was soon after conducted to Toulouse, and put to death."

My polite conductor quitted me, and I continued my walk alone. Leytoure occupies a level space of more than half a mile in circumference, on the summit of a mountain. The fortifications in many parts are yet entire; and the situation admirably calculated for defence, was probably the motive which induced the Romans to construct a city there.

I left Leytoure at noon, and arrived the following night at Ausch, the distance being only five-and-twenty miles. This place is the capital of Armagnac, and like Leytoure, it lies on the summit and declivity of a very steep hill, which is surrounded by other hills that rise at a small distance. Through the vale below runs a rivulet, called the Gers. The inhabitants of Ausch are about six thousand; the buildings are modern and elegant; the streets, though in general narrow, yet are clean and well paved. In the centre of the city stands the cathedral, which is one of the most magnificent in France, both as to its construction and the internal decorations. The painted windows are only inferior to those of Gouda in Holland. The chapels are of equal beauty, and ornamented at a prodigious expense.

The income of the see of Ausch, which is archiepiscopal, amounts annually to three hundred thousand livres. The palace corresponds with these ample revenues, and is a very handsome building. The apart-

ments are furnished with a voluptuous splendor, rather becoming a temporal than a spiritual prince; and in the chamber, where the archbishop himself sleeps, I could not help smiling at a number of holy relics, which he has disposed round a bed, on which Heliogabalus might have reposed. The library is very ample, and adorned with some portraits. Among these, a fine head of the Cardinal de Polignac, who was archbishop of Ausch, drew my attention. There is infinite genius marked in the countenance. A pale face; the contour, oval; an aquiline nose, and an eye looking forward into futurity. Over his scarlet robe hangs the cross of the Holy Ghost, on his breast.

The country through which I passed to the south of the Garonne, is much more hilly, or rather mountainous, than that on the northern side of the river. It is not however less fertile or agreeable. Though I am informed that every article of life is more than doubled in price, within these last ten years, yet this province is still accounted one of the cheapest in the kingdom. The common wine of Armagnac, is at present only five farthings a bottle: hares, partridges, and every kind of game, are found in vast abundance, and proportionably moderate.

Continuing my journey from Ausch, at Rabasteins, a little town, I entered the province of Bigorre, and got the same evening to Tarbes, which is the capital. My intention was to have visited Barege, so famous for its medicinal baths; but its situation, in the midst of the Pyrenees, where the winter was already begun, and which were covered at this time with snow, induced me to relinquish my design. I stayed a day at Bagneres de Bigorre, a place hardly less celebrated than Barege. It is only about twelve miles distant from Tarbes, and the road lies through a rich vale at the end of which, immediately under the Pyrenean mountains, stands the town. It is generally crowded with company during the summer. Nothing can exceed the environs of Bagneres in beau-

ty. Even at this advanced season, when nature is on her decline, and the leaves begin to assume the hue of autumn, the country yet retains a thousand charms. The Pyrenees, which rise above the town, and whose craggy summits are lost in clouds, form an object the most magnificent that fancy can form; while on the other side appear fertile valleys, covered with vines and interspersed with hamlets. There are many springs near Bagneres, both warm and cold, which issue out of the mountains, and are of different virtues. Those called Les Bains de Salut are the principal; they are about half a mile from the town; and the walk to them, between the hills, is equally agreeable and romantic.

I could not help regretting that the year was too far advanced to permit me to pass some weeks among the Pyrenees. An admirer of nature must find ample subject for reflection and the greatest sources of entertainment amidst the extraordinary scenes which present themselves in this chain of rocks, stretching from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

I left Tarbes on Wednesday the 18th, and got to Pau in six hours, the distance about thirty miles. The province of Bearn begins about a league from Tarbes, at the ascent of a very steep and lofty mountain, which divides it from Bigorre. The city of Pau will be for ever memorable in history, since it was the birth-place of Henry IV. That immortal prince was born in the castle, then the usual residence of the kings of Navarre. It stands on one of the most romantic and singular spots that can be imagined, at the west end of the town, upon the brow of a rock which terminates perpendicularly. Below runs the Gave, a river, or rather a torrent, which rises in the Pyrenees, and empties itself into the Adour. On the other side, is a ridge of hills, covered with vineyards, which produce the famous Vin de Jorençon, so much admired; and beyond all, at the distance of nine leagues, appear the Pyrenees them-

selves, covering the horizon from east to west, and bounding the prospect. The castle, though now in a state of decay, is still habitable; and the apartments are hung with tapestry, said to be the work of Jane, queen of Navarre, and mother of Henry IV.

In a chamber, which, by its size, was formerly a room of state, is a fine whole length portrait of that queen. Her dress is very splendid, and resembles those in which our Elizabeth is usually painted. Her head-dress is adorned with pearls; round her neck she wears a ruff; and her arms, which are likewise covered with pearls, are concealed by her habit quite down to the wrist. The fingers of her right hand play on the strings of a guitar; and in her left she holds an embroidered handkerchief. The painter has drawn her as young; yet not in the first bloom of youth. Her features are regular, her countenance thin, but rather inclining to long; the eyes hazel, and the eye-brows finely arched. Her nose is well formed, though large, and her mouth pretty. She was a great princess, of high spirit, and undaunted magnanimity; but she has met with her enemies and revilers.

In one of the adjoining chambers, is another portrait of Henry IV. himself, when a boy; and on the second floor is the apartment in which he was born. The particulars of his birth are, in themselves, so curious, and as relating to so great and good a prince, that an enumeration of them cannot fail to be interesting. His mother, Jane, had already lost two sons, the duke de Beaumont, and the count de Marle. Henry d'Albret, her father, anxious to see an heir to his dominions, enjoined her (when she accompanied her husband, Anthony of Bourbon, to the wars of Picardy, against the Spaniards) if she proved with child, to return to Pau, and to lie in there, as he would himself superintend the education of the infant, from the moment of its birth. He even threatened to disin-

herit her, if she failed to comply with this injunction. The princess, in obedience to the king's command, being in the ninth month of her pregnancy, quitted Compiegne in the end of November, traversed all France in fifteen days, and arrived at Pau, where she was delivered of a son on the 13th of December, 1553. She had always been desirous to see her father's will, which he kept in a golden box; and he promised to shew it to her, provided she admitted of his being present at her delivery, and would, during the pains of labour, sing a song in the Bearnois language. Jane had courage enough to comply with this singular request; and the king being called on the first news of her illness, she immediately sung a Bearnois song, beginning, "Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez moi en cette heure."—As she finished it Henry was born. The king instantly performed his promise, by giving her the box, together with a golden chain, which he tied about her neck; and taking the infant into his own apartment, began by making him swallow some drops of wine, and rubbing his lips with a root of garlic. The manner of his being brought up was similar, and for a prince almost unexampled. He was sent to the castle of Coarace in Bearn, where, without any regard to his quality, he used to run about with the children of the neighbouring peasants, barefooted and bareheaded, even in the rigours of winter. This severe education inured him to fatigue and hardship, for the exercise of which he had no little occasion during his future life, in the long wars with Henry III. and the Duke of Mayenne. They still shew a tortoiseshell, which served him for a cradle, and is preserved on that account.

Several of the ancient sovereigns of Navarre, resided and died in the castle of Pau. Francois Phœbus, who ascended the throne in 1479, died here in 1483. He was only sixteen years of age, his mother being regent. The young king, who was very fond of music, having taken up a flute, had no sooner applied

it to his mouth, than he felt himself affected with poison, and that in so violent a manner that he expired in two hours. Catherine de Foix succeeded her brother Francois Phœbus. She married John d'Albret, and was the last real queen of Navarre, little more than an empty title having remained to her successors. She died of grief for the loss of her dominions, which was chiefly caused by the incapacity and cowardice of her husband.

Pau is a handsome city, well built, and contains near six thousand inhabitants. It is a modern place, having originated entirely from the castle, the residence of the kings of Navarre.

I pursued my journey to Orthez. The country from Pau to this city is mostly level, finely cultivated, and covered with vines. The peasants speak a jargon unintelligible even to the French. Their dress, too, differs very much from that worn in Guyenne, and in every respect they bear a resemblance to the Spaniards. This place is a city and bishopric, but the meanest, I believe, in France. The cathedral is a wretched edifice, very ancient, built in a barbarous style, and almost in ruins. I expected to have found in it some monuments of the kings of Navarre, but was disappointed. The remains of the castle of Orthez are very noble; and its situation is fine, on a hill which commands the town, and a great extent of country. The people call it Le Chateau de la Reine Jeanne, because that queen resided in it during many years, in preference to the castle of Pau. The princess Blanche, daughter to John, king of Arragon and Navarre, was shut up and died here, in 1464. After the death of her brother, she became heiress to the crown of Navarre; but her father having delivered her into the hands of her younger sister Leonora, countess of Foix, she confined the unhappy Blanche in the castle of Orthez, and, after an imprisonment of two years, caused her to be poisoned.

I continued my journey Sunday morning the 22d, and arrived at Bayonne in the afternoon. Its situation is one of the most agreeable in France, at the conflux of two rivers, the Nive and the Adour. The latter is scarce less considerable than the Thames at Lambeth, and across it is a wooden bridge, which joins Bayonne to a suburb called Le Fauxbourg du St. Esprit. The Nive, which is small, and rises in the Pyrenees passes through the centre of the city, and resembles one of the canals in Holland. Advantageous as this situation appears for commerce, yet the trade of Bayonne is not only inconsiderable, but yearly diminishes. The entrance of the Adour is rendered both difficult and hazardous, from the sands which have collected, and which form a bar across its mouth. Besides this inconvenience, the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux draws to that city most of those articles of trade which were formerly exported from hence. Bayonne is, notwithstanding its decline and depopulation, a very agreeable place of residence, and furnishes in profusion all the requisites for human life. Wildfowl is in prodigious plenty, and the flavour exceedingly delicate. The bay of Biscay and the river Adour supply excellent fish. The wines which are made in the adjacent country, infinitely exceed the miserable claret drank in this part of the kingdom, and are sold at eight sous a bottle. The town is surrounded with woods, which render fuel one of the cheapest articles, and the climate itself is delicious; though the vicinity of the Pyrenean mountains gives an intensity to the cold in winter.

The buildings of the city are in general very old, and some of the streets have porticoes on either side; but the Place de Grammont, on the bank of the Adour, is adorned with very elegant modern houses and public edifices. On an eminence in the midst of the town stands the cathedral. It is a venerable pile, and to judge from the style and ornaments of the various parts, it must have been built as early as the

year 1350. I made several visits to it, in hopes of discovering some tombs or monuments of antiquity: but there is not any thing deserving attention, except the relics of St. Leo, who was put to death here in 907, and whose bones are preserved in a splendid shrine over the high altar.

Bayonne, though considered as a frontier city of France, is very ill fortified, the ramparts and fosses being equally neglected. On the north side of the Adour, Louis XIV. caused a citadel to be constructed by Vauban, on a hill which commands the town, and which is always garrisoned with about a thousand soldiers. Till the year 1193, this place, and a considerable territory round it, was governed by its own viscounts. The English rendered themselves masters of it at that time, in the reign of Richard I. and kept possession of it till 1451, when Charles VIIth's victorious arms annexed it to the crown of France.

The common people are called Basques, from the name of the province in which Bayonne is situated. Their dress is peculiar to themselves. The women comb up their hair on the crown of their heads, and cover it with a sort of cap exactly resembling a little turban, which has no inelegant effect. The complexions of both sexes are considerably darker than in Guyenne; and they speak a jargon, called the Basque, which has scarce any affinity either with the French, Spanish, or even the Gascon dialect.

Here my journey towards the south ends; and for the sake of the only post-road in this part of France, I was obliged to retrace my route as far as Ausch, in my way to Toulouse.

The country from Bayonne to the passage over the river Adour, is heathy, woody, and barren; neither well peopled nor cultivated, in comparison with the greater part of the provinces of Bearn and Bigorre. I got to Orthez in the evening. The sun had set, but after the finest day imaginable, I walked out, and having a curiosity to look once more at the ruins of

the castle, I ascended the hill on which it stands, and traversed its area. The gloom of night began already to shade the chambers, and spread an awful melancholy through the whole edifice. As I passed out of the great gateway into the road, on my return to the inn, an old peasant met me, and with great simplicity assured me, that it was already past the hour when the inhabitants ventured into the castle, because the apparition of a princess, who had been murdered in it, walked at night; and that he himself, when young, had seen and heard things very unusual, and very terrifying, in the great tower. This tradition of a murdered princess, is certainly that of the unfortunate Blanche of Navarre; and was one of those catastrophes which naturally gave birth, among the credulous and superstitious multitude, to tales of spectres, and their train of horrors.

I dined at Pau, and passed some time in the Parc d'Henri quatre. This is a beautiful wood, overhanging the Gave, and terminating at a point, from whence is an extensive and romantic prospect. As Henry, while he held his court in Bearn, was particularly attached to the beauties of this grove, it has retained his name.

I stayed four days at Tarbes on my return. The town stands in the midst of a finely cultivated plain, but contains very few objects of entertainment or instruction.

I had occasion to cross all Armagnac to Toulouse, where I arrived on the 3d of November. This city is very disagreeable and ill-built. It is a vast labyrinth, composed of streets so crooked, narrow, and winding, that it almost requires a clue to conduct a stranger through them. There are no squares, or public places, adorned with elegant buildings, as at Nantes or Bourdeaux, though it equals this last city in size.

The cathedral is by no means a splendid specimen of architecture. It was erected by Raymond VI. about the year 1200. Languedoc was governed during

several centuries by its own counts. Jane, the daughter and heiress of Raymond VII. was married to Alfonso, brother of St. Louis; and by the deaths of that prince and princess without issue, who expired within a few days of each other at Savona in Italy, the county of Toulouse was united to the crown of France in 1271.

The tomb of Pibrac, whose name is so often mentioned under the reign of Henry III. is in the church of the Grands Augustins. This grave magistrate fell violently in love with the second Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre, and wife of Henry IV. and sacrificed, as history declares, at the treaty of Nerac, his public duties to his attachment for that princess. There are some curious anecdotes of Margaret; but as they relate principally to her intrigues, they are not worth repeating.

Toulouse has some inland commerce by means of the famous canal cut to join the two seas, which opens into the Garonne just above the city, and conveys all the articles of trade from Cette to Bourdeaux, across the provinces of Languedoc and Guyenne. This communication is, however, of little advantage to the place, which owes its chief gaiety to the parliament, and to the provincial nobility, who make this their winter residence.

I quitted Toulouse on Thursday the 9th of November, and slept at Castelnaudari, which is near forty miles distant; it is a tolerable town, and situated on the royal canal, made by Louis XIV. to join the Mediterranean and Atlantic seas. The Saracens, who conquered this part of France during the decay of the Roman empire, are said to have been its founders. In a valley about half a mile from the place, is the spot where the unfortunate Duke of Montmorenci, covered with wounds, and thrown from his horse, was taken prisoner, in 1632. I lamented, as I stood over it, the fate of so heroic and so amiable a prince. He was the Russel of France, who fell a sacrifice to

the stern and unrelenting policy of the Cardinal de Richlieu.

It is about five-and-twenty miles from Castelnaudari to Carcassonne, where I staid the remainder of the ensuing day. Carcassonne consists of two distinct cities, separated by the little river Aude. The most ancient of these, called La Haute Ville, stands on the summit of a hill; the lower town, which is in the plain, is the largest, and both are surrounded with Gothic walls, battlements, and turrets, which are in the most perfect preservation. This place bore a considerable share in that disgraceful crusade undertaken against the Albigenses in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and which forms one of the most astonishing instances of superstition and of atrocious barbarity to be found in the annals of the world.*

When the royal power was nearly annihilated, during the reigns of the last kings of the Carlovingian race in France, most of the cities of Languedoc erected themselves into little independent states, governed by their own princes. Carcassonne was then under the dominion of viscounts. At the time when Pope Innocent III. patronised and commanded the prosecution of hostilities against the Albigenses for the crime of heresy, Raymond, the reigning viscount, was included in that proscription. Simon de Montfort, general of the army of the church, invested the city of Carcassonne in 1209. The inhabitants, terrified at the fate of several other places where the most dreadful massacres had been committed, demanded leave to capitulate; but this act of mercy was only extended to them under a condition, equally cruel and unparalleled. The people found in the place, were all obliged, without distinction of rank or sex, to evacuate it in a state of nudity; and Agnes, the viscountess, was not exempted, though young and

* See Allix's Churches of Piedmont.

beautiful, from this ignominious and shocking punishment.

I continued my journey on the 11th to Narbonne; the country from Toulouse to the gates of that city is far from being inviting; it is a vast plain, open, naked, and in many parts barren, where scarce a tree is to be seen except olives; and even those are neither large nor numerous. On one hand appear the Pyrenees at a considerable distance; and on the other, the chain of rocks, called the Black Mountains, which divided Languedoc from the province of Rouergue. The population is very thin, and the appearance of the country bleak and inhospitable. I went about a league out of the road near Carcassonne, to a little town called Trebé, where the royal canal passes over the river Aude, and arrived at Narbonne in the afternoon.

This city retains scarcely any marks of its ancient grandeur. Narbonne, which pretends to the most remote antiquity under the Celtic kings, in ages anterior even to the Roman conquests; which, under these latter masters, gave its name to all the Gallia Narbonensis, and was a colony of the first consideration, is now dwindled to a wretched, solitary town, containing scarcely eight thousand inhabitants, of whom three-fourths are priests and women. The streets and buildings are mean and ruinous; it has indeed, a communication with the Mediterranean, from which Narbonne is only about three leagues distant, by means of a small river which intersects the place; but its commerce is very limited, and chiefly consists in grain. No vestiges of Roman magnificence remain, except some inscriptions in different parts of the city; and if the churches did not keep employed some hundred ecclesiastics, who are occupied in chanting requiems and vespers, it would probably cease in a few years to have any existence whatever.

The see of Narbonne, which is archiepiscopal, is said to have been founded by Charlemagne, but the

present cathedral is far more modern, though only the choir of it remains, which is built in the finest style of the Gothic edifices. In the centre of the church, before the high altar, is the tomb of Philip the Bold, king of France, son of St. Louis. It is composed of white marble, and the king is represented lying at full length. His face is that of a man in the prime of life, the features regular and pleasing; he has a beard on the upper lip and chin, and his hair falls in great quantity on his neck. In his right hand is the Dalmatique, resembling a pastoral staff, and in the left he holds a sceptre. He has a crown on his head, supported by a cushion, and his feet rest on a lion. Behind, in the old black letter, is this inscription:

" Sepultura bonæ Memoriæ
Philippi,
quondam Francorum Regis,
Filii beati Ludovici,
qui Perpignani calida Febre
ab hac Luce migravit,
3 Non: Octobris,
Anno Dei 1285."

The distance from Narbonne to Beziers is twenty miles. The mountain of Malpas, which was cut through, to admit the passage of the royal canal, lies only a mile out of the road. It was impossible to pass so extraordinary and celebrated a work without visiting it. The effect produced by it on the spectator is very striking and sublime. I descended by a large flight of steps into the excavation, and walked through the mountain along the side of the canal. The length of it is exactly two hundred and ten paces, or more than six hundred feet; and the perpendicular height, from the water to the surface of the incumbent mountain, is two hundred and two feet. A great part of the arch has been vaulted at a prodigious expense, from the dread of its falling in from the weight above; and the annual necessary repairs amount to a large sum of money. The breadth of the canal

itself is at least twenty feet; and though the distance hollowed through the ground is so considerable, yet the light is every where perfectly admitted. This was the greatest obstacle to completing the junction of the two seas, and its execution has immortalized the famous Riquet, whom Louis XIV. employed in the enterprize.*

Beziers is an opulent and considerable city, containing above twenty thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a delicious country. It occupies all the sides of a very steep and lofty hill, on the highest point of which is built the cathedral. At the bottom runs the river Orbe. The prospect is extensive and beautiful, bounded to the north by mountains, and terminated on the south by the Mediterranean. It is esteemed one of the most plentiful and eligible places of residence in the kingdom; all the necessaries and elegancies of life being procured here at the most moderate prices.

Beziers is said to have been a Roman station, and was used by them as a place of arms. The siege, which happened during the crusade against the Albigenses, was one of the most memorable and bloody which distinguished that flagitious war. The garrison defended it with determined bravery; and every other means having failed in the attempt for its reduction on the part of the besiegers, a resolution was taken to storm the city. The papal nuncio, assisted by Gusman the Spaniard, who is better known in ecclesiastical history under the name of St. Dominic, exhorted the troops to behave with courage in this pious enterprize, and promised them remission from all their past offences. After a long and obstinate struggle, Beziers was entered by the victorious soldiery, who massacred, in cold blood, sixty thousand of the wretched inhabitants, without distinction of

* The junction of the Severn and Isis, through Salperton Hill, is much more extraordinary than this.

sex, rank, or age, and afterwards reduced the city to ashes. I leave the reader to make the natural reflections on this horrid catastrophe. I do not permit myself to comment on such an affair, to which there are but too many similar in the history of the Romish church. That religion has doubtless ever been unfavourable and unpropitious to the happiness of the human race, which nourishes in its essence the seeds of theological controversy, and metaphysical subtilties; disputes which, however contemptible in themselves, necessarily produce that spirit of intoleration and persecution, which uniform experience proves to be the certain consequence, in modern ages, of a difference in opinion on sacred subjects. Happy the Romans and the Greeks, who established no crusades to convert the provinces which they subdued! who massacred no people for their adherence to the superstition of their ancestors, who knew no points of scholastic or polemical divinity; but who, with open arms, received the gods or the conquered nations, and admitted Isis and the dog Anubis to a place in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus!*

The cathedral of Beziers contains nothing remarkable, except the tomb of the princess Blanche of France. Philip of Valois her father, at the age of fifty-six, fell in love with Blanche d'Evreux, the most beautiful princess in Europe. She was only sixteen years old; but this disproportion in their ages did not prevent the nuptials. The king enjoyed his bride a very short time; and died the ensuing year, of the same disease which proved fatal to Louis XII. king of France, and to Don John, son to Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain. The queen was left pregnant, and brought into the world some months afterwards the Princess Blanche,

* While we admire the liberal and enlightened principles of our author, in regard to persecution, we see no reason for carrying them so far. Between tolerating a religion we do not believe, and giving it the sanction of establishment, the difference is extreme.

who, when she had attained her twentieth year, was betrothed to the Count of Barcelona, but died at this city on her journey into Catalonia.

Pursuing my route, I reached Montpelier, a delightful place of residence. I staid there four days, and left it with excessive regret. The town itself is by no means beautiful, the streets being almost all narrow, winding and ill-planned; but Nature seems to have chosen the hill, on which it stands, to enrich with her choicest favours. The ascent is easy and gradual on every side; and the summit has been ornamented at a vast expense, in a manner where taste and magnificence are equally blended.

The prospect from this happy spot I cannot describe, though I studied it frequently with an enthusiastic pleasure. The vales of Languedoc, covered with olives, or laid out in vineyards, are finely contrasted with rude rocks to the north, and melt away into the sea to the south. Though winter had almost stripped the trees of their verdure, there is nothing melancholy or desert which presents itself to the eye. A sky serene and unclouded, an invigorating sun, a keen and wholesome air spread a gaiety over November itself, which here is neither accompanied with fogs nor rain. Montpelier has, notwithstanding, lost, within these last thirty years, that reputation for salubrity which conduces more to the support of a place, than any actual advantages it may possess; and the number of strangers, who visit it from motives of health, diminishes annually. Some trade is still carried on from thence by a small river called the Les, which empties itself into the sea at the distance of a league; but the Mediterranean has been retiring these three centuries from the whole coast of Languedoc and Provence. Frejus, where the emperor Augustus laid up his gallies after the battle of Actium, is now become an inland city.

The country from Montpelier to Nismes, is like a garden, level, and every where cultivated. The

peasants were just beginning to gather the olives, which were very numerous; and the trees are planted with the same regularity as our orchards in England. I cannot but envy the inhabitants this genial climate and these fertile plains, and am ready to accuse Nature of partiality in the infinite difference which she has placed between the peasant of Languedoc and of Sweden. In vain shall I be told that the amor patriæ, the attachment we naturally bear to that country where we were born, renders them equally happy, and extinguishes all other distinctions. I know the force of this principle; I feel and cultivate it with the greatest ardour, but it cannot blind me to the infinite superiority with which certain climates are endowed, above others.

I passed three days at Nismes in the survey of those magnificent and beautiful remains of Roman greatness which yet exist there. They have been described a thousand times, and it is not my intention to fatigue the reader with a repetition of them. The amphitheatre, and the maison quarée, are known throughout every kingdom of Europe. The first of these impresses the beholder with the deepest veneration; the latter excites the most elegant and refined delight. Indignation against the barbarians, who could violate and deface these glorious monuments of antiquity, will mix with the sensations of every spectator. One can scarce believe that Charles Martel, from his hatred to the Roman name, had the savage fury to fill the corridors of the amphitheatre with wood, to which he set fire with an intent to injure, though it surpassed his malice to demolish so vast an edifice. Yet, notwithstanding these attempts of the barbarous nations, notwithstanding the lapse of so many ages, and the effects of time, its appearance at present is the most august and majestic which can be presented to the mind, or to the senses. The prodigious circumference of the amphitheatre, the solidity and strength of its

construction, the awful majesty of so vast a pile, half perfect, half in ruin, impress one with a tumult of sentiments which it is difficult to convey by any description. The maison quarrèe, is in the most complete preservation, and appears to me to be the most perfect piece of architecture in the world. The order is the Corinthian, and all the beauties of that elegant style seem to be exhausted in its construction. This superb temple is now converted into a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, ornamented with gilding, and other holy finery, suitable to such an alteration.

At a quarter of a mile from the city of Nismes is another temple, much decayed, which immemorial tradition has consecrated to Diana; but which, by antiquaries, is generally supposed to have been sacred to the Dii infernales, as it is evident that no light was admitted into it. In the inside, are numbers of mutilated statues, marbles, capitals, and inscriptions, which have been found there from time to time. Close to it rises a very copious fountain, which may vie with that of Vaucluse in beauty, though not in fame. As the channel through which it flows had become obstructed in a series of ages by sand and gravel, the inhabitants of Nismes undertook some years ago to cleanse and restore its course. In the progress of this work they discovered a number of Roman coins, rings, and other antiquities, several of which are equally rare, and well preserved. On the summit of the rock from whence the fountain issues, stands a building, incontestibly Roman, and vulgarly called La Tour magne. Its exposed situation has conduced to hasten its decay; but at what time it was built, or for what purposes it served, are now totally unknown.

Nismes is an ill-built place, containing in itself nothing extraordinary or remarkable. Numerous fables are related concerning its origin, which is carried into times anterior by many centuries to the Roman conquests; and it probably does not occupy at present

the fourth part of the ground on which it formerly stood.

Leaving Nismes, I proceeded to Tarascon. The distance is only twenty miles; but the wind blew such a hurricane, as I scarcely ever remember. The passage across the Rhone at Tarascon, which divides Provence from Languedoc, is over a bridge of boats; and I own I passed it with some apprehensions, in such a state of the weather.

The view of the Rhone here is very picturesque. On one side in Languedoc, stands Beaucaire, a considerable town, with a ruined castle overhanging a rock; on this side is situated Tarascon, with a correspondent castle, far more considerable, and washed by the waves. The river here is much broader than the Thames at London.

I scarcely ever remember, even in our northern climate, a colder day than that on which I continued my journey from Tarascon to Marseilles. Winter seemed to have taken possession of the face of nature, before its time. At St. Remi, a little town only four leagues from Tarascon, I turned about a mile out of the road, to see the remains of the monuments erected by the Consul Marius, as trophies of his victory over the Cimbri and Teutones. Though so many ages have elapsed since their construction, they yet forcibly recal the idea of Roman grandeur.

It was night when I arrived at Aix, where I staid three days. The city has that air of silence and gloom so commonly characteristic of places destitute of commerce or industry. The warm springs, from which it is now known and frequented, induced Sextius Calvinus to found a Roman colony there, to which he gave the name of Aquæ Sextiæ. They were supposed, probably with reason, to possess particular virtues in cases of debility: and several altars have been dug up sacred to Priapus, the inscriptions on which indicate their gratitude to that deity, for his supposed succour and assistance. I saw nothing in the cathedral deserv-

ing attention, except the tomb of Charles of Anjou, last of the great Angevin line, kings of Naples, and counts of Provence.

The distance from Aix to Marseilles is only twenty miles. There is, notwithstanding, a considerable difference in the climate of Marseilles, which is milder in winter, and cooler during the heats of summer, from its vicinity to the Mediterranean. Nature seems to have designed this place for commerce. The entrance of the harbour, which is extremely narrow and surrounded by lofty mountains, protects and shelters vessels during the most violent storms. The port itself forms a delightful walk at this season of the year, as it is open to the southern sun, and crowded with vast numbers of people, not only of all the European nations, but of Turks, Greeks, and natives of the coast of Barbary. The whole scene is one of the most agreeable that can be imagined, if the chains of the galley slaves, heard among the din of business, did not tincture it with the hateful idea of slavery. The galleys themselves, useless and neglected, rot peaceably in their respective stations, having long ceased to be of any utility to the state.

I was forcibly struck with the wide difference between the genius of the Provencaux, and that generally attributed to the French. The common people here have a brutality and rudeness of manners more characteristic of a republican, than of a monarchical and absolute government. Their language, so famous in ancient romance, is a corrupt Italian, more intelligible to a Neapolitan than to a Parisian. The women are lively, beautiful, and constitutionally disposed to gallantry. A fire, an extreme vivacity unknown to the northern nations of Europe, and which results from a pure air, a genial sun, and skies for ever blue, is strongly discernible in their eyes, their conversation, the peculiar dances and music of the country; in all which a warm and impassioned animation forms the predominant quality. I am afraid to express how

many charms there appear to me in this gaiety of character and disposition, lest it should be supposed I mean to contrast it with the formality of our own country, were we seldom allow the heart to act, uninfluenced by the judgment.

Marseilles pretends to the most remote antiquity; a colony of Phocians, in ages unknown, having given it birth. The old city is one of the most ill built of any in Europe, and insupportably filthy. The modern Marseilles has sprung up since the commencement of the eighteenth century, and has all that regularity, elegance, and convenience which distinguish the present times. I am inclined to consider it as one of the most eligible places of winter residence in the world; and far superior, where health is not an object of attention, to Nice or Montpelier. The surrounding country is rocky and barren; but covered for several miles on all sides, with villas and summer houses, the fruits of successful commerce.

Having relinquished the intention I once had of visiting Corsica and Sardinia, chiefly on account of the few objects of entertainment or information which those islands offer to the mind, I determined to remain in this charming place till the ensuing spring, and to return through the inland provinces of this kingdom to England. Accordingly I became in a manner domesticated here, during a period of about four months.

At last I quitted Marseilles on the 6th of April, 1776, and arrived at Avignon the evening of the ensuing day. It was impossible for me not to dedicate some time to the view of a city so renowned in past ages, the seat of the sovereign pontiffs during more than half a century, the residence of Petrarch, and the birth-place of Laura. I compared Avignon, as it now exists, with the picture which Petrarch has drawn of it in his writings, and attempted to ascertain the situation of his mistress's abode, which is yet pointed out by tradition in one of the suburbs. I visited the church of the

Cordeliers, where rest her remains. In a little dark chapel on the right hand, now disused for religious ceremonies, damp, cold, and unwholesome, beneath the arch which forms the entrance, and under a plain stone, lies that Laura, who was once so beautiful, and who is rendered immortal in her lover's strains. Round the stone are some ancient Gothic characters covered with earth, and rendered illegible by time. Francis I. the most accomplished prince who ever reigned in France, and who eminently possessed the enthusiasm which usually distinguishes and characterizes genius, caused the tomb of Laura to be opened in his own presence. A wish to pervade the obscurity in which Petrarch has affected to involve the name of his mistress, and the history of his own unhappy passion, added to a desire of ascertaining, by some incontestible proof, the burial-place of Laura, were the motives which influenced him to commit this seeming violation of the repose of the dead. Some small human bones, supposed to be hers, and a leaden box which contained a scroll of Italian verses, obscurely alluding to Petrarch's attachment to her, were all which repaid the monarch's curiosity. Laura, it is known, died of the plague which desolated the greater part of Europe in 1347, and the following year, and of which Boccace has drawn the most animated and dreadful picture which can be held up to human contemplation.

It seems impossible to recognise the situation or the adjacent country of Avignon as they appear at present, under the melancholy colours with which Petrarch has pourtrayed them. The fertile plain of the Comtat Venaissin in which the city stands, and the rich banks of the Rhone, are described by him as a frightful desert, through which pours a river, swept by continual winds and tempests. Ovid has given us the same horrible idea of the coast of the Black Sea, a climate incontestibly one of the finest of the earth, and blessed with an almost perpetual spring. The gloomy medium through which the two poets regarded every object,

explains this extraordinary description. For me, who viewed it impartially, and without prejudice, I confess I was charmed with the situation. The prospect, from the summit of the rock, in the centre of the city, is of uncommon beauty.

The Rhone itself is a noble object, rolling rapidly through meadows covered with olive trees, and divided into two considerable channels opposite to Avignon. Across it extend the ruinous and decayed arches of a bridge, which was demolished in 1699, by one of the inundations common to the Rhone. When entire, it was not less than a quarter of a mile in length; but being so narrow as not to permit two carriages to pass, in any part, it had previously become almost useless; and motives of policy prevent the construction of a new bridge, while Avignon belongs to the papal see.—On the farther side of the Rhone, in Languedoc, stands Ville Neuve, a considerable town, with a magnificent monastery of Benedictines, seated on a rock, correspondent to that on which is built the cathedral of Avignon. The high mountain of Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiné, covered with snow, and which Petrarch has described, appears to the north; and the savage rocks of Vaucluse bound the view to the eastward, at the distance of fifteen miles. Beneath spreads an extensive cultivated vale, watered by several rivulets, which lose themselves in the Rhone.

The city of Avignon itself is in general ill built, irregular, and devoid of beauty; but the Gothic walls and ramparts with which it has been surrounded by different pontiffs, are well preserved, and are objects of high curiosity. Several popes and antipopes, who, during their lives, shook the Romish church with violence and mutual altercation, repose quietly near each other, in the various monasteries of the place; and in that of the Cordeliers, almost opposite to Laura's, is the tomb of the brave Grillon, so well known for his invincible courage, as well as for his unshaken attachment to his sovereign, Henry IV.

The fountain of Vaucluse, immortalized by Petrarch, and to which he so often retired to indulge his grief and hopeless love, is only five leagues distant from Avignon. Meadows of the most lively green skirt its sides, above which rise abrupt and lofty rocks, that seem designed to seclude it from human view. The valley gradually narrows towards the extremity, and winding continually, describes the figure of a horse-shoe. The view is at length terminated by an enormous mass of rock, forming a barrier across it, of a prodigious height, and absolutely perpendicular. Through its vast recesses run the streams which supply the fountain of Vaucluse; and at its foot appears a bason of water, several hundred feet in circumference, stretched like an expanse, silent and tranquil. The sides are very steep, and it is said that in the middle no bottom can be discovered, though attempts have been often made for that purpose. Though the fountain is clearer in itself than crystal, yet the incumbent rock casts a continual shade, approaching to black, over its surface. The water escaping from this state of inaction by a narrow passage, is immediately precipitated, in a cascade, down a rocky channel, where it foams over a number of vast, detached stones, which intercept and impede its progress. The rocks themselves, which surround and invest this romantic spot, are worn by time and the inclemency of the weather, into a thousand extraordinary and fantastic forms. On one of the pointed extremities, and in a situation which appears almost inaccessible, are seen the remains of an ancient castle, projecting over the water. The peasants call it Il castello di Petrarca, and add, with great simplicity, that Laura lived upon the opposite side of the river, under the bed of which was a subterranean passage, by which the two lovers visited each other. Nothing is, however, more certain, than that these are the ruins of the chateau belonging to the lords of Avignon; and that the bishop of Cavaillon resided in it during the frequent visits which he

used to make to Petrarch. The poet's dwelling was much lower down, and nearer to the bank of the Sorgue, as evidently appears from his minute description of it. No remains of it, however, are now to be discerned.

I seated myself on the edge of the bason, to consider the scene, and the romantic assemblage of objects which presented themselves on every side. I looked, with a mixed sensation of pleasure and of pain, upon the valley and the fountain which had been so often witnesses to Petrarch's complaints, and hopeless passion. I attempted to discern the cavern, which during the summer, when the waters of Vancluse are low, opens into the recesses of the rock, and where he used, alone, in the dead of night, to indulge his despair. While I was lost in these reflections, the day darkened, and a sudden storm of rain, from which I was completely sheltered by the incumbent mountain, issuing from a collection of black clouds, spread through the whole landscape a majestic and awful sublimity.

Before I took my leave of this sequestered spot, the peasant, who had attended me to the fountain, conducted me to a house situated in the valley, where are still preserved two portraits of the lovers who have rendered Vaucluse immortal. My chief attention was directed to that of Laura. She appears to be in the earliest bloom of youth, such as she is described by Petrarch, on that morning when he first beheld her. An air of playful gaiety seems diffused over her countenance. Her eyes are large and of a deep hazel, her nose justly proportioned, and the contour of her face a perfect oval. Her hair, the colour of which approaches to yellow, is confined by a fillet, braided and adorned with pearls; over her neck is a thin veil of gauze; her robe is of a pale red, and her arms are covered with a sort of glove, which descends half way down the hands. In one of them she holds an amaranth, the emblem of immortality. Petrarch is painted

as in middle life, of an engaging figure, and his brows bound with laurel.

I returned to Avignon in the evening, and quitted it on the morning of the ensuing day. At Orange, where I breakfasted, it was impossible not to dedicate an hour to the remains of the Roman theatre, and the triumphal arch of Marius; edifices the most august and magnificent, though injured by the lapse of near two thousand years. I continued my journey to Lyons, along the eastern bank of the Rhone. As I advanced north, the weather became more sharp and piercing; while the bize blew with redoubled keenness, and chilled the spring which was just opening. I arrived at Lyons after three days journey. My road from thence to Clermont lay through the provinces of Beaujolois and Forez, the first of which, though hilly, is finely cultivated. Between Lyons and Roanne I passed over the high mountain of Tarare. From its summit is a prodigious prospect, bounded towards Savoy only by the Alps, which form a vast barrier, covered with eternal snow. At Roanne I entered the Forez, a small province, barren, uncultivated, and thinly inhabited. A chain of lofty mountains extends quite across it; thick forests of pine and fir cover the steep acclivities, and afford refuge to wolves and wild boars, which are there found in great numbers. Scarce a hamlet is seen in several miles; and the silence, the depopulation, and romantic solitudes, through which I passed, strongly reminded me of Sweden or Finland.

In my way I halted at Thiers, a considerable town, situated on the steep side of a mountain, from whence is beheld a most delicious landscape. The country extends, for many leagues on all sides, in a cultivated plain terminated by another range of mountains; and Clermont itself is distinctly seen at the distance of five-and-twenty miles. This rich tract of the Auvergne, is denominated La Limagne, and forms a bason, completely surrounded by rocks and hills. The soil is un-

commonly fertile, and inferior to no part of France. Several fine streams intersect it, and add to the beauty of the landscape.

The situation of Clermont is agreeable, on a gentle eminence, the ascent to which is gradual and easy. The city itself seems to have been built in an age the most barbarous, the streets being so narrow and winding, that no carriage can enter them, and the buildings are of correspondent antiquity; but the suburbs are charming, and the houses modern and elegant. I visited the petrifying spring, which Charles IX. of France is said to have surveyed with so much pleasure and admiration. It is only a quarter of a mile from the town. In the course of ages, this spring has formed a ridge of stone, or incrustation, not less than sixteen feet in height, above a hundred feet long, and in some parts near ten in thickness. As it impeded, and at length totally stopped the current of a little rivulet, which intersected its course, the inhabitants were obliged to open a passage through it. The stream is now directed into another channel, and has begun to form a new bridge across the rivulet into which it falls.

It was my intention to have penetrated farther into this romantic province, but the season was too early to permit me to ascend any of the highest mountains of Auvergne. I should, however, certainly have gone to Usson, which is only ten leagues distant, if any considerable remains of the castle had still existed. A gentleman, who resides at Issoire, near the spot, gave me this description of it:

" The castle of Usson stood upon the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, at the foot of which flowed a little river. Margaret of Valois, queen of Henry IV. by a masterly piece of address, expelled the Marquis de Canillac, to whose custody she was confided, and rendered herself mistress of the place. Some ruins of it yet remain in the last stage of decay, which the vulgar apprehend to have been formerly

sacred to religious purposes, and which they denominate, Les Chapélles de la Reine Marguerite. It is true that they were constructed by that queen; but she had dedicated them to pleasure, not to devotion, and gave rendezvous in these apartments to the neighbouring nobility of Auvergne."

I left Clermont sooner than I had intended, in compliance with an invitation too agreeable to be refused, to pass some time at a chateau, belonging to the Count de L——. The house is situated in an unfrequented part of Auvergne, towards the confines of the Bourbonnois, on a rising ground, which commands an enchanting prospect. Through the plain below flows the river Allier, mentioned in terms of such lively admiration by Madame de Sevigné, and on whose banks, she says, might yet be discovered some of the shepherds of poetry and romance. The count was not at home, but I was received by his lady, in a manner the most noble and polite. She did me the honour to detain me five days, which I passed in a way never to be erased from my remembrance.

At Montpensier, I stopped to view the mount where formerly stood the castle, now totally demolished; and which is rendered famous in history by the death of Louis VIII. king of France, and father of St. Louis. He died there in 1226, on his return from the siege of Avignon, and, as was commonly supposed, of poison administered to him by the Count de Champagne.

I arrived the ensuing day at Moulins, which stands in a fine plain close to the river Allier; along the sides of which are planted walks of elm, poplar, and aspen. The city, though the capital of the province of Bourbonnois, is mean and ill-built. I viewed the church of the nunnery of the Visitation, where I saw the Mausoleum of Henry Duke of Montmorenci. It was erected to his memory by the duchess, his wife, Marie Felice des Ursins. I looked at this superb monument with sensations of the deepest pity for

the unfortunate hero to whom it was raised. The tomb itself is composed of the most beautiful and costly marbles. The duke appears in a reclining attitude, his left arm supported on his helmet; and by him sits his widow, her eyes directed to heaven, and her hands clasped, in an attitude of sorrow strongly marked.

It is a delightful ride from Moulins to Nevers, through the provinces of Bourbonnois and Nivernois. In the centre of Nevers, on the summit of a hill, is built the palace of the ancient dukes. It appears to have been constructed in the sixteenth century, and, though beginning to exhibit marks of decay, is yet a model of beauty and delicacy in Gothic architecture. The apartments are hung with tapestry of two hundred years old, which have an air of grotesque and rude magnificence. In one of the chambers is a portrait of Madame de Montespan, who appears rising from a superb couch, the curtains of which are drawn back, and supported by Cupids. Her attitude is half voluptuous, half contemplative. She is dressed in a negligent dishabille, and her hair floats down over her shoulders and neck in waving ringlets. Her head rests on her left hand, and one of her feet is concealed by her robe; the other, which is naked to the midleg, and on which the painter, with great taste, has exhausted all his art, is placed on an embroidered cushion.

I passed the river Loire at La Charité, where I entered the province of Berri; the distance from thence to Bourges is about twelve leagues. The country is much inferior in beauty and cultivation to that between Moulins and Nevers. The far greater part consists in thick woods and barren heaths, destitute of inhabitants. Bourges is situated in the midst of an open and level plain. The city is of very considerable magnitude, and of great antiquity, a claim, the validity of which, most of the buildings evince, by the barbarism of their construction. I

scarcely saw a house which does not appear to have stood many hundred years. The Hotel de Ville was built by the celebrated Jaques Cœur, so well known in the French history by his greatness, his loyalty, his exile, and his misfortunes. Over the portal is a fine statue of Charles VII. under whose reign he flourished; the king is habited in complete armour, and mounted on horseback. That prince usually held his court here; from which he was called by our victorious Henry V. Le petit Roi de Bourges, by way of contempt.

During my stay here, I went to see the tomb of Jane of Valois, daughter to Louis XI. and wife to Louis XII. from whom he was divorced, to marry Ann de Bretagne, on his accession to the crown of France. The repudiated princess retired to this city; and having dedicated her remaining days to piety, died in the convent of St. Jane, which she had founded. One of the nuns shewed me, through the grating, her slippers and nuptial robes, which are preserved with great care; and she added, though not to my conviction, that innumerable miracles had been performed by her relics and intercession.

The cathedral of Bourges is a most magnificent edifice, though the external architecture of the building does not correspond in beauty or symmetry to its interior. The church is of prodigious dimensions, and the quantity of painted glass which it contains is scarcely inferior to that at Gouda in Holland. John, duke of Berri, and brother to Charles V. king of France, lies buried in the subterranean chapel, under the cathedral, beneath a marble tomb of costly workmanship.

Few other objects present themselves to the eye, in this city, except ruins.

If Charles VII. could revive, I am persuaded he would perfectly recognise the place, which appears to have undergone very little alteration, or

received any embellishment, during more than three centuries which have elapsed since his death.

Louis XI. was born at Bourges, and in the Hotel deVille is a painting descriptive of this event. France, under the figure of a woman, appears rising from her throne to receive the medallion of that monarch, which is presented to her by the genius of Berri.

This province, though large, and naturally fertile, is little cultivated or improved; a circumstance chiefly occasioned by the want of any navigable river, which might convey the grain and other productions to different quarters of the kingdom.

On the 7th of May I left Bourges; and in my road staid some hours at Mehun-sur-Yeure, to contemplate the magnificent remains of the castle. It is only four leagues distant from Bourges, and is rendered famous in history by the death of Charles VII. of France, who constructed it, and who died there in 1461, by a voluntary abstinence from food, originating from the apprehension of being poisoned by his own son, Louis XI. The situation of the castle ill corresponds with the grandeur of the structure. It stands in a wide extended plain, sheltered by deep woods, and at its foot flows the little river Yeure, which dividing at the spot into several streams, forms a number of marshy islands covered with willows. Though the castle of Mehun has been burnt by lightening, as well as greatly injured by time, and the depredations of the neighbouring peasants, yet its ruins are even now inexpressibly august and beautiful. The great tower is very perfect; and three of the apartments which appear to have been rooms of state, might almost be inhabited at present. The chamber where, as it is said, the unhappy king expired, is in one of the smaller towers, the entrance into which is obstructed by the stones which have fallen from above. The whole edifice is composed of a stone nearly equal to marble in whiteness and durability, and is sur-

rounded by a deep ditch. In the centre stands the chapel, the workmanship and delicacy of which are astonishing. This castle is one of the finest monuments, now existing in Europe, of the taste and style of architecture in the fifteenth century.

I pursued my journey through the provinces of Berri and Sologne to Orleans, where I arrived the ensuing day. The entrance into it is noble and striking from the south, over a fine bridge across the Loire, of nine arches. The city itself is, in general, very meanly built, and the streets narrow; one only excepted, which leads from the bridge, and is composed of modern, elegant buildings. In this street stands the celebrated monument, where Charles VII. and the Maid of Orleans are represented on their knees before the body of our Saviour, who lies extended on the lap of the Virgin. It was erected by order of that monarch, in 1458, to perpetuate his victories over the English, and their expulsion from his dominions. All the figures are of iron. The king appears bareheaded, and by him lies his helmet, surmounted with a crown. Opposite to him is the maid herself, in the same attitude of grateful devotion to Heaven. It is a most precious and invaluable historical monument.

In the Hotel de Ville is a portrait of the same extraordinary woman, executed in 1581, which was near one hundred and thirty years after her decease; yet it is the oldest original picture of her now existing. The painter seems to have drawn a flattering resemblance of her, and to have given his heroine imaginary charms. Her face though long, is of exceeding beauty, heightened by an expression of intelligence and grandeur rarely united. Her hair falls loosely down her back, and she wears on her head a sort of bonnet encircled with pearls, and shaded with white plumes, tied under her chin with a string. About her neck is a little collar, and lower down, upon her bosom, a necklace composed of small

ncks. Her dress fits close to the body, and is cut or slashed at the arms and elbows. Round her waist is an embroidered girdle, and in her right hand she holds the sword with which she expelled the enemies of her sovereign and her country.

The environs of Orleans, more especially in the province of Sologne, to the south of the Loire, are very agreeable. It is in general a level country, covered with corn and vines. During my stay there I visited La Source, a villa rendered famous by the abode of Henry St. John, lord Bolingbroke, who passed the chief part of his exile in this retreat. Near the house in a hollow dell is the celebrated spring from which the place has received its name. The water rises out of the earth, from a very narrow aperture, in a prodigious column, and forms immediately a considerable river, called the Loiret, which, after winding its course about two leagues, is lost in the Loire. The gentleman to whom the place now belongs has deformed and totally disfigured this beautiful fountain, by an ill-judged and mistaken taste. Instead of a dark and gloomy hollow, shaded by deep woods, and adapted to the genius of the scene, in the midst of which the spring formerly rose with violence out of the earth, he has enlarged the opening from whence it issues; and it now only appears to bubble up without force, in the middle of a shallow artificial bason. No trees of any kind conceal or shelter it from view; and after first passing through a narrow channel, it is dispersed in the form of a looking-glass before the house.

I left Orleans on Sunday the 12th, and arrived at Blois the same evening. Curiosity to visit the tomb of Louis XI. who is interred at Notre Dame de Clery, induced me to take the road through that place, though less direct. I passed the bridge of St. Mesmin, memorable for the assassination of Francis, duke of Guise, with Brantome in my hand; and attempted, from his minute and exact description, to ascertain

the precise spot where that illustrious prince was killed by Meré Poltrot, during the civil wars of France under Charles IX.

The church of Clery was built by Louis XI. who had always a singular and capricious devotion for the Virgin Mary, to whom it is dedicated. From a similar superstition, he ordered his body to be interred there, under a monument which he had himself erected. The Hugonots, in the civil wars under Catherine de Medicis, broke open his tomb, and scattered the bones about the church with a savage ferocity. Louis XIII. caused the present monument to be constructed in 1622, which is composed of white marble, and well executed. The king is on his knees in an attitude of prayer, his hands raised to heaven. His queen, Charlotte of Savoy, was originally buried in the same tomb, and Charles VIII. caused his own heart to be deposited there, near his father's remains.

I crossed the Loire again at Beaugency, and spent the whole afternoon in the gardens and groves of Menars. This was the seat of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, who began to improve the place, and bequeathed it at her death to the Marquis de Marigny, her only brother. The situation is of unparalleled beauty; and the eye is continually entertained on every side with a prospect the most extensive, delicious, and cultivated. Towns, palaces, and castles, intermixed with forests, hamlets, abbeys, and vineyards, are spread below: while a noble river pouring through the plain, diffuses plenty and fertility in its progress. The gardens themselves are laid out with great taste, and adorned with a number of statues, chiefly presented to the marquis by his late majesty Louis XV. Monsieur de Marigny has prodigiously improved the plan since the Marchioness of Pompadour's decease. The terrace does not yield to that of Windsor or of St. Germain; and the woods, through which winds a murmuring rivulet, are of the most secluded appearance. In the midst of them, con-

cealed under a thick cover of trees, appears a Cupid, who seems as if just alighted on a pedestal covered with roses. Nothing can exceed the archness of his looks; but he has his finger on his lips, to invite confidence.

It is impossible for any person to be destitute of some emotions of pleasure, at the view of a place so renowned in history, as Blois. I cannot describe what I felt when I looked upon the castle, where Louis XII. the father of his people, was born; where Isabella of Bavaria, and Mary of Medicis, queens of France, were imprisoned; within whose walls the Duke and the Cardinal of Guise were sacrificed to the vengeance of Henry III.; where Valentia of Milan, where Anne of Bretagne, and Claude her daughter, died; and, to close this august series of princes, where Catherine of Medicis, so renowned for her genius and her crimes, likewise expired. I trode with reverence over the ground, rendered in some degree sacred; and viewed with a solemn delight the towers once inhabited by queens and monarchs, now tending to decay, or covered with ivy, which spreads a twilight through the apartments at noon-day. An air of melancholy and departed greatness is strongly diffused through the whole palace, and increased by the silence which universally reigns around.

The castle of Blois stands on a rock, immediately above the Loire, and commands a view of the most captivating beauty. The ancient Counts of Blois held their constant residence here, and constructed the original castle, of which no remains now exist, except one large round tower. The eastern and southern sides, as they now subsist, were built by Louis XII. and over the grand gateway is an equestrian statue of him, habited in a coat of mail.

The style of architecture merits great attention; and some of the figures, which support the windows, are of a nature so very indecent, that in the state of

refinement to which modern manners have attained, it excites our surprize how a prince so virtuous as Louis XII. or a queen so rigid and so reserved in her manners as was Anne of Bretagne, could ever have permitted them to be placed in the most conspicuous part of a royal palace. It is a striking proof of the gross and unpolished manners of the sixteenth century, though not of the morals.

The northern front of the castle was built by Francis I. soon after his accession to the throne of France. A more splendid style, a workmanship approaching, in delicacy and elegance, to the Greek and Roman architecture, discriminates it from the former, and marks a more refined and liberal age. The apartments are all spacious and magnificent, though now dismantled and neglected. I was shewn the celebrated chamber in which Henry, duke of Guise, was assassinated, in 1588, by order of Henry III. The stones which were tinged with his blood, have been almost scraped away by the curiosity of successive travellers. At the western extremity of the building is the tower of Chateau Regnaud, famous for having been the scene of the murder of the Cardinal of Guise. I descended into the dungeon where that ambitious and unfortunate prelate passed the night previous to his execution, with his companion, the Archbishop of Lyons. Two doors of massy iron open into a gloomy chamber, vaulted, and into which the light is only admitted by one small window closed with iron bars. In the middle of the floor is a round hole, sufficiently large to receive the body of a man, and under it are three ranges of dungeons, one beneath the other. The cardinal himself was put to death in a sort of recess hollowed into the wall, on the day following that of his brother, the Duke of Guise. They both perished the just martyrs of their inordinate ambition.

At the eastern termination of the northern front is the Salle des Etats, where Henry III. assembled the states twice during his distracted reign. It is a vast

hill, now disused, and almost in ruins. In the chimney, the bodies of the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, after their assassination, are said to have been consumed to ashes. The western front is the work of Gaston Duke of Orleans, son of Henry IV. and brother to Louis XIII. It is a beautiful and magnificent edifice, but was unhappily left incomplete by his death, in 1659. Mansard was the architect whom he employed in its construction; and more than three hundred thousand livres were uselessly expended on this sumptuous building, which is uninhabitable, and already far gone in decay. Gaston himself foretold the future state of incompletion and ruin in which it would be left; and in that conviction exclaimed, as he lay expiring, "Domus mea, domus desolationis in eternum!"

The gardens of the castle, which were formerly very extensive, are now converted into private property; and the superb gallery which was constructed by Henry IV. to divide the upper and lower gardens, is only to be traced in its ruins. The walk of Catherine of Medicis, however, still subsists; it is of a prodigious length, extending to the forests of Blois, and forming an avenue to the castle, truly royal.

I went to visit Chambord, the famous palace of Francis I. which is about four leagues from hence, on the southern side of the Loire. It stands in a low situation, surrounded by deep woods, and has all the appearance of one of Tasso's, or Ariosto's enchanted castles. The magnitude of the whole structure, together with the numerous turrets, pinnacles, domes, and towers, over which the lapse of two centuries begins to throw an air of decay, and waning splendor, produce an effect on the beholder difficult to be described. Thick forests surround it on all sides, and in the front scarcely flows a little river, called the Cousson, black and full of sedges. The palace is moated round, in the gloomy taste of the age in which it was built; but the architecture of it,

though strictly Gothic, is full of beauty and elegance. A grand staircase in the centre of the building, leads to the different ranges of apartments; and by a singular contrivance it is rendered double, so that two persons may ascend or descend at the same time, without ever seeing or meeting each other.

The chambers though now unfurnished, and beginning to feel the injurious effects of time, are still extremely magnificent. Those which were occupied by the late Mareschal Saxe, are not entirely without furniture, and have been in some degree modernized. In many of them beams are stretched across to support the ceilings. Catherine of Medicis, who had been informed by an astrologer that she was in danger of being crushed under the ruins of a house, caused them to be placed in this manner, to secure her from the fatal consequences of the prediction.

Immense sums of money were expended by Francis I. in the construction of Chambord; and eighteen hundred workmen were employed during twelve years in its completion. There are said to be twelve hundred large, and four hundred smaller, apartments in the palace. Francis entertained the emperor Charles V. with his accustomed magnificence and splendor, in 1540. Henry II. made some additions to the palace. His father's device, a *Salamander in the flames,* is seen in almost every part of the building.

Since the decease of Mareschal Saxe, Chambord is hastening to decay. Louis XIV. made several visits to it, to enjoy the pleasure of hunting; but his successor totally neglected it, and many hundred thousand livres must now be expended on the palace, before it could be rendered fit to lodge and receive a sovereign.

The city of Blois is meanly built, and many of the houses are coëval with the castle itself. It stands on the declivity of the hill, along the northern bank of the river., and is joined to a considerable suburb,

on the opposite side of the Loire, by a modern bridge. No language can describe the beauty of the Loire, or the fertility of the country through which it flows. The extreme poverty and misery of the peasants, in the midst of a delicious paradise, producing in the greatest abundance all the necessaries and elegancies of life, impresses one with pity, wonder, and indignation. There is much magnificence, but still more distress; one princely chateau surrounded with a thousand wretched hamlets; the most studied and enervate luxury among the higher orders of society, contrasted with beggary and nakedness among the people, forcibly strike the contemplative mind.

The road from Blois to Tours is one of the most agreeable in France, and lies along the bank of the river Loire. Hills, whose sides are covered with vines; forests, among which appear spires and villas; or wide plains, cultivated with the greatest industry, continually diversify and enliven the scene.

I stopped some hours to view the castle of Chaumont. t is built on a high point of land, about five leagues below Blois, on the southern bank of the Loire, and commands a most extensive prospect. The pile is Gothic, and was constructed about the middle of the fifteenth century, by the lords of the house of Amboise. The cardinal of that name, the virtuous and incorrupt minister of Louis XII. was himself born there, and the devices of his family are yet distinctly to be traced on the great towers of the castle.

Henry II. made a present of the castle to his mistress, Diana de Poitiers, duchess of Valentinois, so celebrated in the annals of France. She improved and enlarged it very considerably. On the death of her royal lover, in 1559, Catherine of Medicis, who had long envied her the possession of Chaumont, rather compelled than requested the duchess to renounce it in her favour; but by an act of generosity becoming a queen, she presented Diana, in return,

the palace of Chenonceaux-sur-Cher. Soon after the death of Catherine, Chaumont fell into the hands of the Viscount de Sardini, a Lucquese nobleman, who had married a lady of the house of Limeül, distantly allied to that princess. Exactly opposite to it, and about a mile distant from the Loire, stands the castle of Onzain, in which Louis, prince of Condé, who was afterwards killed at Jarnac, in 1569, was imprisoned by Catherine of Medicis, after the battle of Dreux, and during the subsequent siege of Orleans.

I arrived at Amboise on the 16th of May. The town is humble and ill-built, but has been rendered famous in history by the conspiracy of the protestants, in 1560, which gave rise to the fatal wars of religion in France. The castle is situated on a craggy rock, extremely difficult of access. At its foot flows the Loire, which is divided into two streams by a small island. Only two detached parts of the ancient castle now remain, one of which was constructed by Charles VIII. and the other by Francis I. From the hill behind the castle, is seen another of those enchanted landscapes, which these provinces of France continually exhibit, and where the eye is delighted with a profusion of natural beauties.

I proceeded the ensuing day to Chanteloup, the palace of the Duke de Choiseul, about a mile from Amboise. Neither the situation nor the views are attractive. The prospect which it commands is very limited, and the Loire, although at so inconsiderable a distance, is scarcely seen from the upper appartments. The rooms which I was allowed to view, though splendid, were equally destitute of any production of painting or of sculpture; and fell far short of the magnificent ideas which I had been taught to preconceive of Chanteloup. The duke has, notwithstanding, spent immense sums on this palace, and is employed in constructing additional chambers, which will surpass all those already finished, in grandeur and elegance.

From thence I continued my journey to Tours, which is built in a fine plain, on the southern bank of the Loire. The surrounding country surpasses in fertility; and every eminence, within several miles of the place, is occupied either by convents or villas. Among the former, is the celebrated monastery of Marmoutier, from whence Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. was carried off, in 1417, by John Sans Peur, duke of Burgundy.

I made an excursion, on the 20th, to Loches, which is ten leagues distant from this place, through a delicious plain watered by the Cher, the Indre, and a number of rivulets, that fertilize the meadows through which they wind their course. The castle of Loches was, in former ages, the usual place of confinement for prisoners of the highest quality. Its origin remounts to the most remote antiquity, nor is there any tradition which pretends to ascertain the name of its founder, or the time of its construction. It has been enlarged, rebuilt, and fortified by several successive sovereigns. Charles VII. frequently held his court and residence there during the former part of his reign; and René, duke of Alençon, one of the princes of the blood royal, was long detained there a prisoner by that monarch's order, on account of his treasonable practices. In one of the apartments is the iron cage, in which Louis XI. confined the Cardinal de la Balue more than nine years. This inhuman engine of punishment is not above eleven feet square. The cardinal was, at length, released in 1481, at the intercession of the reigning pope, during the long state of weakness and debility which preceded the king's decease.

I viewed the chamber where the perfidious Ludovico Sforza, the Moor, duke of Milan, was imprisoned by Louis XII. from the year 1500 to 1510. It is a large apartment, vaulted, and in that age, was not improper for the confinement of a sovereign

prince. Only one window, secured by three gratings of iron, admits light into the room, and in the midst of summer the rays of the sun enter through this opening, about the hour of noon, only for a a few minutes. Over the chimney is the figure of a head, supposed to be Sforza's, covered with a helmet.

I quitted this chamber, and descended with my guide, by the light of a torch, into the Oubliettes, or subterranean dungeons. They are labyrinths hollowed into the earth, of a vast extent, and totally destitute of light. The air itself was so moist and unwholesome, that it almost extinguished the flambeau. The man who attended me, made me remark circular holes in many places of the incumbent rock, through which they let down the wretched victims destined to perish in these caverns. Doors of massy iron closed up the entrance, and prevented all possibility of succour or escape. I was glad to leave these dismal abodes of darkness and horror, to revisit the cheerful day. The greater part of the castle of Loches is now in ruins; but it is, notwithstanding, still used for the confinement of persons accused of crimes of state; and it then contained a gentleman who had been immured more than three years, but whose offence was unknown.

In the principal church of Loches, before the high altar, is interred the celebrated Agnes Soreille, mistress to Charles VII. who died in 1449. The monument is composed of black marble, and on it are her effigies, executed in white alabaster. If the figure may be supposed to resemble her, she was feminine and delicate to the utmost degree. The face is perfectly correspondent to the other parts, and conveys an idea of uncommon loveliness, mixed with exquisite fragility. Her hands which are joined in the act of prayer, are models of symmetry and proportion. Round her head is tied a broad fillet, studded with pearls; and a sort of necklace composed of the same ornaments falls on her bosom. She lies upon an em-

broidered cushion; her dress is simple and modest, concealing her limbs from view; and at her feet are placed two lambs, emblematical of her name, Agnes. Time has begun to injure and deface the figure and the tomb in many parts. I viewed it with extreme satisfaction during some minutes, from the recollection of that magnanimity which actuated her conduct, and which she infused into her lover, when sinking under the superior power of his enemies. Among the many favourites of princes whose names history has preserved, none appear to have been more worthy of a monarch's attachment, and a nation's love, than was Agnes Soreille. A thousand fables respecting her are yet preserved among the inhabitants of Loches; her beauty, her liberality, and her power over the king, form the principal subjects of these traditions. It is certain that she resided frequently at Beaulieu, a little town, only divided from Loches by the river Indre, and where are still seen the remains of a chateau which belonged to her. As she died at the abbey of Jumieges, in Normandy, her body was brought by her express command to this church, to which, in her life-time, she had made very ample donations. Louis XI. though he neither honoured his father's memory, nor respected Agnes, yet protected her remains, and rejected the petition of the canons of the church, who, by an act of ingratitude to their benefactress, had requested that her tomb might be removed and demolished.

I next visited the castle of Plessez-les-Tours, so famous for having been the scene of the illness and death of Louis XI. in 1483. I felt a secret horror as I entered the court, and surveyed the walls once covered with iron spikes, where a continual guard kept watch during the last sad hours of the guilty and expiring monarch. Plessez is situated only half a league from Tours, in a plain surrounded by woods, at a little distance from the Loire. The building is

yet handsome, though only composed of brick, and now converted to purposes of commerce. In the chapel, on the right hand of the high altar, is a masterly and beautiful portrait of Louis XI. himself, dressed in complete armour. Within his left arm, which lies on his breast, is a standard; and with his right hand he takes off his helmet, in the act of salutation to the Virgin Mary and her infant. His harsh and unpleasing features are softened into a smile of pleasure and complacency. He seems to extend his left hand towards the child, whose eye is fixed on his with eagerness. These indications of tenderness have given room to suppose, that by the figures of Mary and of our Saviour, are designed Charlotte of Savoy his queen, and Charles VIII. his son. Her habit, which is royal, the diadem on her head, and more than all, a resemblance between the infant and the king, which is very striking, strongly confirm this supposition.

Tours is an unpleasant and ill-built city; but several projected improvements, some of which are already executed, will, probably, in a few years materially alter its appearance.

At Langeais, about seven leagues from Tours, I stopped to examine the remains of the castle, which are yet noble, though decayed and in ruins. It is rendered celebrated in history by the nuptials of Anne of Bretagne with Charles VIII. which were solemnized there in 1488. I arrived at the city of Saumur the same evening. Five leagues from this place stands the abbey of Fontevrauld, where Henry II. and Richard I. of England are interred. It is situated in a valley near the confines of Anjou, on the side of Touraine. Rocky hills rise behind it, and thick woods conceal it almost entirely from view. An air of melancholy and silence reigns on all sides, peculiarly characteristic of, and suitable to, the gloomy devotion of monastic life. As I walked under the high and

venerable rows of elms in the gardens of the convent, it was impossible for me not to feel, in some degree, those awful sensations which are naturally inspired by these religious solitudes. The abbey was founded in the year 1096, by Robert d'Arbrissel. Its reputation for sanctity, and its vicinity to Chinon, at which city Henry II. died, were probably the causes of his being interred at Fontevrauld, which was not the burial place of his progenitors, the Counts of Anjou. Sentiments of penitence and contrition for his filial disobedience, induced Richard I. to order, in his dying moments, that his body should be laid at the feet of his father, Henry. Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of the one, and mother of the other, prince, lies buried in the same tomb; as do likewise Jane Queen of Sicily and Countess of Provence, daughter to Henry II. and Elizabeth of Angoulême, widow to John king of England. The figures of all these sovereigns are carved in stone upon the monument itself; but as that is inclosed within the grate, in the part of the choir where the abbess and nuns assembled for public devotion, no interest or entreaties could possibly procure me admittance into this sacred inclosure; and I was consequently prevented from observing it with that minuteness and attention which I could have wished.

Fontevrauld, besides the respect derived from its antiquity, has been ever considered as one of the most honourable and important ecclesiastical benefices in France. Many princesses of the blood have successively governed it, and the revenues are immense. The number of religious, of both sexes, under the abbess's direction, amounts to more than two hundred, and her authority, both temporal and spiritual, is very extensive.

I returned back to Saumur the same evening, and left it again on the 25th of May. The town is small, but pleasantly situated on the Loire, across which is a long bridge, continued through a number of islands. Saumur was anciently a most important pass over the

river, and of consequence was frequently and fiercely disputed by either party, during the civil wars of France in the sixteenth century. The castle overlooks the town and river. It is built on a lofty eminence, and has a venerable and majestic appearance, though now only used as a prison of state. The kings of Sicily, and dukes of Anjou, of the house of Valois, who descended from John king of France, often resided in the castle of Saumur, as it constituted a part of their Angevin dominions.

The distance from Saumur to Angers is about thirteen leagues, and the greater part of the road lies along the banks of the Loire. Anjou appears not to yield in fertility or beauty to any province of the kingdom. It produces wines of the most delicious and exquisite flavour, among which that of Champigny, a little village near Fontevrauld, is particularly admired.

I made a stay of two days in Angers. This city stands in a plain, and is divided into La haute and La basse ville by the river Mayenne, which winds through meadows, and falls into the Loire five miles below. The castle was built by St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The walls, fosses, and numerous towers which yet subsist, evince its former magnificence; and its situation in the centre of the city, on a rock overhanging the river, conduces to give it an air of grandeur, though at present it is in decay. It was the principal residence of the kings of Sicily, as dukes of Anjou. The cathedral of Angers is a venerable structure, and although it has undergone many alterations in the course of ages since its construction, yet the architecture is singular and attractive. Here lies interred, with her ancestors, the renowned Margaret, daughter of René, king of Sicily, and queen of Henry VI. of England. She expired, after her many intrepid, but ineffectual, efforts to replace her husband on the throne, in the year 1482, at the castle of Dampierre, in Anjou. The English historians seem

to have paid little attention to this illustrious princess in her retirement and obscurity, after Louis XI. of France had ransomed her from Edward IV. She was the favourite child of René, who solemnly renounced, in favour of the king of France, all his claims on the province of Anjou and the duchy of Lorraine, to obtain her freedom. In his court, and under his protection, she remained at Aix in Provence, the usual place of that prince's residence, till his death obliged her to return into the Angevin territories. She was there received by a gentleman, named Vignole, who had been long in her father's service, and who afforded her an asylum. Henry Earl of Richmond, who was afterwards victorious at Bosworth, and who was then a fugitive in Bretagne, went from Vannes to visit her, and ask her advice. She strongly urged him to his attempt against the house of York, though she did not survive to be a witness of his success. No remains of that commanding beauty, which she had once possessed, accompanied her in the decline of life. A French writer has drawn the portrait of Margaret when near her end; and it impresses both with horror and compassion. It shews the transience of beauty, and the triumph of years in their truest colours.

Angers is of very considerable size, but the buildings and streets are almost as mean and as old as those of Bourges. The walls, with which John king of England surrounded it in 1214, remain nearly entire, and are of a very large circumference.

I slept on the 27th at La Flêche, a pretty town on the confines of Anjou. In the church which belonged to the Jesuits are the hearts of Henry IV. and Mary of Medicis, which were deposited there by the express command of those princes. I entered the province of Maine next morning. It is ten leagues from La Flêche to Mans, through a country much inclosed and finely wooded. The situation of Mans is very pleasant, near the junction of two little rivers, which wind through a delicious plain. I ascended to the top of

the cathedral, to enjoy one of the finest inland prospects that can be conceived. Towards Normandy and Perche it is lost in clouds at a great distance, and on the side of Bretagne extends the forest of Mans, the scene of that extraordinary phantom which is said to have appeared to Charles VI. of France, and which was a principal cause of his subsequent insanity. The city of Mans is small, but preferable to Angers in elegance and regularity. It formerly constituted, together with the province of which it is the capital, a part of our Henry II's hereditary dominions, in right of his mother Matilda. In the year 1216, Philip Augustus conquered Maine from John, and annexed the province to the crown of France.

It was late in the day when I left Mans, and as Alençon is twelve leagues distant, I was obliged to stop at a little town named Beaumont-le-Viscomte, situated near the confines of Maine and Normandy, on the side of a steep hill, at the foot of which runs a rivulet, and from whence a delicious landscape is seen on all sides. I got to Alençon the ensuing morning. The place is of considerable size, washed by the little river Sarte, and stands in the midst of an extensive plain. I slept at Seez, an ancient city, and continued my route next day to L'Aigle, a small town; but well known in history by its castle, though scarce any traces of it now remain. Our annals inform us, that William the Conqueror frequently resided there in his visits to these his hereditary dominions.

Having crossed a considerable part of Normandy, I reached the city of Evreux, which is situated in a deep vale surrounded with lofty hills; and pursuing my journey, arrived at Rouen on the last of May. Rouen is too well known, and too frequently visited, to render any long description of it necessary. The Seine is beautiful both above and below the place, covered with little islands overgrown with wood, and running at the foot of a range of lofty mountains. Near its

bank, at one extremity of the city, are yet seen the remains of the palace which Henry V. of England began in 1419, and which was completed under his unfortunate son Henry VI. in 1443. At a small distance from it is a tower, in which John Duke of Bedford confined the Maid of Orleans previous to her trial. A statue is erected to her on the spot where her cruel sentence was executed, and an inscription engraven beneath it in her honour. Who would not die, to merit two of the lines which compose it?

——"Exuit flammis quod mortale,
Superest gloria nunquam moritura!"——

I went from hence to visit a little priory, called Notre Dame de bonnes Nouvelles, situated on the southern bank of the Seine, and which was founded by William the Conqueror, previous to his successful attempt on the English crown. It is said that his wife Matilda being at her devotions in this church, intelligence arrived that the Duke of Normandy had gained the important battle of Hastings; and from this circumstance it obtained the name which it retains at present. Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. kings of England, were buried there; but six hundred years have totally erased the inscription on her tomb, of which there are now no traces discernible. This princess, as being duchess of Normandy, resided frequently at Rouen, and she constructed the ancient bridge across the Seine, of which the ruins yet remain, though it has long since become useless as a means of communication.

The cathedral is one of the most magnificent monuments of Gothic architecture to be found in France. It was built under William the Conqueror's reign, and entirely completed in 1063. I trode with reverential awe among the tombs of the numerous kings and princes who are interred in different parts of the edi-

fice. Here lies Rolla the Dane, founder of the Norman line, destined to ascend the English throne; a hero almost lost in the barbarism and distance of the times in which he flourished! Two of his descendants, dukes of Normandy, are buried near him. The heart of Richard I. king of England, which, when dying, he ordered to be deposited in the cathedral of Rouen, is placed on the right hand of the high altar. It was originally preserved in a shrine of massy silver; but during the extreme distress occasioned by the want of money to defray the expences of St. Louis's ransom, when taken prisoner at Damieta in Egypt, this splendid repository was applied to the necessities of the state. Prince Henry, the elder brother of Richard, who died at the castle of Martel, in Quercy, in 1183, lies buried on the opposite side. Near these, repose all that is mortal of John Duke of Bedford; an illustrious name, revered even by his enemies, and almost without a blemish. Behind the altar, under a monument of exquisite workmanship, is interred the great Cardinal Amboise, minister to Louis XII. whose memory France will honour as long as patriotism and integrity are cherished among men. He is represented on the tomb, kneeling and in prayer. The monument of Louis de Brezé, Senechal of Normandy, and Count de Maulevrier, who died in 1531, is one of the most masterly and beautiful productions of the chisel. The figure of the count himself is extended at full length, and is beautifully executed: on one side is the Virgin Mary, and on the other appears his widow, the celebrated Diana de Poitiers, afterwards the favourite mistress of Henry II. She looks down on the body of her husband; in the attitude and dress of a mourner.

Rouen, though large and enriched by commerce, is not an elegant city. The streets are almost all narrow, crooked and dirty; the buildings old and irregular. It was fortified by St. Louis in 1253, but the walls are now demolished. The environs, more peculiarly the

hills which overlook the Seine, are charmingly agreeable, and are covered with magnificent villas.

After a short stay at Rouen, Mr. Wraxall embarked for England; and concluded a tour of considerable extent, which no person of taste can read without pleasure and approbation.

TOUR

THROUGH THE

NORTHERN PARTS OF EUROPE,

PARTICULARLY

COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM,

AND

PETERSBURGH,

IN THE YEAR 1774.

BY NATHANIEL WRAXALL, ESQ.

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

THE ingenious author of this tour is so well known, that it is unnecessary, in the present day, to give any particulars respecting him; and posterity will be at no loss to distinguish him among those who have contributed to inform or amuse the public, by his various valuable publications.

The present tour, which, in order of time, precedes that through France already given, is written on the same plan, and possesses the same merit. To preserve uniformity, and at the same time to do justice to the author, we have therefore given both in the same manner.

Mr. Wraxall's object on this occasion, was to visit the three northern capitals and courts, and to describe the prominent features of each. He has not, however, been inattentive to other subjects which solicit the regard of an enlightened traveller. He has neither encumbered his narrative with details, which more properly belong to history and geography; nor omitted such a view of the scenes through which he passed, as was likely to afford entertainment or instruction.

We commence our acquaintance with him, just as he was about to land on the island of Zealand; and as far as circumstances allow, adopt his own easy and elegant mode of description.

April 19th, 1774, about sun-rise, says Mr. Wraxall, I landed at Elsinoor: it was a pleasant day, though cold. I presented my letters of introduction to Mr. Fenwick, the English consul, who received me very politely; and as he was much engaged with a multitude of business, sent a domestic to attend me over the castle of Cronsberg.

This fortress stands at the narrowest part of the Sound, and was probably intended to command its entrance; but it appears doubtful if it would answer this purpose against a resolute enemy. It is a noble pile, built early in the last century by Christian IV. and was then often honoured with the royal residence. It is of a square form, and within is a fine quadrangle. The turrets at the corners are very superb, and in the most improved style of Gothic architecture. I was shewn several large apartments, which are still denominated the king's: there is nothing, however, in them royal, except some gilt leather chairs of equal antiquity with the castle, and several daubings of kings mounted on white steeds. I desired to see the chambers which were occupied by her present majesty, queen Matilda, during her confinement here; but they are, I find, those in which the colonel-commandant resides, who it seems had humanity and politeness enough to resign his, during her stay, as the royal apartments were not fit to be inhabited at the inclement season of the year when she was committed here; nor do they appear capable of being made comfortable at any season.

While I was surveying the court below, a poor slave * fetttered, came up, and taking off his cap,

* All misdemeanors are punished with the Danes by servitude in chains a longer or shorter time, according to the offence.

addressed me in French: I was charmed to meet with any thing with which I could converse; for the Danish sentinel who accompanied me could only transmit his ideas in his own language, which to me was perfectly unintelligible. I therefore entered into conversation with the French captive, and asked him if he was here when the queen Matilda was confined? "Ah! Monsieur," said he, "I saw her every day; I had the honour to turn the spit for her majesty's dinner; she even promised to endeavour to procure me my liberty. I assure you," added he, warmly, "she was the most amiable princess in the world." I could not resist the force of his compliment to an English and an injured queen. I put my hand in my pocket, aud gave him some half dozen stivers. Matilda was his benefactress, and I bid him thank her, not me.

About a quarter of a mile from Elsinoor, is a little hunting seat, where the king drives down frequently for a few hours in the summer. Nothing is worth seeing in or about the building; but the prospect from the roof is beautiful beyond expression: it looks down on the town of Elsinoor and castle of Cronsberg, and commands beyond these the sound and coast of Sweden for a vast way. The town of Helsimborg in Sweden, which is exactly opposite, forms a fine object.

I peeped into the Danish church here; and was carried up to the high altar, which was entirely covered with a curtain. I expected a Corregio, or a Raphael, thus guarded. However, on drawing aside the veil, I found it was only a collection of saints, martyrs, and apostles, in wooden alto-relievo, all dressed out in gold leaf, with king Christian V. in the middle of them, who seemed to stare like a man in amazement; probably, at finding himself in such company. I was disappointed, and yet could not help smiling at my mistake. On turning round, I found myself surrounded by a number of yellow-haired boys and girls, who had formed themselves into a semi-circle to look at the stranger. I was as much pleased to look at

them, as they could be at me; and selecting one of the girls, whose *cheveux blondins* hung down her neck in loose disorder, and whose whole figure was a beauty in miniature, for she appeared to be only about eleven years of age, I went up to her, and presented her with a stiver. The "*detur pulchriori*" was not more legibly written by the hand of nature on Paris's apple, than it was on my bit of silver; but my goddess was too young and too innocent to interpret it.

Mr. Fenwick's agreeable company and entertainment, detained me at Elsinoor till four o'clock or later, and I had then twenty-two miles to go in a chaise to Copenhagen. This vehicle, which was an indefinable somewhat, apparently begot by a coach upon a cart, and partaking very much of both kinds, was drawn by four little Danish horses; and notwithstanding it appeared to me, when I got into it, very ill calculated for speed; yet the driver whipped his cattle so frequently and so well, that I got to the capital about nine o'clock, which in this country is travelling at a great rate.

The appearance of the country between Elsinoor and the capital did not much strike me; but I must confess I saw it through a very bad medium, as I could not keep myself warm the whole way, though wrapt up in my great coat. The day closed-in a long league before I reached the metropolis, and I was indebted to the moon for her light the remainder of the road. After the officers had stopped me at the gates, inquired my name, and searched my trunks, I was set down at an inn opposite the royal palace.

After some general visits, and private avocations, during the first week of my abode in Copenhagen, I was accompanied, on the morning of the 25th, by two gentlemen, to Count Moltcke's palace. It is very splendid; and a fine taste is shewn in the choice collection of the paintings which cover the grand drawing-room. Count Moltcke himself, who accompanied his present Danish majesty to England, lives now in a

state of retirement, suited to his advanced age, and diminished influence over affairs of state. He was the favourite, and the minister of Frederick V. and so despotic was his sway during the concluding period of the late reign, when the king, from personal and mental incapacities, scarce could wield the sceptre, that he was commonly called Konig, or King Moltcke.

The round-tower in Copenhagen is very singular. It was built by Christian IV. under whom the celebrated Tycho Brahé flourished, and designed for an observatory. There is not a single step in it, though very lofty. The ascent is by a spiral road, of near fourteen feet broad, from the bottom to its summit. A professor, who shewed me over it, assured me, that one of their kings, drove in his carriage up and down it; and he even produced a book, as I doubted it, to prove the veracity of his assertion. I must own it may be easily done, though probably at some risk of the driver's neck.

Every person of fashion here speaks French, and many of them English. The gentlemen of the army and navy, in particular, are almost universally habituated to those languages: there were at least several of them, with whom I fortunately fell into company, extremely disposed to treat a stranger with every mark of urbanity and politeness; and I had abundant reason to be grateful for their civilities.

The weather was still very cold, for some time after my arrival: we had hail almost every day; nor were there as yet any marks of that sweet season, which the Italians so justly denominate the *gioventu del anno*, but which is pretty much unknown to Danish poets. Indeed, I apprehend the year is more properly divided here into the summer and winter, than as with us into four seasons. A short summer succeeds to the long series of cold and darkness, which environs them from October till April; and during this period, they often experience very great heats for a few days, or sometimes weeks. Certainly man is much affected by

physical causes, and one is not surprized to find the elegant arts chiefly confined to luxurious and southern climates, and faintly raising their heads amid these snowy and inhospitable regions, where the inhabitants seem in some degree to partake of the asperities of their soil, and where royal munificence, however unbounded, can only raise a few sickly and straggling plants.

So few persons visit this metropolis or kingdom from motives of curiosity, that they were quite surprized when I assured them I had no sort of business here, and was only employed in the search of knowledge. A short time, however, is adequate to the completion of every purpose of this kind at Copenhagen.

There is no face of industry or business here; and Copenhagen, though one of the finest ports in the world, can boast of little commerce. The public places are filled with officers, either in the land or sea service, and they appear to constitute three-fourths of the audience at the comedy and the opera. The number of forces are, indeed, much too large for this little kingdom, which has not been engaged in war these fifty years. They can boast, it is true, a vast extent of dominion; but of what importance are the barren and almost uninhabited mountains of Norway and Lapland, stretching to the pole; or the plains of Iceland, where the inhabitants are yet, and will probably ever remain, in the most profound barbarism? Their German dominions in Holstein are by far the most rich, and furnish a large part of the royal revenue. There needs, indeed, no stronger proof of the poverty of the kingdom, than the scarcity of specie. I saw no gold passing, and hardly any silver. They pay every thing in paper; and if a single dollar is lost at the card or the billiard-table, it is paid in a bill.

On the 27th, I went with a party of ladies to see the palace of Rosenbourg. It was constructed, as I am assured, by our celebrated Inigo Jones, and stands

in the middle of a large garden. It is small, and at present very little occupied by the king, or royal family. There is an air of antiquity in all the apartments, tapestry, and furniture, which is not displeasing, and impresses with respect. The hangings, which are not ill executed, represent the various actions by sea and land, which diversified the ancient wars between the Swedes and Danes, who seem always to have had the same national rivalship and animosity, which the French and English are distinguished for, and which it is probable, they will ever in some degree retain. At one end of this grand apartment, are three silver lions, as large as the life, which seem, by the ferocity and rudeness of their appearance, designed to characterize the age and nation in which they were cast. It is a sort of savage magnificence, which strikes more effeminate and luxurious times with wonder, to introduce such figures into a banqueting room of state.

Here are several small cabinets full of curious rarities, which the various sovereigns of Denmark have successively collected, and left to their posterity. Many of them are intrinsically valuable; others only preserved from some event or accident connected with them. Among the first is a saddle, on which Christian IV. made a kind of triumphal entry into Copenhagen. It is covered with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones; and the spurs are of gold, enriched with jewels. The coat worn by the king, and a light helmet on the same occasion, are likewise covered with pearls. The value is immense. They preserve, likewise, with great care, a handkerchief of that prince dyed with his blood, from a wound he received by a ball, which deprived him of an eye. The man who accompanied us, shewed me, with exultation in his countenance, a sword of Charles XII. of Sweden: it is such a sword as such a monarch may be supposed to have used, and would suit the meanest soldier: it, indeed, evinces his strength and vigorous frame of

body, by its size and weight. The blade is at least four feet long, and both the hilt and guard are entirely composed of brass.

I could not help smiling when I entered the chamber in which Christian IV. died. There are, indeed, some figures in it which may not improperly be termed celestial and angelic; but they are rather ill calculated for the regards of an expiring man, and would better become the cabinet of a young and healthful voluptuary. If his majesty had been a Mussulman, it might have been supposed he designed them as representatives of the Houris, in whose arms he was so soon to repose his wearied virtue, and forget the toils annexed to royalty; but it seems he died a Lutheran.

The promenade in the gardens of this palace constitute one of the chief amusements of the city, as they are always open, and on festivals or Sundays, are crowded with company. They are large, but not laid out with taste, or adorned with any productions of art; one statue only excepted of Hercules vanquishing the Næmean lion which stands under a portico raised to defend it from the inclemencies of the weather. This is of Italian workmanship, and the artist has found means to display great anatomical skill and beauty in the muscles of the hero.

Next day I went to see a private collection of rarities, paintings, &c. made by a Monsieur Spengler. He is by birth a Swiss, but his urbanity and learning have made him a citizen of the world. I have always found the great and good to be of no country. His pieces of painting are, for a private individual, numerous, and yet very select. Many of them have been presented by the masters themselves, as tributes of friendship or admiration, made to his genius or his heart. They are, indeed, mostly the production of German, Dutch, and Flemish artists. He is an excellent mechanist and anatomist, and has some pieces of workmanship in both those branches of science, cut by himself in ivory, which are reckoned chefs-

d'œuvres. I was not surprized to hear him call Dr. Fothergill his intimate friend; or to find that he kept up the closest correspondence with the celebrated Linnæus. In justice to Denmark, I ought to add, that his late majesty made this gentleman keeper of the royal museum, and that he enjoys a very easy competence. I was charmed to find that his elevated understanding, and uncommon talents, had not allied him to poverty, which is too commonly the case in every country.

I afterwards visited all the churches here, whether German, French, or Danish; but it is not in Lutheran places of devotion one must search for the productions of art and elegance; Madonnas and Magdalens are confined to catholic walls. There is one church here, indeed, where they have placed six statues of plaister before the high altar. As they have armed two of these with monstrous gilt swords, as big as Charles XII's. and a third is employed in blowing a trumpet, I must own I took them, at first sight, for a kind of guard drawn up to defend the holy place; but on a nearer approach, I found that they had christened them all, and placed their names, severally and respectively, at their feet, because there was nothing appropriate to distinguish them. To four of them they have applied the Jewish appellations of the angels, which occur in scripture, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, and Michael; but unhappily, when they had got so far, having yet two nameless figures, and no more angelic titles, they seem to have been at a sad loss; under one of them, therefore, they have put the word Cherub; and to the other, is affixed Jeremiell. Who the latter is, we leave those who are fond of such researches to discover.

The police of Copenhagen is exceedingly good, and one may walk through the whole city at midnight with the most perfect safety. No robberies, no assassinations are heard of. They wear no cloaks, nor conceal any stillettoes under their habits, as in the

southern kingdoms of Europe. Indeed, it is usually almost as quiet here at eleven o'clock at night, as in a country village; and scarce a coach rattles through the streets.

I do not think this capital can be above the fourth part of the size of London, possibly not so much. It is fortified towards the land by a fossé, always full of water. The streets are commonly of a good breadth, and the houses very neat and handsome. There is one very beautiful place here, which approaches nearer to a circus than a square; each side or division of which is only one palace, and in the centre is an equestrian statue, in bronze, of the late King Frederic V. I must own I was much more pleased with this, than with the Place de Victoires at Paris, and think it has a much better effect; but single beauties always appear to greater advantage than when numbers invite attention.

I had not had the honour of being presented to the sovereign here, as is customary with strangers from the other kingdoms of Europe. It was sufficient that I was an Englishman, not to wish it;* and, indeed, with so jealous an eye are we regarded, at present, in this capital, that so little an individual as myself, so humble an unknown a traveller as I am, was not only publicly talked of, but even suspected as a spy, because I came from England, and had no avowed motive, except curiosity and knowledge. I therefore never went to the levee, which is every Friday; but attended the drawing-room, and mingled unnoticed among the crowd. I was there one night, when his majesty, the queen dowager, and Prince Frederic, the king's brother, were present. To give a picture of the court, as it now exists, I must recur to the time of the late celebrated, and unhappy favourite, Count Struensee. I have made it my endeavour to gain

* This was written only two years after the cruel imprisonment of queen Carolina Matilda.

the most authentic and unprejudiced intelligence respecting him, and the late extraordinary revolution, which expelled a queen from her throne and kingdom, and brought her ministers to the scaffold.

Struensee, it appears, had not any noble blood in his veins, nor consequently any hereditary and prescriptive title to the immediate guidance of affairs of state. Fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, seem to have drawn him from his native mediocrity of condition, and placed him in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altena on the Elbe, and afterwards attended the present king of Denmark on his travels into England, in quality of physician. On his return, he advanced by rapid strides in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing; since he became equally the favourite of both the king and queen. He was invested with the order of St. Matilda, instituted in honour of her majesty, created a count, and possessed unlimited ministerial power: his conduct, in this sudden and uncommon eminence, marks a bold and daring mind; perhaps I might add, an expanded and patriotic heart. Unawed by the precarious tenure of courtly greatness, and more peculiarly of his own, he began a general reform. The state felt him through all her members: the finances, chancery, army, navy, nobles, peasants—all were sensible of his influence. He not only dictated, but penned his replies to every important question or dispatch; and a petition, or a scheme of public import and utility, rarely waited two hours for an answer.

The civil judicature of this capital was then vested in thirty magistrates. Struensee sent a message to this tribunal, demanding to know the annual salary or pension annexed to each member; rather alarmed at this inquiry, they sent an answer, in which they diminished their emoluments two-thirds. The count then informed

them, that his majesty had no further occasion for their services, but in his royal munificence and liberality, was graciously pleased to continue to them the third part of their avowed incomes, as a proof of his satisfaction with their conduct. He at the same time constituted another court, composed only of six persons of approved integrity, to whom the same power was delegated. He proceeded to purge the chancery, and other bodies of the law. Then entering on the military department, he, at one stroke, broke all the horse guards, and afterwards the regiment of Norwegian foot guards, the finest corps in the service, and who were not disbanded without a short but very dangerous sedition.

Still proceeding in this salutary, but most critical and perilous achievement, he at last began to attempt a diminution of the power of the nobles, and to set the farmers and peasants at perfect liberty. It is not then to be wondered at, that he fell a victim to such measures; and that all parties joined in his destruction. These were his real crimes; and not that he was too acceptable to the queen, which only formed a plausible pretext. It was the minister, and not the man, who had become obnoxious. I do not pretend, in the latter capacity, either to excuse or condemn him; but as a politician, I rank him with the Clarendons and the Mores, whom tyranny, or public baseness, and want of virtue, have brought, in almost every age, to an untimely and ignominious end; but to whose memory impartial posterity have done ample justice. Yet I must avow, that though I cannot think Struensee made a bad use, he certainly made a violent and imprudent one, of his extensive power.

He seems, if we may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, and such accumulated honours; and not to have adverted sufficiently to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former days, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slip-

pery foundation of political grandeur. When he was even pressed, only a short time before his seizure, to withdraw from court, and to pass the Belts, with the most ample security for an annual remittance of forty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars, an unhappy fascination detained him, in defiance of every warning, and reserved him for the prison and the block. The queen dowager and prince Frederic were only the feeble instruments to produce this catastrophe, as being by their rank immediately about the person of the sovereign; though common report has talked loudly of the former's intrigue, and attributed it to her imaginary abilities. The only mark of capacity or address they exhibited, was in preserving a secrecy, which deluded Struensee and the queen Matilda, till the time of their being arrested.

I was assured, that on the last levee day preceding this event, the count was habited with uncommon magnificence, and never received greater homage or court servility from the crowd, than when on the verge of ruin. Such is the friendship of public men! On the night fixed for his seizure, there was a *bal paré* in the palace; the queen, after dancing, as usual, one country-dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee during the rest of the evening. She retired about two in the morning, and was followed by him and Count Brandt. The crisis was now come. The queen dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed. They kneeled down beside it, and implored him with tears and expostulations to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by arresting those whom they called the authors of it. It is said, the king was not easily prevailed on to sign the order, but did it with reluctance and hesitation. At length, their intreaties overcame his resolution, and he affixed his sign manual to the paper. Colonel Koller Banner instantly repaired to Struensee's apartment, which, as well as Brandt's, was in the palace; they were both seized,

nearly at the same instant, and, as all defence was vain, hurried away immediately to the citadel.

It was five o'clock in the morning when the Count de Rantzau came to the door of her majesty's antichamber, and knocked for admittance. One of the women about the queen's person, was ordered to wake her, and give her information, that she was arrested. They then put her into one of the king's coaches, drove her down to Elsinoor, and shut her up in the castle of Cronsberg.

The actors in this tragedy were not insensible of their danger. As they dreaded an insurrection in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it; the most infamous and silly reports were circulated among the populace, to render the state prisoners odious: that they had put poison in the king's coffee, to destroy him; that they intended to declare him incapable of governing; to send the dowager, Queen Juliana, out of the kingdom, as well as her son Prince Frederic, and to proclaim Matilda regent. To confirm these extraordinary and contradictory reports, the king himself and his brother appeared in a state coach, and paraded through the streets of the city, to shew himself unhurt, and as if escaped from the most horrid conspiracy.

During these transactions, Struensee and Brandt were detained in the most rigorous imprisonment. They loaded the former with very heavy chains about his arms and legs, and he was, at the same time, fixed to the wall by an iron bar. The room of his confinement was not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed in it, and a miserable iron stove. Yet here, in this abode of misery, did he, though chained, complete, with a pencil, an animated account of his life and conduct as a minister. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the queen, and the two counts, and a council assigned for each, to preserve an appearance of justice and equity. The result, and the winding up of the whole, on the 28th of April, 1772, are

well known, and it is distressing to enter into particulars.

The equally unfortunate Count Brandt rose chiefly under Struensee's auspices, though he was originally of an honourable descent. During a residence which the court made at the royal palace of Hercsholm, it happened that his majesty quarrelled with Brandt, and, what was singular enough, challenged him. This the count declined. When they met soon after, the king repeated his defiance; called him coward; and Brandt, still behaving with temper, as became a subject, he thrust his hand into his mouth, seized his tongue, and had very nearly choked him. In this situation can it be wondered at, that he should bite the king's finger, or strike him, or both? Self-preservation must necessarily supersede every other feeling at such a moment, and plead his pardon. By Struensee's mediation the quarrel was immediately made up; and the king promised never more to remember or resent the circumstance of his striking him. Yet was this blow given to preserve himself from imminent destruction, and from the fury of an enraged man, made the pretence for his condemnation. They said, he had lifted his hand against the king's sacred person, which was death by the laws of Denmark. His lawyer, on his trial, made an excellent defence for him, and very forcibly remarked the essential difference between assaulting the sovereign, and only defending himself from a private attack. 'One of our former monarchs,' said he, 'Christian V., was used frequently to unbend himself among his nobles: on these occasions, it was his custom to say, "The king is not at home." All the courtiers then behaved with the utmost freedom and familiarity, unrestrained by the royal presence. When he chose to resume his kingly dignity, he said, "The king is again at home." But what, added he, must we do now, when the king is never at home?'—This seems more like the speech of an Englishman than a Dane, and breathes a manly and unfettered spirit,

which, in the most despotic countries, will sometimes appear.

The skulls and bones of these unhappy men are yet exposed on wheels, about a mile and a half out of town. I viewed them with mingled commiseration and horror. They hold up an awful and affecting lesson to future statesmen and favourites. They teach moderation in prosperity, by the mournful reverse of fortune they display.

It is said Struensee resigned himself to his own sentence without murmuring, or attempting to deprecate the blow; but that he expressed the utmost pity and abhorrence, at the flagrant injustice committed in sentencing Count Brandt to the same death. They have portraits of Struensee in all the shops, with this punning motto round them: *Mala multa Struens-see ipsum perditit*. Yet, in defiance of all the calumnies of a triumphant party, the terrors of a despotic government, and the natural reserve among the people, there are, even here, who dare to speak, though ambiguously, their genuine sentiments on public affairs.

The king, in the opinion of all unprejudiced persons, has certainly suffered much in his intellectual capacity, and they make very little scruple, in general, to own it. He can play, indeed, at cards; he can dance, or go to an opera; but he is, doubtless, in a state of imbecility, which disqualifies him for the conducting or superintending affairs of national import, and public consequence. There is a vacuity in his majesty's aspect, which is strongly marked. The queen dowager and Prince Frederic live in the palace with him, and accompany him, like his shadow, wherever he moves. The prince has received no other mark of bounty from nature or fortune, than royal birth. He is very much deformed; and this personal imperfection has gained him the appellation of Richard III. among those who do not love the court, though it doubtless originated among the English.

They have a Danish comedy here twice a week, and an Italian opera in the king's own opera-house in the palace every Saturday; but I neither admire their singers nor dancers.

I did not see above three or four very handsome or very elegant women in Copenhagen. Perhaps I may be too premature in my determination, but I do not think them, in general, to be compared, for loveliness, with our own women. I have heard this court likewise decried as very profligate, and very licentious. It may be so, for any thing I can say to the contrary, but there are no symptoms of it visible.

M. Splengler accompanied me through the royal cabinet, or museum. This collection is very large, and extends through all the vegetable and mineral worlds, as well as the finer arts. It is more indebted to Frederic IV. than to any other sovereign. Every nation has produced her heroes and her patriots, on whom history delights to dwell. Some countries are, however, more fruitful in great and sublime spirits than others. In Denmark, they have had very few to grace their annals. Sweden can boast her two Gustavuses, the first and second; nor are her Christina, or her Charles, unknown to fame. In what country is not the name of Peter celebrated, the greatest legislator that modern times have seen? But here the sun of genius has never yet blazed from a throne, and shed a temporary lustre on the surrounding darkness. There are, however, two favourite monarchs of Danish story, whose memories are revered, and whose golden days are frequently recalled with a sigh. The first of these was Christian IV. who was the opponent and competitor of Gustavus Adolphus, though with far inferior fame. The last was Frederic IV. This prince loved the arts, and attached from that principle to the land where they seemed to hover and reside, he made two visits to Italy. As Christian IV. is usually depictured on canvass or tapestry clad in armour, and holding a javelin in his hand, so this latter sovereign appears the patron

of science, and the friend of the elegant and softer occupations. During a carnival at Venice, he resided in that city, and in one evening is said to have won, at the card-table, a bank worth two hundred thousand zechins, or nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling, which he immediately presented to a noble Venetian lady, in whose house this happened, and whose whole fortunes were involved in this prodigious game of chance. This was an act of munificence, or rather of justice, worthy of a sovereign.

They now keep, among the greatest and most valuable curiosities, the chair in which Tycho Brahé was used to sit, when he made his astronomical observations at Uranibourg. The wood which composes it is held in reverence, and preserved with the utmost care, as having belonged to so great a man. Yet the astronomer himself was driven from his native country by faction and malevolence; and died at Prague, in the court, and under the protection, of the emperor Rodolphus, who sheltered this illustrious fugitive, and afforded him an asylum. Thus it generally happens, that living merit is neglected or persecuted, while posterity, more just, consecrates its memory to fame.

The collection of paintings in the royal museum is very large; and though it consists mostly of Flemish and German pieces, yet there are some few beautiful originals of Guido, Titian, Angelo, and even of Raphael's hand. Our own Charles I. by Vandyke, and his sons, by Kneller, hold a distinguished place. They were, by the mother's side, of Danish extraction. Their own painters or sculptors scarcely appear in this numerous assemblage. There are, however, some paintings, chiefly historical, by Charles Dremander, a Dane, not ill executed. Among these is one of the famous Margaret de Waldemar, who united, in her person, the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, receiving the homage of this latter from its sovereign.

The palace itself, of which the whole museum constitutes only a very small part, was built by the present king's grandfather, Christian VI. and, though it cost six millions of dollars, yet the inscription over the grand portal declares, that the sovereign erected it from the ordinary revenues of the crown, without laying any additional taxes or imposts on his subjects. This was, however, owing to the wonderous and laudable parsimony of his father, Frederic IV. who, notwithstanding the almost continual hostilities he was engaged in, with Charles XII., left his dominions in the most flourishing state, and an immense treasure, at his death. It is of a prodigious size; and, if I were inclined to find fault with it, I should say, it is too splendid and too magnificent for a king of Denmark; on the same principle, as foreigners constantly remark, that the palaces in England are far beneath the dignity and greatness of the British empire. One of the state apartments is very remarkable, and may be properly called, the chamber of kings, as it contains no other paintings except the portraits of all the present reigning monarchs throughout Europe. These have been presented by the respective sovereigns. I could not but smile at the different characters and dresses in which they have been pleased to be drawn. The king of Prussia, who had spent his life amid camps and armies, and has oftener slept in an uniform than a coat of velvet, has modestly dressed himself in a plain blue suit of clothes, and the vizor peeps out at one corner of the piece, just to mark the warrior; while Charles III. of Spain, who has scarce ever heard the clash of arms, has arrayed himself in complete armour, and frowns dreadful from the canvas. This ridiculous ostentation of war only excites laughter, and stands finely opposed to the modest portrait of a prince, who might, with so much propriety, have invested himself with military trophies.

On the 4th of May, I made an excursion in a party to Malmoe in Sweden. The passage is, at least, as

broad as from Dover to Calais. We were, however, favoured by the wind, and got back again to Copenhagen about ten o'clock at night. It is a poor town, though fortified; and we procured, with difficulty, a miserable dinner at a wretched inn. We were very ill repaid, indeed, at Malmoe, for our trouble in visiting it. Except the body of a monk, who was immured in the wall of the great church, I saw not any thing curious. Tradition says, this wretch lived nine days, as they fed him through a hole with eggs; and that this punishment was inflicted for adultery, which was formerly capital in this country.

Finding little more to please or entertain me in Copenhagen, I set out on the 8th of May, with a large party, to view the palaces. Our first stage was to Roskild, which is four Danish, or sixteen English miles from Copenhagen. It is one of the most ancient places on the island, and is said to have been a considerable city, several centuries before the present metropolis was founded. This capital, indeed, owed its commencement, like Venice, to a few fishermen, who erected their huts on the sea-shore, and finding it convenient for traffic, gave it the name it now bears, of Koibenhaven, or Merchant's Haven. The only remaining mark of the royal residence, which Roskild yet retains, is that of being the place of sepulture of the kings. From the most remote antiquity, the sovereigns of Denmark have been interred in the cathedral. The vaults, under the church, are very numerous, and the ground is covered with the coffins of kings, queens, and princes, who, though born in different centuries, are all now collected together, and placed in the same gloomy chambers, amidst silence and darkness. The splendor which accompanies those of exalted birth, even after death, is, in many of these, almost vanished, and time has destroyed the gold and velvet, which originally marked their dignity.

I inquired for the celebrated Margaret de Waldemar, to whom history has given the epithet of the Semiramis

of the North, and who united, under her reign, all the kingdoms beneath the polar sky. The person who accompanied us over the vaults, assured me her body was interred here, and, by the light of his candle, enabled me just to perceive an iron door, all access to which was blocked up by intervening coffins of monarchs, her successors. "Within that door," said he, "is another, vault, where rests the queen you inquire for. You can see no more." In such a situation, it was impossible not to be impressed with that sublime and awful melancholy, which scenes of this nature are peculiarly calculated to produce. The chilly and unwholesome dampness of the air, the mournful light produced by a solitary taper, intruding on these abodes of darkness; the numerous dead arranged side by side, and marked with crowns to denote their departed grandeur; all these must have a most forcible effect on the mind, and will tinge with a temporary solemnity the gayest temper.

In one of the chapels are two of the most magnificent monuments in Europe: they were made in Italy, by order of Christian IV. and are erected to the memory of his father and grandfather, Frederic II. and Christian III. Round the tomb of Frederic II. all the events and warlike achievements, which marked his reign, are exquisitely designed in bas-relief. I could not but remark, that Christian IV. who erected these monuments, and who is the idol of Danish story, has yet received no such honorary tribute from his posterity. The most deserving are often the least honoured in this respect; but the fame of desert is not built of such perishable materials as marble.

Besides those two last mentioned, there are four others lately brought here, of two later Danish sovereigns and their qeeens. These are executed by the celebrated Wiedwelt, a native of this country, who is now alive.

We drove twenty miles from Roskild, to see a foundry for cannon, begun by the late king, and

called from his name, Frederic's Work. This the Danes expatiate on as the most extensive and astonishing undertaking in Europe, both as to utility and curiosity. They may, indeed, make very good cannon, and other warlike stores, the work being exceeding large; but it is certainly no such extraordinary production, either of genius or magnificence, as they esteem it; or at least it did not impress me with any sensations of wonder or pleasure.

The palace of Fredericsbourg is only about five or six miles distant from this foundery. It is a very large chateau, moated round with a triple ditch, and calculated, like all the ancient residences of princes, for defence. It was built by Christian IV. and, according to the architecture of the times, partakes of the Greek and Gothic styles. In the front of the grand quadrangle, appear Tuscan and Doric pillars, and on the summit of the building, are spires and turrets. It is at present very little visited by the kings, and his present majesty even altered the ceremony of the coronation, which was always performed at this palace by his predecessors, having been crowned in Copenhagen. Some of the rooms are very splendid, though furnished in the antique taste. The knights' hall is of a great length. The tapestry represents the wars of Denmark, and the ceiling is one of the most minute and laboured performances of sculpture that can be conceived. The chimney-piece was once entirely covered with plates of silver, richly ornamented; but the Swedes, who have often landed on this island, and even besieged the capital, tore them all away, and rifled the palace, notwithstanding its triple moat and formidable appearance.

It is a beautiful ride through the royal woods from hence to Fredinborg. This was the favourite residence of the late king Frederic, who spent the greater part of his time here, during the latter years of his life, in a kind of seclusion from his court and people. The Danes universally agree in saying, that he was gene-

rous, compassionate, mild, and virtuous: his heart was full of humanity, and he was infinitely beloved by his subjects, till he unhappily contracted a fatal passion for wine, which incapacitated him for every public concern, and brought him to an untimely death. The The palace is small; but the gardens are laid out very prettily, and are adorned with a number of statues, done by Wiedwelt, the Rubiliac of Denmark. The surrounding country too is very fine, and there is an air of sequestration and retirement spread through the whole, which highly pleases.

We next proceed to Hercsholm, the most magnificent and spacious of any of the palaces. It was built by Christian VI. and was the favourite residence of the court, during the queen Matilda's stay. The man who shewed us the apartments, did not omit to mention the names of Struensee and Brandt, or to shew me the chamber in which the unhappy accident happened, already explained, when the latter struck the king, and paid for it with his life.

However dreary and comfortless the island of Zealand may be in the winter, when covered with snow, it exhibits, at this season of the year, a most pleasing aspect. It is flat every where, but covered with corn or woods, and cultivated with great industry. I more than once thought myself on some of the Wiltshire or Hampshire Downs, by the great number of tumuli scattered about. These exactly resemble, in size and appearance, those in England, and are probably ancient Saxon sepulchres. I inquired if any of them had been opened by curious antiquarians, as many of ours have been; but they seemed surprized at the question. I observed, likewise, several collections of stones in a circular form, some of which are very large, and reminded me of Stonehenge, though they are on a smaller scale. About these likewise they are totally ignorant; and it would only be lost time to attempt to gain any account of their origin, or construction, from the people who live near

them. They have neither an antiquarian taste, nor are there antiquaries among them.

I cannot help mentioning a lively description, which a gentleman, remarkable for his wit, gave me of Zealand, soon after my arrival. I dined with him, and among other questions natural to a stranger, I asked him if the country was pleasant and agreeable. His answer was short, but very full. "Sir, on this isle there is neither mountain nor river; but as for lakes, thank God! we have enough of them."

The weather was now become very warm, and I promised myself an agreeable journey through Sweden, in defiance of bad inns, and every inconvenience I was threatened with. The season was, indeed, uncommonly favourable. Only three years ago, they were yet buried in all the horrors of winter at this very time, accompanied with a dearth of provisions, which approached to a famine. Carriages and horses loaded with wood came over from Sweden on the ice, and returned again, at the end of April. It was the 6th of May, when four English vessels broke up the ice, and entered the port, of Copenhagen, which could hardly have suffered greater hardships from the closest siege by an enemy, than it had done by the inclemency of the weather. It was Midsummer before the leaves appeared on the trees, or the season changed the aspect of nature. I must own, the relation of these facts reconciles one to England with all its fogs and changes of climate, which, compared with these inhospitable countries, appear as trifling inconveniences.

I was much pressed, by my friends here, to protract my departure for Stockholm a few days longer. Had I obeyed the impulse of my heart, I should most readily have complied with their request; but as I intended to visit Petersburgh and Moscow during the summer, besides the last mentioned capital, I was proof against any solicitations, however tempting. Though I had scarcely been a month at Copenhagen, I had very completely viewed every object worth a

traveller's attention; and, therefore, could have no inducement to prolong my stay.

I therefore left that metropolis on Saturday morning, May 14th, and reached Elsinoor at noon. I could not help stopping on the road for a few minutes at the village of Nivad, to see the celebrated spot on which Charles XII. of Sweden landed. The Danes opposed his descent, and erected a battery of twelve cannon for that purpose; but the young warrior, who was, at that time, only sixteen years old, drove them from their intrenchments, and was himself among the first of those who leaped from the boats on shore. A celebrated author remarks, that great events, or actions, stamp a veneration on the spot where they were performed, and impress the spectator with lively sentiments of pleasure many ages after. I had occasion to remember this observation, while I stood upon the battery, the embrasures of which are now almost grown up to a level with the rest of the turf, and which will scarce exhibit, in another century, any traces of this engagement. It was a beautiful day, and I could not resist the united attractions of the English consul's lady and Elsinoor, the former of which requested, and the latter demanded, my stay for a day. This lady is a native of Archangel, in Russia, and is an eminent proof that those frozen countries can produce minds as highly tempered, and as exquisitely fashioned, as the most happy and genial soils.

I crossed the celebrated passage of the Sound next morning though it blew very fresh. We were over in little more than half an hour. At Helsimborg, where I entered the Swedish dominions, I had the pleasure of viewing the beautiful landscape reversed, which I had seen the preceding evening from the island of Zealand. Which of the two is actually the most charming, I leave connoisseurs to determine. I must confess, I liked the view from Elsinoor infinitely beyond the other. Perhaps, private feelings gave rise to my predilection.

I drove twenty miles in the afternoon, and was then obliged, by the approach of night, and the want of horses, to stop at a miserable little inn, or rather cabin, where I could procure nothing besides milk. I lay down five hours in my clothes, and got again into the carriage at three o'clock next morning. Had I understood properly the manner of travelling in this country, which is to send a peasant forward from every post-house, to procure horses in readiness, I should have doubtless made a more rapid progress; but as I neglected this necessary step, I was obliged to wait at every stage an hour or two, while the horses were brought from the neighbouring villages.

The following night was spent in a more desolate and dirty hovel than the first, where I wrapped myself in my great coat, and slept upon a table. In the morning, when I continued my journey, the whole aspect of nature was changed. The snow lay upon the ground two feet deep, and the winter seemed to have renewed its empire over these inhospitable plains, even during the smiling month of May. In the hope of reaching Jonkioping at night, I set out, however, in defiance of the inclemency of the weather, which, from having been very warm, was become in a few hours as cold and piercing as our Decembers. The drivers seemed totally unaffected by this sudden alteration; and the peasants, both men and women, were all barefooted as before. The snow, however, conspiring with the want of horses, prevented me from reaching the town, and I lodged at a house, which, for horror of situation, I never remembered paralleled. It is quite detached from any village or hamlet, and the spot on which it stands is a bare rock, destitute of any covering or earth, and surrounded on every side by the deepest woods it is possible to conceive, and in which I had not seen one human creature for two leagues before my arrival. Yet, in this situation, fatigue made me sleep very sound, and my servant by me, till three in the morning, when, with the return

of day I entered my carriage, and bid adieu to this most melancholy and wretched habitation, which, however, had security to recommend it: for here no assassin or rober was to be dreaded.

I got to Jonkioping about ten o'clock in the morning of the 18th, and gladly enjoyed a few hours of relaxation after so many unpleasing occurrences. It is difficult to give a picture of the country through which I passed from Helsimborg. The first twenty miles exhibited some few marks of cultivation and agriculture; and though there was not one collection of huts or houses, which could be denominated a village, yet scattered cottages, and a little ploughed land, amid an immense waste, informed the passenger that it was not totally unoccupied or unpeopled. But as I advanced farther into the province of Scania, and afterwards into that of Smaland, even these faint traces of human residence vanished. Groves of fir or aspen covered the country; and in the course of sixty miles I saw not a hundred people, and not ten hamlets: villages, there are not any. In some pretty long stages I did not discern the countenance of man.

In many places, the firs on either side the road formed avenues, as noble as those which are often planted in the entrance to palaces, or noblemen's seats; and through the whole was spread a kind of rude and gloomy magnificence, which, superadded to their silence and loneliness, very strongly affected the mind. Even the birds seem to have abandoned these dreary forests, and I heard or saw none, except woodpeckers, and now and then the cuckoo. I inquired if they did not afford refuge to wolves or bears, as these animals are commonly found in those countries and places which want population; but the peasants assured me, the former were only in small numbers, and rarely seen: and as to bears, the race was extinct.

This deplorable want of inhabitants is one of the many evils which Charles XII. entailed on his unhappy kingdom. Unchecked by the defeat of Pultowa,

by the loss of his richest provinces and bravest subjects, his rage for war, heightened by personal animosity to the king of Denmark, induced him still to exert new efforts, and make fresh levies of soldiery from his bleeding and exhausted country; and though more than half a century has now elapsed since his death, Sweden has by no means recovered herself, or re-peopled her uninhabited plains.

The peasants are civil and humble to obsequiousness, grateful for the smallest trifle, and infinitely less uncivilized and barbarous, than one would be tempted to suppose from the appearance of every thing around them.* I saw a number of very pretty forms among the women, who used to crowd round the carriage at every post-house, either out of curiosity, or to obtain charity.

Had I not taken the precaution to carry wine and provisions with me in the chaise, I must have been almost starved in three or four days journey through these miserable provinces, where the peasants are strangers to every kind of aliment, except bread, and salt pork or fish. It is, indeed, a question whether the former of these deserves the name of bread, as it is a compound of rye and oats; among which they mingle, in times of dearth and famine, a kind of flour made of the internal bark of trees rasped: it is of a colour approaching to black, and of a taste to which only hunger can give a relish. As Charles XII. however, said to one of his soldiers who complained, "It is not good, but it may be eaten."

My servant, who was a German, and had wandered over half Europe in various services, was quite tired with four days of such miserable accommodation, and exclaimed in a rapture, at the sight of Jonkioping, that it was *le paradis terrestre*. It is, indeed,

* Refinement and civilization do not much depend on climate: they are influenced more by religion and laws, by example, and encouragement.

in itself a very neat country town, and most delightfully situated on the lake Veter. The lake itself, which is near a hundred English miles in length, extends far beyond the view to the north, and resembles rather the the sea than a piece of inland water.

I left Jonkioping next morning, after the enjoyment of all that luxury of repose, which can only be purchased by preceding fatigue. My journey from thence, for near thirty miles, lay along the shore of the lake Veter, under the high mountains which bound it on the east side. I then entered the province of East Gothland, and reached the city of Lindkoping, which is the capital, the same night. I was charmed to find myself once more in a civilized and inhabited country; every thing had assumed a cheerful appearance; and the groves of fir were succeeded by a cultivated and liberal soil, covered with grain, and exhibiting marks of industry.

Lindkoping is an inland place, very ancient, and has nothing to detain a traveller, except its cathedral. It was, however, so crowded at the time I was there with the Swedish noblemen and their train, who were sent to conduct the Princess of Holstein-Eutin, designed for Prince Charles, his Swedish majesty's brother, that I had no little difficulty to procure a bed.

I lay at Norkoping the following night, which is only twenty miles distant from the former. It is a very large town, and remarkable for its manufactures of fire arms, and every sort of military weapons. I went over the whole work, accompanied by the landlord of the inn, who spoke Italian, and must confess, that it appeared to me highly to deserve attention.

About four miles north of the town, I passed the high mountains which separate East Gothland from the province of Sudermania. Here the country again becomes rocky, barren, and woody. A scanty soil, where industry, however indefatigable, can only pro-

duce a sickly harvest, covers a vast expanse of rock, which, in many places, appears bare and hideous, or only gives birth to a number of firs, which run up to a vast height on its naked surface, and seem kindly lent by nature to conceal, in some degree, her penurious and inhospitable aspect.

I slept at a little village, about twenty-seven miles from Stcockholm. The road from Kelsemborg to this place, cannot be exceeded by any in Europe. It is made by the government, as those in France, and renders travelling very expeditious, where the relays of horses are provided by a courier. The horses are all very small, and as they harness them abreast of each other, and never drive with a fewer number than four, it has the air of a triumph, rather than a post chaise.

I did not see one bit, however small, either of gold or silver, in my long journey foom Helsimborg to this place; nor have they, I am well assured, any such commodities in the provinces. In lieu of these two articles, generally used among us, they have copper and paper, which supply their place. Their bank notes are as low as one shilling and sixpence, and they have them of all values, rising gradually from that sum. It was often not a little diverting, when I tendered them one of fifty copper dollars, which is adequate to twelve shillings and sixpence English, to see them bring both their hands full of copper coins; nor can they convert it into current money by any other means. Money here may truly be said to be a burthen, as the want of it is a curse.

This extreme scarcity, or rather, this absolute want of gold and silver, is one of those numerous evils which originated from Charles XII.'s passion for war. It is well known, that towards the end of his reign, he obliged his subjects to give up all the silver of which they were possessed, and in its place he returned them small copper pieces, which he ordered to

pass as silver dollars, value ninepence each, throughout his dominions. This was Baron Gortz's invention, to supply the king with money to carry on the war in Norway; and it cost him his head, after the death of his master. Numbers of these coins yet remain, though their imaginary value exists no longer, and they are reduced to their intrinsic worth, which is somewhat less than a farthing, three of them constituting a halfpenny.

The weather was still extremely cold in this climate. There was, likewise, an evident difference between this province and that of East Gothland; in the latter the trees were mostly in leaf, whereas here the spring was much more backward, and in some parts there were scarce any signs of its approach. These kingdoms may well be called the domain of winter, since he reigns here for nine months in full possession.

As I approached the capital, the country appeared still more rocky, barren, and desert, and at the distance of a single mile from it, I was ready to fancy myself in the most unfrequented and desolate wild. Nothing marks the vicinity of a great metropolis. Agriculture cannot exert her powers, or labour produce harvests, where nature has denied the means. The eye discerns nothing on every side, except firs and rugged rocks; and it would seem as if famine had here fixed her eternal residence.

I entered Stockholm over a floating bridge, of a very considerable length, across the river. After having undergone a very strict search, at the gates, I proceeded into the city; and took up my lodgings close to the palace; and, as my landlord informed me, in the very apartments where his grace the archbishop of Upsal resided during six months, previous to the coronation of his present majesty, which office he performed. Yet a monk of La Trappe might almost occupy them without an infringement of his vow of mortification; and though I paid a ducat and

a half, or fourteen shillings a week, I was scarcely ever so indifferently accommodated in any city of Europe. The quality which induced the archbishop to take them, was, no doubt, their vicinity to the palace. It would be difficult to discover any other to recommend them.

I cannot say that I found many charms, at first, in this city; the court were all in the country, at their respective palaces, and there was only one public diversion during the week, which was a Swedish opera.

In almost every point of view, the situation of Stockholm is injudicious and improper for the capital of the kingdom. Policy, plenty, and commerce, seem all to dictate another part of Sweden as much more eligible.

The inhabitants themselves assured me, that the place owed its original, only about three centuries ago, to an accidental contingency, which may in some measure account for its unpropitious site. The viceroy, who at that time governed the country under Christian II. of Denmark, determined to found a city; and instead of fixing on a proper spot for the execution of his plan, he very whimsically set a large piece of wood afloat down the Meler Lake, and resolved that at whatever place it should stop, there to build his projected town. A small island arrested the stick in its progress, and the name of Stockholm is said to have been given it from this circumstance.

I was shewn the exact point of land where tradition says it happened, and where the first buildings of the city were erected. However this be, it was hardly possible to have found a more barren desert, or a less inviting situation in almost all respects. Even the river has a number of inconveniences, as it winds in a surprizing manner, and having no tides, ships must have a fair wind to reach the town; and should it be contrary, it is absolutely impossible. If I pointed out

that spot of Sweden, which appears to me best adapted for the situation of a capital, I should mention Carlscrone. Its centrical situation between Copenhagen and Petersburg; its vicinity to Pomerania and Germany: the fertile province of Scania, accounted the finest in Sweden, behind it; a port capable of containing the whole fleet, and in which they are at this time always stationed; its climate, more mild and southern than that of Stockholm by some degrees; all these circumstances combined, sufficiently indicate its superior advantages.

There is somewhat uncommonly savage and inhospitable in the whole circumjacent country here. Even in this lovely season, when all animate and inanimate nature wakes from the long slumber of a polar winter, every thing is joyless and unfertile, and the rays of the sun are reflected from the expanse of stone which invests the city round on every side, and from whose bosom no verdure springs to relieve the eye.

This kingdom has, however, been more productive of immortal and sublime spirits, than all the others of the north. I felt myself affected with a reverential awe, as I walked through the church which contains all that is mortal of Gustavus Adolphus, of Torstenson, of Baner, and Charles XII. I stepped with decent humility over the vaults where their bodies are interred, and found a melancholy satisfaction in surveying the marble raised to their deathless fame.

I had several conversations with the natives here on the subject of the victories and death of the last of these heroes. They are almost unanimous in the apprehension, or rather avowal, that he was put to death by those about him, and did not fall by a shot from the walls of Fredericshall, as is commonly supposed.

Monsieur Voltaire has taken great pains to prove the contrary, and to vindicate the engineer who accompanied him, at the time, from so foul a suspicion;

but different conclusions may be drawn from his premises. "The king," says he, "walked out to view the state of the advances made by his forces: it was night; he kneeled down the better to inspect them, and leaned his head on his hands. In this attitude, amid the darkness, he received a ball into his temple, and fell on the parapet, fetching a deep sigh. He was dead in an instant; but in that instant he had yet force and courage to put his hand to his sword, and lay in that posture. Megret, a French engineer, immediately said with a coolness which distinguished his character—"The play is over; let us be gone!"

Megret's remark was such, as one can with difficulty suppose any man to make, who had not a presentiment of the winding-up of this bloody catastrophe. Add to this that the Swedes were tired of a prince, under whom they had lost their richest provinces, their bravest troops, their national riches. No disasters could reclaim the monarch from his ambitious, though unsuccessful, pursuits; and therefore nothing remained but to dispatch him. It was a very favourable opportunity, and was improved to the utmost. The prince of Hesse his brother-in-law, made little enquiry into the affair, and all passed without noise or tumult.

I am the more inclined to give credit to this relation of Charles's death, from my own remarks on his dress. In the arsenal they preserve with great care the clothes he was habited in at the time he fell. These I examined very minutely. The coat is a plain blue cloth regimental one, such as every common soldier wore. Round the waist he had a broad buff leather belt, in which hung his sword. The hat is torn only about an inch square in that part of it which lies over the temple, and certainly would have been much more injured by a large shot. His gloves are made of very fine leather, and as the left one is perfectly clean and unsoiled, could only have been newly put on. The right hand glove is covered in

the inside with blood, and the belt, at that part where the handle or hilt of his sword lay, is likewise bloody; so that it seems clear he had previously put his hand to his head on receiving the blow, before he attempted to draw his sword, and make resistance. However, as he expired in the instant, no absolute inference can be made; and after having exhausted conjecture, we must draw a veil over this ambiguous and dark transaction, and rest contented with that ignorance and uncertainty which so often waits on the deaths of sovereigns. Dr. Johnson justly says of Charles XII.

> "His fall was destined to a barren strand,
> "A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
> "He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> "To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The palaces in Sweden, though numerous enough, are less splendid or magnificent than I have seen in most other countries of Europe. Neither architecture nor painting display their beauties here, in any great degree; and their monarchs, though crowned with laurels and military trophies, have never signalized themselves by the protection of the softer arts, which humanize and refine a nation. There is however one single exception to this remark in the person of the present queen dowager. This exalted lady, who is sister to the reigning king of Prussia, is the avowed protectress of letters, and encourager of merit. Her summer residence is at Droningholm. This palace is worthy of notice, though it is neither large nor splendid. It is composed of brick, and was erected by Charles X. about the middle of the last century. Its situation is singular, on the banks of the Melar Lake, which almost washes one of its sides. The gardens which are large, and extend in front of it, form a fine contrast to the prospects from every other part, which are only rude rocks, firs, and water. It is the triumph of cultivation and elegance, opposed to

that of a savage wilderness. All the apartments of the palace demonstrate the fine taste of its owner. Some of them contain collections of gems and medals; others are filled with natural curiosities, marbles, petrifactions, and insects. The names of Paul Veronese, of Reubens, and of Rembrandt, are not here unknown, and several of their best pieces appear in the rooms.

I was astonished to see so ample a library; the books are collected with great judgment, and are in every branch of science. I was assured that the queen understands Latin as well as the modern languages; and I could not help remarking a Horace which lay open on her reading desk, among several English, French, and Italian authors. She has enriched this palace with many valuable antiquities brought from Herculaneum; and the idols of Egypt, Serapis, Isis, and the dog Anubis, are among her collection. I must own I was very agreeably surprized to find myfelf surrounded with all the richest productions of Greece and Italy, at a little villa on the banks of a lake in Sweden, where I only expected to see the standards of Charles XII. or the battles of Gustavus Adolphus, wove in tapestry. There are, however, two galleries which are painted in that style: one is decorated with the victories of Charles X. and the other with those of his son Charles XI. The kings of this country seem to have possessed talents for war by hereditary right; and we find not one of them who appears in that point of light, to have degenerated from their great founder, Gustavus Vasa. In some families there appears an entailed heroic courage, while others shew the brightest virtues of the mind in lineal descent.

In the gardens, the queen dowager has lately built a little palace of pleasure, in a semicircular form, composed of several apartments fitted up in that taste which we usually call the Chinese; though, unless a few Mandarins and Vases of China form this style, of

which we really know scarce any thing, it may just as well be called an European structure, where whimsey and caprice form the predominant character, and spread a grotesque air through the whole.

The city of Stockholm forms a very striking contrast to the capital of Denmark. It is larger considerably; but its superiority of size results more from singularity of situation, than any real advantage it has over Copenhagen in that respect. It is built on seven small islands, or rocks formed by the river, and the suburbs extend on the main land to a considerable distance, north and south. The inequality of the ground renders almost all the streets steep and inconvenient for carriages; but the houses are lofty and handsome, though chiefly composed of brick. It is enlarged nearly half since the death of Charles XII. and there are many very noble streets in these new quarters, of a vast length.

In the midst of the city, stands the royal palace, on a hill very steep on every side, and commands a complete prospect of the metropolis, the river, and circumjacent country. It is square, fronting every way, and though much inferior in convenience or splendor, in the internal part, to that of Copenhagen, has a better effect when viewed from without. It was begun by Charles XI. continued under Frederic and the late king, but is not yet totally completed. During the winter, the whole royal family reside in it, though dispersed in the summer months at their respective country seats. Many of the apartments are splendidly furnished; but there is nothing which can vie with Droningholm in the exhibition of art and refinement.

Scarce any thing can be imagined more lovely and agreeable than the appearance of the river; it is divided into a number of branches, the sides of which are covered with public buildings, and elegant houses. In some places, where the breadth is very considerable, its stream is perfectly tranquil and slow; in others

where the channel is narrow, it rushes through with the impetuosity of a torrent. So many small islands are formed by it below the town, that almost every magazine of naval and military stores possesses a detached one; and there is a wild and romantic cast through the whole landscape, which is not unpleasing to the spectator, and which characterizes northern views.

The quay is not long, but of a prodigious breadth; and I am assured there is ten fathoms water close to the shore. In several respects it is almost unrivalled.

I had the honour to be presented to the king on the 2d of June; and of a prince so distinguished for his abilities, and who at the early age of twenty-six, was able to change the form of government, without blood or difficulty, it is impossible to be silent. But to give a more complete idea of the late revolution, and of its causes and consequences, it is necessary to take a review of the Swedish history for about half a century back.

The oppression of the concluding years of the reign of Charles XII. was such, that on his death in 1718, the states obliged his sister Ulrica Eleonora, previous to her ascending the throne, to renounce all hereditary right or absolute power, and to hold the crown merely by elective consent. She resigned even this limited sovereignty two years after, into the hands of her husband the prince of Hesse, who died in 1751.

He had the reputation of a brave and active king, and it is generally apprehended, would have repossessed himself of that power which his queen had been deprived of, if his want of children had not made him indifferent to such an acquisition.

Adolphus, the late sovereign, was a weak man, and under him the democratical authority attained its utmost height. The royal revenue was very inadequate to his dignity, and his weight in the scale of government became inconsiderable and despised.

In this situation Gustavus III. succeeded to the crown. He possessed the same advantage over his two immediate predecessors, which his present majesty George III. of England did over his, on his accession; that he was born in the country over which he reigned, and spoke the language perfectly. The Swedes, who, since the year 1720, had seen only foreigners on the throne, were charmed to have once more a king from among themselves; and silver medals were struck to commemorate this happy æra, on the reverse of which is this inscription—*Fadern's land et,* "It is my native land."

If full credit is to be given to the accounts of the late procedures of government, while vested in the senate, it was high time to redress the injuries they did the state, which suffered greater evils from their resolution, the delays, the divisions of a large assembly, than it can ever undergo from an absolute monarch. Time had matured these seeds of dissatisfaction; and a young prince, beloved by his subjects, was ready to take advantage of them.

On the 19th of August, 1772, this extraordinary event was produced, which again restored to the crown those prerogatives she had lost for more than half a century. The king's secrecy, address, and dissimulation, in so dangerous and critical a juncture, far surpassed what might have been expected from his age. It is said only five persons in the kingdom were intrusted with the design, which was carried into execution with as much vigour, as it had been planned with sagacity and judgment. The soldiery and the people were successively gained by the eloquence with which the young king addressed them. Very few persons were imprisoned, and that only for a short time; nor have any of them experienced, in the smallest degree, any diminution of the royal favour on account of their opposition. The senate took a new oath of allegiance to the prince, and tranquillity was restored throughout the kingdom.

It must not be imagined, however, that an unlimited monarchy is established in Sweden. On the contrary, they pretend that the present form of government is built on the model of the English one, and that in some important particulars, the sovereign is more restricted than ours, since he can neither make war nor peace without the approbation of the other branches of the administration. It is, however, difficult to say, what limits are exactly fixed, or how far they may be enlarged and infringed, particularly under a prince who has already succeeded in his first enterprize, and certainly possesses, in an eminent degree, many of those qualifications and talents, which have a prodigious influence over the multitude.

He is affable in his manners and conversation even to condescension, which must infallibly render him beloved. He inspects into every department of state in his own person, and the meanest subject may present his grievances without fear of repulse. His soldiery adore him, and the peculiar attention he pays to their discipline, the continual reviews he makes of his regiments in different parts of his dominions, his disdain of fatigue, and undoubted personal courage, may probably render Sweden some years hence more important in the scale of Europe, than she has been since Charles's death.* Unable to reward those officers who adhered particularly to him at the revolution, with pensions or pecuniary emoluments, he has found means to attach them by ribbons and stars, which he distributed without parsimony, and which are equally effectual, without draining an exhausted treasury. He has likewise founded a new order of knighthood, known by the name of Vasa, designed for men of merit in every station, and which is conferred, without the least attention to birth or dis-

* The melancholy catastrophe of Gustavus III. who began his career with so much address, and shewed such proofs of firmness and magnanimity, on many trying occasions, is still fresh in the recollection of the public.

tinction, on every man who deserves well of his country.

His majesty is active on all occasions, more commonly on horseback than in a carriage, and has rarely any of the parade of royalty. In his person he is rather low, and inclined to thinness; his face is not handsome, and, what is singular, one side of it does not resemble the other, his features being a little distorted; an accident which probably happened in the birth.

I could not help remarking, in those rooms which the king occupies, that the walls were covered with views of Narva and Pultowa, and that on the tables lay plans of battles and sieges innumerable, chiefly those fought by Charles XII. and the other Swedish kings. This plainly evinces the nature of his studies.

On the 3d of June, I quitted Stockholm, in company with a gentleman who did me the honour to be my guide, in a tour to Upsal and the Mines, and to whose politeness and attention I was exceedingly indebted. We stepped into our vis-à-vis about six in the evening, and only stopping to change horses, about three o'clock in the morning we arrived at the gentleman's seat, where we proposed making a short stay. I can hardly say we travelled by night, since at this season of the year, darkness is unknown, and I could have very easily read a good print at midnight. The house is built in one of the most eligible and pleasant situations in this country, on the banks of a lake, about nine English miles in circumference, and in a cultivated country. In the afternoon of the ensuing day, we crossed the lake in a boat, where it was about a league broad, to view the ruins of a castle on the opposite side, which exactly faces the house where we were entertained, and forms a beautiful termination of the view. An ancient peasant conducted us through such of the apartments as are yet accessible. He said it was called Morby Palace,

and had been built no less than eleven hundred years ago. It passed finally into the renowned family of the Oxenstierns, who inhabited it in the last century, but quitted it on account of its continual want of repairs. He added, that many of the Swedish sovereigns, in days of yore, had visited it, and that national diets had been held within its walls. It has, indeed, a most venerable and majestic appearance at this time, and there seemed to be an air of departed splendor spread through the whole, which corroborated very strongly the peasant's story. The evening was uncommonly fine, the sun shone full upon the ruins of the building, and its walls were washed by the waters of the lake. All nature around was serene and placid; no wind ruffled the surface.

We returned before supper to our benevolent host, who omitted nothing to render our visit agreeable, and pressingly solicited us to prolong it some days. Early next morning, however, we proceeded on our journey, and were entertained at another magnificent country seat, belonging to the same gentleman, about thirty miles from the first, by his steward, to whom he had previously sent orders for that purpose. We drove twenty miles in the afternoon, and alighted about five at a palace, rather than a villa, belonging to a lady, whose husband was an Englishman, and was lately dead. The name of the house is Forsmark. She was playing at chess with an old nobleman, when we entered, and most politely bid us welcome; requesting us, at the same time, to make as long a stay as our time would admit. I complied with so polite an invitation, without knowing the superadded inducements I afterwards found. Tea was brought, and two ladies, who, as well as ourselves, were visitors, entered the room. The eldest of these might, perhaps, be about sixty. She was a native of England, and was married to count Gillenbourg, during his residence as envoy at the court of London, in the reign of George I. The youngest, who was her

niece, might be between nineteen and twenty years of age. A few freckles which the sun had produced on her skin, in spite of every care to prevent it, only served to set off the fairest complexion in the world. Her features were very small, and the contour of her face more approaching to the round than oval. Her under lip, in speaking, hung a little down, and disclosed at times a range of teeth perfectly clean and white. The colour of her eyes was grey; but nature had given them a persuasive and affecting eloquence, which left the gazer no power to critically examine them. Her hands were exquisitely formed; her fingers long, and her nails finely shaped. Her habit was a 'jesuite à la campagne.' It was of purple brown, trimmed with white silk, and reaching to the wrists. Round her neck she wore a blue and white satin binding, and from that depended a little diamond cross. Her hair was light, and dressed with a very becoming grace.

Through her whole person and dress was a propreté and neatness, which was strikingly attractive, and which had peculiar merit in a country where the women, of every condition, are rather liable to the contrary imputation. Her conversation was such as became a person of education and condition. She spoke the purest French, and with the most graceful delivery, and could converse fluently in English, which she had learnt from her aunt. She sung prettily, and at my request favoured me with two or three Swedish, as well as French songs. I was more pleased with the former, which I did not understand, than with the latter, which I could perfectly comprehend. I wished to know the sentiment couched under the words, and desired her to inform me what was the subject of them. She declined this explanation, from an incapacity of transfusing its beauty into another language; and I seemed perfectly convinced, that her avowed excuse was just, though my

heart assigned a truer reason for her refusal, and gave me, perhaps, as faithful an idea of the song, as a literal translation could have done. It is needless to say, I paid to such a woman all that humble and assiduous attention, which her personal and mental accomplishments so justly challenged, and to which I could not be insensible. She seemed pleased with my endeavours to render myself acceptable to her, and I had the vanity and the weakness to imagine, that I had soon some little interest in her esteem. We all breakfasted in our separate rooms the next morning, according to the custom here; where people never meet, as in England, round a large tea-table.

On coming down, I found count Liewen, the nobleman whom I mentioned at my first arrival. He possesses the highest honours Sweden can bestow, being one of the sixteen senators, and a knight of the seraphim, which is the most honourable of any other order. Our conversation turning on Charles XII. his character, and victories, I asked him if he remembered that monarch's death, and would favour me with the particulars of it. He gave me the fullest answer to this question, as nearly as memory will allow, in the following words:

"There are now very few alive," said he, "who can speak with so much certainty to that point as myself. I was in the camp before Fredericshall, and had the honour to serve the king in quality of page, on that night when he was killed. I have no doubt that he was assassinated. The night was extremely dark, and it was almost an impossibility that a ball from the fort could enter his head at the distance and on the spot where he stood. I saw the king's body, and am certain the wound in his temple was made by a pistol bullet. Who gave it is unknown. Siker was suspected, because he was not with his majesty previous to the blow, but appeared in a moment after. Those," added he, "who are acquainted with military affairs,

know the report and noise which a cannon ball makes; but the report of the shot, which destroyed the king, was that of a piece close at hand, and totally different. It was the general opinion in the army at the time, that he was put to death by a private hand."

I was absolutely enchanted by the conversation of this venerable nobleman, and felt that wisdom can fascinate as much as beauty, where it is so pre-eminently possessed. Was not my self-command, therefore, to be applauded, when, in spite of many inducements to prolong my stay, I yet forced myself away the following evening, and pursued, though with reluctance, my intended journey? I must, however, mention one circumstance relative to the young lady of whom I spoke before, which may, perhaps, raise a smile at my expence. There is an odd *etiquette* adjusted in this part of the world for female deportment, which permits to a lover, or an acquaintance, the most unbounded familiarity with the hand of his mistress; but her lips, nay, her very cheek is a palladium which she guards with unremitting vigilance, and to which neither eloquence nor subtilty can usually procure him any access. I was resolved to try whether I could not surmount this vexatious obstacle, and obtain one conquest over the tyranny of prescription. I bethought me of a stratagem, and already bound my brow with the myrtles I made myself sure of gathering. When I was taking my leave, I began with the mistress of the mansion, and returning her my warmest acknowledgments for her bounty and hospitality, bowed most respectfully on her hand, which she gave me to salute. "And now, madam," said I, in English, to the old lady, "I shall take leave of you in the English, style: I am sure you have no objection." So saying, I put my arms about her neck, and kissed her cheek. She was very well satisfied with this piece of gallantry, and said to me, laughing, "Go and serve Charlotte so." I advanced,

elate with joy, and throwing into my attitude and countenance the utmost humility and supplication, asked if I might not aspire to such an honour. I should not, however, have waited for an explicit consent, and was just going to reap the fruit of my intrigues and labours, when, stepping back, hastily, two paces, she laid her hand on her breast, with an air which implied more than any words could have done, and throwing a look at me of surprize and refusal—"Sir," said she, "you must remember that I am a native of Sweden."—She needed not to be more minute or firm in her determination: I saw that I had undertaken an enterprize above my capacity, and had only to endeavour to retire with honour. Her hand she tendered me; and making a virtue of necessity, I imprinted on it a cold kiss, and bade her farewell. She looked at me when I left the room, and accompanying us to the gate, followed the carriage with her eye till it was out of sight. Whether she intended this as some compensation for her rejection of my attempt, or whether she did not partly repent of having refused, from an illiberal prejudice, so innocent a liberty, I cannot pretend to say.

We lay at a very pretty village, called Ostarby, on the night of the 5th, and went about three miles next morning to see the mines of Danmora. They are celebrated for producing the finest iron ore in Europe, the iron of which is exported into every country, and constitutes one of the most important sources of the national wealth and royal revenue. The ore is not dug, as in the mines of tin or coal, which we have in England, but is torn up by powder. This operation is performed every day at noon, and is one of the most tremendous and awful it is possible to conceive. We arrived at the mouth of the great mine, which is near half an English mile in circumference, in time to be present at it. Soon after twelve the first explosion began. I cannot compare it to any thing so aptly as subterraneous thunder, or rather volleys of artillery

discharged under ground. The stones are thrown up by the violence of the powder to a vast height above the surface of the ground, and the concussion is so great as to shake the surrounding earth or rock on every side.

As soon as the explosions were finished, I determined to descend into the mine. There is no way to do this but in a large deep bucket, capable of containing three persons, and fastened by chains to a rope. The inspector, at whose house I had slept the preceding night, took no little pains to dissuade me from the resolution, and pointed out the frequent and melancholy accidents that happen on such occasions, from which no care could absolutely insure me. Finding, however, that I was deaf to all his remonstances, he provided me a clean bucket, and put two men into it to accompany me. I am not ashamed to own, that when I found myself thus suspended between heaven and earth by a rope, and looked down into the deep and dark abyss below me, to which I could see no termination, I shuddered with apprehension, and half repented my curiosity. This was, however, only a momentary sensation, and before I had descended a hundred feet, I looked round on the scene with very tolerable composure. I was near nine minutes before I reached the bottom, it being eighty fathoms, or four hundred and eighty feet. The view of the mine, when I set my foot to the earth, was awful and sublime in the highest degree: whether terror or pleasure formed the predominant feeling as I looked at it, is hard to say. The light of the day was very faintly admitted into these subterranean caverns. In many places it was absolutely lost, and flambeaux supplied its place. I saw beams of wood across some parts from one side of the rock to the other, where the miners sat, employed in boring holes for the admission of powder, with the most perfect unconcern, though the least dizziness, or even a failure

in preserving their equilibrium, must have made them lose their seat, and dashed them to pieces against the rugged surface of the rock beneath. The fragments torn up by the explosion previous to my descent, lay in vast heaps on all sides, and the whole scene was calculated to inspire a gloomy admiration.

I remained three quarters of an hour in these gloomy and frightful caverns, and traversed every part of them which was accessible, conducted by my guides. The weather above was very warm, but here the ice covered the whole surface of the ground, and I found myself surrounded with the colds of the most rigorous winter, amid darkness and caves of iron. In one of these, which ran a considerable way under the rock, were eight wretches warming themselves round a charcoal fire, and eating the little scanty subsistence produced from their miserable occupation. They rose with surprize at seeing so unexpected a guest among them, and I was not a little pleased to dry my feet, which were wet with treading on the melted ice, at their fire.

There are no less than one thousand three hundred of these men constantly employed in the mines, and their pay is only a copper dollar, or three pence English, a day. They were first opened about 1580, under the reign of John III. but have only been worked constantly since Christina's time. After having gratified my curiosity, with a full view of these subterranean apartments, I made the signal for being drawn up, and felt so little terror while re-ascending, compared with that of being let down, that I am convinced, in five or six times more, I should have been perfectly indifferent to it. So strong is the effect of custom on the human mind, and so contemptible does danger or horror become, when familiarized by continual repetition.

Leaving the mines of Danmora, we proceeded to the seat of Baron de Geer, at Lofsta, which is about twenty miles distant. He was gone, himself, into

the province of Gestricia, only the day before: but had left the strictest orders for our entertainment and reception with his steward, who performed with punctuality his master's command, and seemed to know no bounds to his hospitality and respect. This is one of the handsomest country seats in Sweden, and is, I believe, one of the most northern in Europe. Nature is every where forced at an immense expence, and art has omitted nothing to embellish and adorn a spot, which, without it, must be a melancholy marsh, devoid of any beauty or charm. It may be a very agreeable residence for a few weeks in July and August, but is too near the pole to be tolerable the far greater part of the year. Such is my detestation of those inhospitable and polar countries, that no honours or fortunes could tempt me to remain in them, and I would rather reside in a cottage, beneath a temperate and genial heaven, than in a palace invested so many months with ice and darkness. This sentiment the Swedes laugh at, and assure me that there are pleasures in furs and sledges, and the rigors of winter, of which I have no conception. I am very ready to allow it, and only desire to be excused from experiencing them in my own person. Providence has been kind enough to the natives of all countries, to inspire them with a predilection for their own, or to blind them to its disadvantages; but this cannot apply to strangers, who are at liberty to compare, and free to judge.

From Baron de Geer's seat, we had about twenty-five miles to the river Dahl, which divides the provinces of Upland and Gestricia. Here we left our carriage, and passed over in a boat to the island of Elfcar-Eue. It is about three miles in circumference, and almost entirely covered with woods of aspen, birch, and fir, which at this season of the year are very beautiful, and spread a gloom and awfulness not unpleasing to a contemplative mind. We lodged at a very genteel house, the master and mistress of

which omitted no endeavours to render our visit agreeable. It was our intention to have made but a short stay here, but I found it impossible so soon to quit a place where I enjoyed the most sublime and wondrous prospect I can almost conceive. This is the cataract of the river Dahl, about a mile and a half distant from the house where we took up our abode.

The Dahl rises in Norwegian Lapland, and after passing through a vast extent of country, empties itself into the sea about twenty miles from this place. It is above half a mile broad between the island Elfcar-Eue and the falls; but at the cataracts, its banks being much narrower, it runs with vast impetuosity. A small island, or rather rock, of half a quarter of a mile in circumference, divides the river at the place. In the winter, when one of the cataracts is frozen over, the island is accessible; but at this time it would be impossible to reach it alive. The eye takes in both falls at once from either bank. The depth of each is about forty feet; but one is abrupt and perpendicular, the other oblique and shelving. As nearly as I can judge by my eye, the breadth is not, in either, less than eighty or ninety yards. The tremendous roar of these cataracts, which, when close is superior far to the loudest thunder; the vapour which rises incessantly from them, and even obscures them from the eye in many parts, the agitation of the river below, for several hundred yards before it resumes its former tranquillity; and the sides covered with tall firs, which seemed like silent and astonished spectators of it; form one of the most picturesque and astonishing scenes to be beheld in nature's volume. It was only nine days before our arrival, that six unhappy fishermen were carried down by the rapidity of the current, and forced over the precipice, where they all perished. Four of their bodies were found, but so disfigured and torn by the water

that they could not be known, and many similar accidents have happened.

After having viewed the cataracts, I drove about three miles along the banks of the river, to see the intrenchments made by the Russians, when they landed in 1719, and burnt the country on every side. Here I alighted from my carriage, and as this spot is the boundary of my journey to the north, and the nearest approach I shall probably ever make to the pole, I could not help leaving some memento of my wanderings, by engraving with a pen-knife, on the bark of a tall aspen, the name of my mistress, and the year when I visited these inclement kingdoms. At this island, I was only about two hundred miles from Umea Lapland, and I could scarcely entertain a wish to proceed farther in this direction, where nature begins to be divested of every captivating charm, and man himself to dwindle from the rigors of the climate.

Turning our faces, therefore, towards the south, in our way to Upsal, we arrived at Soderfors, which is twenty miles distant from Elfcar-Eue, about ten o'clock, on Friday morning, June the 9th. The road lies along the sides of the Dahl, on which the village itself is situated. After staying to view the forges for anchors at this place, we proceeded to Upsal, and arrived there early in the evening. I intended to devote the following day to the survey of the colleges, public buildings, curiosities, paintings, and all those exhibitions of art and learning usually found in seminaries of knowledge and study. The Swedes had inspired me with such exalted ideas of this university, that I was only fearful lest a single day might be far inadequate to such an undertaking, and wished to have spent a longer time in so agreeable an occupation. I was, however, most completely undeceived; for Upsal has hardly one inducement to draw a man of taste to visit it, unless from being the residence of Linnæus. This lyceum of the north has not one piece of painting within its walls, and

only two of sculpture, which are busts of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XI. A gentleman, who resides here, did us the honour to be our ciceroni, and to conduct us over the place. I inquired of him how many colleges there were, and which was the most celebrated. "Sir," said he, "we have three; but I cannot say that any one of them deserves your notice. The principal objects of attention are, the library, the cathedral, and the botanical garden. I know not of any thing else." The first of these is a neat good building, a d contains a cabinet, in which are a number of little trinkets, rather than rarities, preserved with great care. Among these is the identical bag which Judas kept, one of the thirty pieces of silver money which he received for his perfidy in delivering up his master, and a pair of red slippers in which the Virgin Mary paid a visit to her cousin Elizabeth. I must do the man the justice to say, that he blushed as he shewed them to me; and I could not help telling him, that I thought the university would not do amiss to send these precious relics to St. Januarius, or to my lady of Loretto, who might probably be highly obliged by so valuable an accession.

The cathedral is built of brick; and as the two towers at the west end lately wanted repair, they have, with great taste, added a Doric architrave to these Gothic walls, and placed two great domes of copper on the top. It must, notwithstanding the meanness of its materials, be for ever venerable, while the remains of Gustavus Vasa, and Chancellor Oxenstiern repose in it. The last of these great men, whose virtue and wisdom Sweden yet reveres, rests in an obscure chapel, beneath a common stone. He has no monument erected, or epitaph inscribed to his memory; while a St. Eric, who was a king and a devotee in some barbarous age, is preserved in a shrine of silver gilt, and placed on the right hand of the high altar.

There were at this time near one thousand five hundred students in the university of Upsal. They are

not, however, young men of family and condition, as with us, but for the most part are miserably poor, and lodge five or six together, in wretched hovels, amid dirt and penury. The professors in different branches of literature are about twenty-two, the most ample of whose salaries does not exceed one hundred and thirty, or one hundred and forty pounds per annum, and are, in general, not half that sum.

On our first arrival, the gentleman who accompanied me, and who was intimately acquainted with Linnæus, sent his compliments to say, that he would do himself the honour to wait on him, if agreeable, immediately, and would introduce, at the same time, an English gentleman, who had been induced to visit Upsal from the fame of so great a man. He sent us word, in return, that he would pay us a visit in the afternoon, at three o'clock, after his dinner. He came punctually at the hour marked, and after staying some time, conducted us to the botanical garden, where he shewed us his collection of plants, shrubs, and flowers, which are very numerous, and have been presented to him from every part of the globe. At the door he took his leave and quitted us. This celebrated botanist was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He is of a middle size, inclining to short, which is still increased by his stooping prodigiously when he walks.

He was dressed in a plain blue suit of clothes, and booted, as is common with the Swedes. At his button-hole hung the white cross of the order of the polar star, which was conferred on him by the late King Adolphus, who admired and honoured him. He enjoys a very easy independence from his salary and pupils in the university; besides which he is said to be possessed of a considerable fortune acquired by his profession. He has a country house about five miles out of town, and keeps his chariot. He has one son and four daughters alive; but I do not find they possess any of their father's genius; though his son is botanical professor.

Linnæus has been in England, France, and Germany, but speaks no languages except the Latin and Swedish; in the former of which he converses with perfect facility. His knowledge, I am assured, is by no means universal, but confined almost absolutely to natural history, in which it is unbounded. His faculties are as yet unimpaired, except his memory, which begins to suffer some diminution.

The remark, that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is very much verified in Linnæus; and I found those persons, who were intimately conversant with his life and actions, more inclined to dwell on his personal imperfections, his foibles, and his weaknesses, than to expatiate on his astonishing talents and extended fame. Thus it always is, where we view the object at too inconsiderable a distance, and through the medium of those littlenesses which are inseparable from humanity. Well might the witty Rochefoucault assert, that "Admiration and acquaintance are incompatible." Time only can hold up to view pre-eminent merit, and assign it the due rank in the temple of fame.

Upsal was anciently the chief residence of the kings of Sweden, and is much older than the present metropolis. It is situated in a vast plain, open on all sides, and at present covered with grain. The houses are mostly of wood, nor is there one public or private edifice of stone in the city. We left it Sunday morning, the 12th, and returned to Stockholm the same evening.

In this journey of near ten days, I had almost made the complete tour of the province of Upland. The country is chiefly a horrid desert, covered with shapeless stones, or with impenetrable woods, incapable of cultivation, and devoid of inhabitants. The quantity of land employed in tillage does not bear the proportion of one to twenty. Nature has, however, made them, in some degree, amends for this parsimony, by enriching these barren wastes with inexhaustible

mines of copper, iron, and silver. The peasants are chiefly employed in the manufacture of these metals; and I visited six or seven forges on my journey, each of which constantly employs from four to fourteen hundred workmen in iron only. No cyclops were ever more dextrous in working their materials. I have seen them stand close to, and hammer, in their coarse frocks of linen, a bar of ore, the heat and refulgence of which were almost insupportable to me at ten feet distance, and with the sparks of which they are covered from head to foot. I had the pleasure of viewing the whole process used to reduce the ore into iron, and must own it is very curious and interesting. They first roast it in the open air for a considerable time, after which it is thrown into a furnace, and when reduced to fusion, is poured into a mould of sand, about three yards in length. These pigs, as they are then denominated, are next put into a forge, heated to a prodigious degree; they break off a large piece with pinchers, when red hot, and this is beat to a lesser size with hammers. It is put again into the fire, and from thence entirely finished, by being laid under an immense engine resembliug a hammer, which is turned by water, and flattens the rude piece into a bar.

Nothing can exceed the dexterity of the men who conduct this concluding part of the operation, as the eye is their sole guide, and it requires an exquisite nicety and precision. It is certainly a most happy circumstance that Sweden abounds with these employments for her peasants, as, from the ungrateful soil and inclement latitude, they must otherwise be obnoxious to extreme want and misery.

Through the whole country are lakes, and pieces of inland water, on the banks of which their palaces and villas are usually built. The hospitality I met with in this tour was unbounded. It would even be resented, if a stranger visited a forge without paying his compliments to the owner, who expects that

mark of his attention and respect. This custom plainly shews how few persons travel in these parts of Europe: if they were numerous, it would be quickly laid aside, or at least restrained within narrower limits. I cannot say as much in praise of the Swedish refinement or elegance as of their benevolence and civility. There is a profusion of dishes at their entertainments, but no taste in the arrangement of them. The table groans beneath a number of covers, which are all brought in at once, and then left to cool during a ceremonious meal of at least two hours. But the prologue to this entertainment is even worse. Before they sit down to dinner, the company take bread and butter, which they wash down with a glass of brandy, and this horrid fashion prevails not only among persons of condition, but extends even to the ladies as well as the men. I must own I cannot reconcile myself to a custom, which, though it doubtless originated from the extreme coldness of the climate, is only worthy the Muscovites before the reign of their reformer Peter.

A military spectacle detained me at Stockholm a day longer than I had intended. The scene lay in a large peak, about an English mile without the gates of the city, where the camp had been pitched some weeks, and which is finely adapted for a martial entertainment, from the nature of the ground, which is irregular and full of declivities: the rising parts of it are covered with small woods of fir, and it is divided by a branch of the Meler Lake, over which is a floating bridge. The king of Sweden commanded about two regiments, mostly infantry: his youngest brother, Prince Frederic, had under him near one thousand troops, horse and foot. They were entirely ignorant of each other's motions; his majesty only endeavouring to surround the inferior army, and the prince exerting his endeavours to effect a secure retreat. The queen dowager, with her daughter, the princess of Sweden, were present in a little open

chaise, which permitted them to follow the soldiery over the field, and be present every where. The king, dressed in his uniform, was mounted on a cream-coloured horse, and appeared as much animated and interested in this essay of arms as he could have been on a day of action. It was about five in the evening when it began. I cannot pretend to pursue the two generals through the different evolutions which passed in too rapid a succession, and were of too intricate a nature to admit of a minute description. The result was, however, favourable to the king; his brother having neglected to seize on a post which might have commanded a retreat, in case of emergency, found his error too late; and when he would have availed himself of this passage, discovered that his ri[illegible] troops were already in possession of it, having crossed the river in boats for that purpose. After having endeavoured, in vain, to force him from this post, he formed his infantry into a hollow square, and maintained a brisk fire, on all sides, for a considerable time; but finding himself environed by a much superior body of forces, and no possibility of escape, he delivered up his sword to the king, and his soldiers became prisoners of war. His cavalry had, however, seized on a small, but most advantageous spot, and, unterrified by the fate of their companions, refused to surrender, and demanded permission to march off the ground with all military honours. Their fate was not yet decided when I quitted the place, at eleven o'clock at night. It was a very elegant and gallant diversion, finely designed to cultivate and practice the operations of a campaign, and keep alive the knowledge of war, even amid the most profound peace.

I left Stockholm at four o'clock the ensuing morning, June 17th, and reached Griselhamn, on the western shore of the Gulph of Bothnia, about eleven at night. I engaged a boat to carry me over

to the isle of Aland: the weather was remarkably serene and pleasant, and the little breeze which played was favourable. I therefore lost no time; but putting my carriage into the boat, I took my seat in it, and wrapping myself up, fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, we had performed more than two-thirds of the passage, which is forty-five English miles, and about noon I landed at Frebbenby, on the isle of Aland. My road to Finland lay entirely through it.

While I stopped to change horses at a little village, called Haroldsby, the bailiff, or governor, passed me, and knowing I must be a stranger, very politely accosted me. I was glad to have such an opportunity of gaining a little information relative to the island. He said it was about one hundred and eighty miles in circumference, and contained between five and six thousand inhabitants; that they paid no pecuniary taxes, but were only obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the defence of the kingdom; and that vassalage was perfectly unknown. "There is no town," continued he, "upon the island, and the peasants have always remonstrated against the founding any, as the Swedish government have repeatedly intended. My residence is at Castleholm, about three miles from hence, and close to which you must pass. It is an ancient fortress, built by the viceroy who founded Stockholm, and repaired by our celebrated Christina. It contains, at present, little worthy a traveller's attention. There is, indeed, a room where the unhappy king Eric XIV. was confined. I have had the curiosity some few years ago to visit it; but the access is, at this time, so ruinous, and even dangerous, that I cannot advise you to attempt it."

I returned him thanks for his advice, though I was fully determined to act in opposition to it; and having bid him adieu, pursued my journey. I arrived in half an hour at the castle: it stands in a

beautiful situation, on the banks of a river, and commanding an extensive view on every side. It was with some difficulty that the passage to the chamber, where the king had been imprisoned, could be discovered; and it was with still greater difficulty I could enter it when found. I crawled upon my hands and knees under an arch, the stones of which having fallen down in a course of years, had almost filled up the way; and after passing this narrow entrance, I had two ladders to mount, which did not appear capable of bearing much pressure. I followed, however, where my guide led the way, and entered the apartment through a trap door.

I was struck with compassion and horror to think that a sovereign had been the tenant of such a dungeon, which is too miserable for the worst malefactor. It is composed of stone, and vaulted over head: I measured it by my paces; it was about twenty-three feet long, and twelve broad. The light is admitted by a narrow window, through a wall five feet in thickness. In one corner is a little fire-place, and in the other a cupboard hollowed in the wall. The flooring is of brick, and, as the guide pretended to shew me, is worn away in those places where the king was used to walk.

It seems Eric was the eldest son of Gustavus Vasa, and succeeded his father in 1560. His name appears among the list of our Elizabeth's suitors, but he appears to be ill formed by nature for success in gallantry. He was immoderately addicted to the study of astrology, a weakness not confined to him alone, but which characterized the age in which he lived. He was deposed in 1568, by his brother John III. and after being removed to different prisons, he ended his days at Gripsholm, in Sweden, though whether by a violent or a natural death, is more a matter of speculation and suspicion than of certainty or fact. Every nation seems to have had its Eric. The Wenceslaus of the empire, the Peter III. of Russia,

the Alphonso VI. of Portugal, and the Henry IV. of Castile, are only the same sad story differently told, and varying in minute circumstances. The English have had many Erics: our annals are more stained with royal blood, than any others of Europe. One hardly passes the ruins of a castle, where some of our princes have not, at different periods, been confined.

Having gratified my curiosity, I left Castleholm, and, continuing my journey, arrived at the termination of the island as the sun set. It was my intention to have gone on to Finland by the post route, through several small islands, or rocks, between which there are, constantly, boats provided to convey travellers. Just as I was on the point of carrying this design into execution, some country people came, and proposed to convey me from thence straight to Abo. They said, the distance was only about one hundred and twenty English miles; that the wind was very fair; that they had often made the passage in twelve or fourteen hours, and doubted not to do the same now; that I needed not loose a moment, as their little vessel was in readiness, and only waited my orders. I did not hesitate long, but complied with the offer, and left Aland about midnight on the 18th. I slept, as I had done the preceding night, in my carriage, and at seven in the morning found myself in a narrow passage, surrounded by high rocks, and the people employed in rowing. I made no question that we were already in the river of Abo; but was not a little chagrined to find, on inquiry, that the wind had fallen away, that we were hardly thirty miles from the place we had quitted. They added that the whole day was through similar channels; that several of the islands by which I sailed were inhabited; and that if I pleased, they would land me on one of them for refreshment. To this I gladly consented, and,

about nine o'clock I went ashore on one called Lappo. I walked to a little hamlet at a mile distance from the shore: the poor peasants very cheerfully brought me some cream, and assisted in boiling my coffee. Nothing could exceed their poverty; a little black bread, fish, pork, and a sort of mixture, they called beer, constituting all their sustenance. After having made a very comfortable breakfast, on this almost unknown and sequestered island, I returned again to the boat.

During the whole day we pursued our voyage through a labyrinth of small rocks and isles, many of them covered with firs and aspens; some few green and beautiful, but far the greater number barren and rugged. Many of the prospects were, however, wondrously picturesque and romantic, and I frequently stopped the boatmen, for a minute, to gaze upon the extraordinary scene around me. Sometimes we went through channels of only twenty or thirty feet in breadth; sometimes the water opened into a considerable expanse, and often there appeared to be no avenue on any side. I was astonished how they so exactly steer their course in this intricate and perplexing maze, through which nothing besides long experience could have conducted them. We were about forty miles from Abo when the sun went down, and I was once more obliged to sleep in my carriage; we entered the river early on the morning of the 20th, and about eight o'clock I finished my voyage.

There is not any thing at Abo which entertained me in the survey, or can amuse by the description. It is a wretched capital of a barren province. The houses are almost all of wood, and the archiepiscopal palace is composed of no better materials; but by way of distinction it is painted red. I inquired if there was any thing in the university to merit attention; but they assured me, it would be regarded as a piece of ridicule to visit it on such an errand,

there being nothing within its walls, except a very small library, and a few philosophical instruments.

I waited on the governor soon after my arrival: he procured me horses on the road from hence to Helsingfors, the first town in my way to St. Petersburgh, and which is one hundred and twenty miles distant. As the weather, during the day, was now very hot, I delayed my departure till the evening. At this time there was a great annual fair at Abo; and I amused myself, in the afternoon, in looking from the window of my apartment, at a crowd of three or four thousand Finland peasants, who were collected together, and formed a curious *coup-d'œil* in their country dresses.

Finland is not so steril or uncultivated as I had been taught to expect. I saw no part of Sweden, except East Gothland, which is so free from those vast rocks which Nature, in her wrath, seems to have scattered over these kingdoms; nor any where the soil is apparently more fertile, or the country better peopled. The peasants speak a jargon equally unintelligible to a Swede or a Russian; but, in the towns, the former language is generally used or understood. I staid at Helsingfors a day, more to recover my past fatigue than from a desire of seeing an immense fortress, built as a barrier against the Russians, and in which there was a garrison of eight thousand men. It is not yet entirely completed; but as more than two-thirds of the soldiery are constantly at work on the fortifications, it is to be presumed it will be in full readiness for the next rupture between these rival nations.

I slept at the city of Borgo on the 24th, and at ten the ensuing evening I arrived at the confines of the Swedish monarchy. The river Kymen divides the empire of Russia from the dominions of Sweden: across it is a wooden bridge, one half of which is constantly repaired by the one, and the other half by the

other nation. I underwent a very minute search from the guards on either side, before I was permitted to proceed.

At about a league beyond this boundary, my carriage broke down in a deep wood more than two English miles from any habitation: it was about four in the morning when the accident happened; I left the postillion to guard the chaise, and walked on with my servant to the next Russian hamlet. We addressed ourselves to the first peasant we met, who happened to be a Swede by birth. After much entreaty, I prevailed on him to furnish me with a wheel from his own little charette. I thought myself very happy to procure this temporary aid, and by the help of it I arrived at Fredericshamn the same evening.

Here every thing announced a different people from those I had just quitted. The features, the complexion, the manners, the dress of the inhabitants, were all Muscovite. A thousand leagues could not have made a more striking alteration than a few miles had done; and plainly evinces how strongly the character of the individuals which compose society is tinged and formed by the government, policy, and religion of the nation.

The plan of Fredericshamn is one of the most elegant I have ever seen; all the streets going off like radii from a centre, in which is a handsome hotel de ville. The unaffected politeness and hospitality with which I was received by General Sestikoff, to whom, as governor of the city, I paid my compliments on my arrival, detained me here a day. He introduced me to the prince of Issembourg, a German, in the empress of Russia's service. The prince gave me the subsequent account of this country. "These provinces were, as you know," said he, "conquered from Frederic, king of Sweden, by the late empress Elizabeth. On the cession of them to her, and the evacuation of the Swedes, the best estates were bought by peasants, priests, and mechanics for the

merest trifles; but the whole track is steril, uncultivated, and unpeopled. I have myself purchased above forty English miles of land, since my arrival, for only two thousand rubles."* I recollected the prince's words as I drove from Fredericshamn to Wybourg, the whole intermediate country being the most savage, rocky, and inhospitable desert that can be conceived: from the gates of one to the entrance of the other I saw scarce any other signs of population than at the little hamlets where I stopped to change horses; yet has this frontier of the Swedish and Russian territory been as obstinately disputed, and caused the effusion of as much blood, as the most plentiful and happy regions of the earth; a convincing proof that ambition rather than interest is the frequent source of war.

I have seen no place, since Stockholm, where there seems so much the face of industry and commerce as at Wybourg. It is a fortified city, and during the wars between Charles and Peter, when it belonged to the former of those princes, was reputed strong, the Russians having been more than once forced to raise the siege; but at present the fortifications are very ruinous.

On the 29th of June I left Wybourg, and reached Petersburgh, distant one hundred and ten English miles, without any thing remarkable. This great capital, though only a creation of the present century, has already grown to a vast size, and contains infinitely higher matter of entertainment and instruction than either of those from whence I lately came. I was struck with a pleasing astonishment, while I wandered among havens, streets, and public buildings, which have risen, as by enchantment, within the memory of men still alive: and have converted the marshy islands of the Neva into one of the most magnificent cities of the earth. The imagination,

* About four hundred pounds sterling.

aided by so many visible objects, rises to the wondrous founder, and beholds in idea the tutelary genius of Peter, yet hovering over the child of his own production, and viewing with a parent's fondness its rising palaces and temples. The names on which ancient story dwells with so much fondness, sink on a comparison with this immortal man, and the fabulous legislators of Greece and Egypt never presumed to attempt the mighty transformation which the czar completed. He metamorphosed brutes into men; and in some measure triumphed over superstition, the strong and almost impregnable hold of ignorance. I must own, I never consider this, so recent and so wondrous an event, without being hurried away by an enthusiasm I cannot avoid feeling, and from which I now return, to give some imperfect description of the festivities at which I had the honour of being present during my stay here.

I accompanied Sir Robert Gunning on the 9th of July, to the palace of Peterhoff, where the empress then resided. It was the anniversary of her accession, when there is generally a very brilliant court. As we arrived early, I had an opportunity of viewing the gardens before her majesty's appearance. They are very extensive, lying along the gulph of Finland, and washed by its waters. In the midst of them stands the palace itself, situate on an eminence, and commanding a fine view. It was begun by Peter I. but has been enlarged and improved by his successors. In the front is a canal of some hundred yards in length which joins the gulph, and from which three *jets d'eau* are supplied, which play constantly throughout the year. The apartments are all very splendid; but my attention was chiefly engaged by the drawing room, where hung five matchless portraits of the sovereigns of Russia. They are all full length pieces. Peter himself is the first, and opposite to him appears the humble Livonian female,

whom he raised from a cottage to the most unbounded sovereignty. She is drawn by the painter as in middle life; her eyes and hair black, her countenance open, smiling and ingratiating, and her person not exceeding the middle size. The empresses Anne and Elizabeth fill their respective places in this apartment; but did not long detain me from a portrait of the reigning sovereign, which is of a singular kind. She is habited in the Russian uniform, booted, and sits astride on a white horse. In her hat is the oaken bough, which she wore at the memorable revolution which placed her on the throne, and which badge was likewise assumed by all her adherents. Her long hair floats in disorder down her back; and the flushing in her face, the natural effect of the heat and fatigue she had undergone, is finely expressed.

While my eyes were rivetted to this picture, and my thoughts employed on the melancholy catastrophe of the unhappy emperor, which so soon followed, the empress's entrance was announced. She was preceded by a long train of lords and gentlemen.

I felt a pleasure corrected with awe as I gazed on this extraordinary woman, whose vigour and policy, without any right of blood, has seated and maintains her on the throne of the czars. Though she is now become rather corpulent, there is a dignity tempered with graciousness in her deportment and manner, which strikingly impresses. She was habited in a deep blue silk with gold stripes, and her hair ornamented with diamonds. After the foreign ministers had paid her the customary compliments on this anniversary, I had the honour to be presented, and to kiss her hand. The grand duke and duchess of Russia followed the empress, who continued scarce a minute in the circle, but sat down at the card table.

I followed the crowd to the other end of the apartment, where a sovereign of a different kind, and perhaps not less despotic or unlimited in her

native empire, had drawn another circle of votaries by the magic of her voice; and received a homage from her personal accomplishments, perhaps more flattering than that paid to greatness, because more the offering of the heart. This was no other than Gabrielli, the singer: she had just begun an air as I came up, and I listened in deep attention while it lasted. When she had finished, Count Rzewusky, a young Polish nobleman, came up to me, and asked me if I wished to be introduced to her. I assured him he could not confer a greater obligation on me. She rose up with great politeness on the count's introducing me to her as an English gentleman who was lately arrived; and I did not lose the opportunity to enter into a conversation with her.

She was perfectly free and unreserved in her replies, to a number of little questions which I put to her. She said, that though accustomed to the warmer climates of Italy and Sicily, her constitution was not impaired or injured by the severity of that of Russia; that the empress was a bounteous mistress, and she had no reason to be dissatisfied with her present situation; but that, notwithstanding, she had a passionate desire to visit England, a journey she had been many times on the point of executing, but had never yet accomplished. I assured her how happy the English nation would be to see among them a woman of such pre-eminent merit, and how generous their patronage was to all performers in the fine arts.

Our conversation was most agreeably interrupted by her standing up to sing. I must own I never heard any voice so perfectly sweet, melting, and absolute in its command over the soul: nor can any thing exceed the negligent carelessnsss, apparent in her whole manner, while employed in this occupation, as if she despised the appearance of exertion or any labour to please.

She was at Milan when the empress engaged her

to sing in her court. The price she demanded was seven thousand roubles (or about one thousand five hundred pound sterling) a year, besides a house and carriage; nor would she relax the least article of these conditions. They remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of so enormous a salary, and to induce her to diminish it, informed her that a field marshal had no more. "If that be the case," said she, "I would advise her majesty to make one of her marshal's sing." Her person, strictly considered in itself, is by no means irresistible; she does not exceed, if she reaches, the middle size; her features are small, and her eyes blue; but her neck is exquisitely white. Though her salary is so ample, it is only on peculiar occasions and great festivals that she usually sings.

The court broke up between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and I returned to Petersburgh; though I went down to Peterhoff the following day, when there were a masquerade and illuminations in the gardens. The former of these was rather a *bal paré en domino,* as there were very few or no fancy dresses, nor was any character supported. Every person, without distinction, is admitted on this occasion, and there were not less than four or five thousand persons present. Her majesty was dressed in a blue domino, and played at cards most of the night.

The illuminations in the gardens far surpassed any I ever saw in my life. Two prodigious arcades of fire extended in front of the palace: the canal, which reaches to the gulph of Finland, was illuminated on both sides, and the view terminated by a rock, lighted in the inside, and which had a beautiful effect. From either side of the canal branched off long arched walks, illuminated; and beyond these, in the woods, were hung festoons of lamps differently coloured, All the jets d'eaux played. Artificial cascades, where the water tumbled from one declivity to another,

and under each of which lights were very artfully disposed, amused and surprized the spectator at the same time. Besides these there were summer-houses, pyramids, and temples of flame; and beyond all appeared the imperial yachts on the water in the same brilliant and dazzling ornaments.

Nothing could be better calculated to produce that giddy and tumultuous feeling of mingled wonder and delight, which, though it arises neither from the understanding nor the heart, has yet a most powerful influence over both. The senses are so much captivated with the powers of music, dancing, and wanton hours, together with the presence of a multitude of both sexes, habited in a dress which intentionally levels all distinction, that a heart must be uncommonly misanthropical or unfeeling, which does not catch some spark of mirth and gallantry at such an altar. This impression, however, as it is violent, and produced from temporary causes, soon subsides, and expires with the oil and the taper which gave it birth.

There is so little obscurity at this season of the year, for there is no darkness, that if the night had not been very opportunely cloudy, the illuminations could not have produced their full effect. This favourable circumstance, however, superadded to the black vapour which rose from such a multitude of lamps, and hung over the gardens, caused a degree of gloom, which, under the shelter of the woods approached nearly to darkness from eleven till one in the morning; but before three, the envious daylight burst in upon the splendor of this dazzling scene, which required the canopy of night to give it any lustre. The lamps were expiring on every side; the company began to disperse; each moment diminished the magic which had charmed erewhile, and the fugitive enchantment was passed. It was eight o'clock when I arrived in town, and the sun began to grow already very warm. I threw myself on the bed, quite

spent with the pursuit of pleasure, and glad to retire to silence and rest. Magnificent as this illumination was, I was assured that it had been surpassed on some very particular occasions.

There is not only a grandeur and regal pomp in this court, which far exceeds any I have beheld elsewhere, but every thing is on a vast and colossal scale, resembling that of the empire itself. The public buildings, churches, monasteries, and private palaces of the nobility, are of an immense size, and seem as if designed for creatures of a superior height and dimensions to man.

At Moscow, I was told, this magnificent style is yet more common and more universal. The palace which the present empress has begun, is designed to be two or three English miles in circumference: and in the mean time they have erected a temporary one of brick, for her reception. The city itself is an immense collection of villages, and the Muscovite lords commonly go fifty or sixty versts, which are at least forty of our miles, to make visits to each other. There is a sort of savage and barbarous grandeur in this taste, which never appears in the edifices and productions of Grecian sculpture or architecture; but this may arise from the different extent of the two countries, as well as the genius of the people.

As the festivities were now finished at court, I had time to visit the principal objects of curiosity and entertainment in the city. My original intention of going to Moscow, I at length, though very reluctantly, laid aside on account of the advancement of the season; it being too long and disagreeable a journey to undertake by land, through Livonia, Courland, Prussia, and Germany, after the 1st of September, when the autumnal rains make the roads in some of these countries almost impassable. The weather was now insufferably hot, and far exceeded that which is ever experienced in England; but this was of short duration.

The veneration of the Russians for their hero and legislator, Peter, approaches, as may naturally be imagined, to idolatry, and increases as they recede from the time in which he personally flourished. The impartial and discerning few, however, who can divest themselves of prejudice, and view objects free from the blaze, which usually dazzles and deludes the multitude, have regarded his character and conduct with different eyes, and even made those actions, on which his fame is built, the subject of criticism, if not of censure. Fifty years which have now nearly elapsed since his death, have withdrawn the veil in some degree from the political sanctuary; and experience of the beneficial or pernicious nature of his regulations, has affixed to them the stamp of excellence or error. So imperfect and short-sighted is man, so limited the sphere of human foresight, that those causes which seem at a first view replete with blessings, often contain a latent poison, which, when matured by time, can destroy these expected consequences, and force us to condemn, on a retrospect, that which we at first applauded.

There are only three grand points of light in which we can regard Peter: as the civilizer, the sovereign, and the law-giver of his country: and there are persons who assert, that he only succeeded partially even in the first of these, to the completion of which he sacrificed the other two; or else he evidently mistook them. This may surprize those who have been taught to regard Peter as one of the most perfect of sovereigns---one of the most illustrious he certainly was. But he had his vices as well as his virtues; and many of his labours, in which the lives of thousands of his subjects were lost, might well have been either saved, or more advantageously applied in another direction.

This is now universaly allowed by the reflecting; yet with all the abatements that can justly be made

from the character of Peter, he still will descend to admiring posterity with distinguished applause.

One of the noblest monuments of the gratitude and veneration universally paid to Peter I. is that which her present majesty has ordered to be erected. It is an equestrian statue, and has been some years under the hands of Monsieur Falconette. I was introduced to this great statuary, and had the pleasure to see the model, which is already completed. In this production he has united the greatest simplicity with the truest sublimity of conception. No other statue, whether ancient or modern, gave him the design, which is singular in its kind, and is admirably adapted to express the character of the man, and the nation over which he reigned. Instead of a pedestal adorned with inscriptions, or surrounded by slaves, he appears mounted on a rock or stone of a prodigious size, up the ascent of which the horse labours, and appears to have nearly reached its summit. This attitude has given him room to exert great anatomical beauty and skill in the muscles of the horse's hind thighs and hams, on which the whole weight of his body is necessarily sustained. The czar's figure is full of fire and spirit: he sits on a bear's skin, and is clad in a simple habit, not characteristic of any particular country, but such as may be worn, without violation of propriety, by an inhabitant of any. His eye is directed to some apparently distant object, designed to be the citadel, and on his features are strongly impressed the sentiment of "deliberation and public care:" his left hand holds the bridle, and his right is extended, as the artist expressed it, *en père et en maître*—'like a father and sovereign.' Under the figure on the rock is this inscription: PETRO PRIMO, CATHERINA SECUNDA.

Every thing is now in preparation to cast the statue itself, which will, when finished, be perhaps incontestibly the most matchless production of the kind in

Europe.* Apart from his genius, as an artist, Falconette is a man of uncommon talents, erudition, and expansion of sentiment: he is a citizen of the world, and totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. He is, however, said to possess in a high degree, that *soreness*, as Pope expressed it, that impatience of unmerited censure and little peevishness, which men of fine parts often discover, on account of the erroneous judgment which the multitude form of their abilities and execution. He paid many fine encomiums to the merit of our present painters in England, particularly to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom, he said, he maintained a constant correspondence, and interchange of their respective compositions. "Count Huguelino in the dungeon," hung over his chimney-piece, which he said the chevalier Reynolds had lately presented him, and the exquisite expression of which, he could not behold without mingled terror and admiration. I received peculiar pleasure from the acquaintance of this gentleman, which he permitted me to cultivate during my stay here, and from which I derived no less honour than instruction. As he has passed the middle stage of life, and has been a resident in St. Petersburgh near eight years, I could not help asking him, at one of our interviews, whether he had not any design to return to France, his native country, particularly when a young prince, who seemed to open his reign with great applause, might employ him in some works ornamental to his kingdom? "Alas! Sir," said he, "I have lived long enough to know, that every monarch, more especially a youthful one, begins his career with honour and approbation, though time usually crops

* Mr. Wraxall's original ideas of this statue have been fully answered; it is worthy of the artist; of the hero for whom it was designed; and the munificence of the empress, who caused it to be erected.

these early and immature trophies.* For me, I have nothing, when I revisit my native land, to ask from it, besides a few feet of earth to inter my remains, and that it cannot refuse me.'

I have often observed, that all men of superior talents hold the same language, and, when the tumultuous season of life is over, in which ambition or hope may have tendered them ideal blessings, and deluded their sober judgments, they have not any other wish than humble sequestration.

Petersburgh is as yet only an immense outline, which will require future sovereigns, and almost future ages to complete. It stands at present on a prodigious extent of ground; but as the houses in many parts are not contiguous, and great spaces are left unbuilt, it is hard to ascertain its real size and magnitude. Devotion has not been wanting to erect magnificent places of worship in almost every part. Curiosity and novelty carried me to all of them. The external architecture differs very little in any: the Greeks seem as fond of domes to their churches, as the Mahometans are of minarets to their mosques. They usually encircle one large with four smaller cupolas, and cover them with copper gilt, which has a fine effect to the eye, when illuminated by the rays of the sun. The ornaments within are costly and barbarous: a Mexican temple can hardly be more so. They surround a daubing of the Virgin and Jesus, with gold or silver head dresses, and sometimes complete habits, and only leave exposed the fingers, which the multitude very devoutly kiss. Some of these strange compound figures of paint and metal, are very laughable, and the poor Madonna seems like a prisoner in golden fetters.

The papas, or priests, are dressed in vestments which very much resemble the Romish, and are generally composed of tissue and expensive silks. The manner

* There seems something prophetic in this sentiment, as applied to the amiable, but unfortunate Louis XVI.

in which they perform the service rather reminds one of an incantation, than of a prayer offered to the Deity; and they repeat great part of it so intolerably fast, that one is tempted to suppose it impossible the auditory can understand one word the priest utters, let their attention be ever so strong. St. Nicholas still holds his rank and veneration in the Russian calendar, and has almost as many altars as the Virgin herself.

In the church of the citadel repose the body of Peter I. and the successive sovereigns since his death, who are ranged in coffers side by side, but have not any of them marble monuments erected to their memories; nor is there any other motive to induce a traveller to enter this church, except the consciousness that he beholds the wood which contains the ashes of Peter, and that mingled sentiment of reverence and pleasure which the mind may experience from such a contemplation. Only one monarch is excluded, as if unworthy to be entombed with his progenitors and predecessors on the throne of Russia. This is the late unhappy Peter III. who, after his death, was exposed during some days in the monastery of St. Alexander Newfskoi, a few miles out of town, to convince the people that he had not suffered any violence, but ended his life naturally: he was afterwards privately interred there.*

As I have mentioned his name, I am led to make a few remarks on his life and character. Though under the present reign, it may be imagined, that few persons either dare or choose to speak their sentiments freely in this respect, yet I am induced to believe, from universal testimony, that he was very unworthy and unfit to reign, and that whatever private condemnation the empress, as his wife, may undergo, it was a most salutary and requisite policy for Russia to de-

* The remains have lately been gathered to those of his predecessors, by the filial regard of the emperor Paul I.

pose him. He brought to St Petersburgh all the illiberal and pernicious prejudices of a German; he avowed his open contempt for their religion, their manners, their laws; he had personally ill treated and injured his wife, and alienated by his imprudence and folly a great majority of his subjects and courtiers.

The vigour and celebrity with which the empress acted in effecting the revolution, could only be exceeded by the pusillanimity and meanness with which Peter resigned the crown. He was himself, on the day which preceded this event, at the palace of Oranienbaum, and totally unprepared for such a change of which he entertained no suspicion. She departed from Peterhoff, where she then was, by a postern door in the garden, very early in the morning, under the conduct of prince Orloff, and reached Petersburgh before her absence was known. She instantly took possession of the palace without difficulty or opposition, and putting herself in an uniform at the head of the guards, marched towards Peterhoff.

As soon as the emperor received this intelligence, he embarked immediately from Oranienbaum, in one of the imperial yachts, in hopes to reach Cronstadt, which is nearly opposite, and in the fortress of which he would have been secure. Here, however, he was disappointed, as the empress had already anticipated his intention, and dispatched two admirals, who secured it. When he came near the fortress, they ordered him to keep off, or they would sink him, and at the same time pointed the guns for that purpose, though it afterwards appeared they were not loaded. Besides his mistress, the Countess of Voronzoff, he had a number of women and attendants in the vessel with him. Terrified with the appearance of opposition, they knelt around him, and rent the air with their cries, to induce him to relinquish his purpose. Yielding to his own fears, and their importunities, he had not the courage to attempt to land, but returned back to

Oranienbaum. The old Felt-Mareschal Count Munich, who had been newly recalled from his long exile in Siberia, was with him at this critical emergency, and gave him the only advice which could possibly have saved him. He implored him to go boldly and meet the empress, to charge the guards on their allegiance to obey his orders as their sovereign, and offered to lose his own life in his defence. Peter either had not sufficient magnanimity and greatness of mind to perceive the absolute necessity of this conduct, or to embrace it instantly. On the contrary, giving way to his terrors, he threw himself on the ground before the empress, in the gardens of Oranienbaum, and covering his face with both his hands, burst into all the impotence of tears, and only implored, in terms of the most abject submission, that his life might be spared, and his paternal dominions of Holstein assigned him.

She commanded him to rise, and conducted him to the palace of Peterhoff, where he signed a paper, by which he abdicated his power, and conferred it on her. Meanwhile covered waggons were provided, which took different roads, that it might not be known in which was the deposed prince; and this mighty revolution, which transferred the greatest empire on earth, was effected in a few hours, almost without any confusion or uproar. The people, accustomed to despotism, and almost indifferent who was the ruler, remained silent and quiet spectators of it; the guards being the only actors, and the whole a repetition of the princess Elizabeth's conduct some years before, when young Ivan was deposed, and she seized the throne.

Over the rest of this mournful story charity must draw a veil. Such a prisoner it is natural to suppose could not long remain in that condition. On the ninth day subsequent to his seizure, it was reported he had a disorder in his bowels, and soon after his death was announced. We know no more. History, in some

future period, may possibly elucidate the circumstances of his end. That it was tragical cannot be doubted.*

The public buildings of different kinds are so prodigiously numerous in this city, that I am inclined to believe they constitute a fifth or sixth part of the whole capital. Some of them are of stone, but the larger part are only brick, or wood plaistered. The winter-palace is composed of the former materials, and was erected by the late empress Elizabeth: it is very large and heavy in the style of its architecture. The situation is very lovely, on the banks of the Neva, and in the centre of the town. Contiguous to it is a small palace, built by the present empress, and called, though not very appropriately, The Hermitage. It no more resembles our idea of a hermitage than it does a temple; but when her majesty resides in this part of the building she is in retreat, and there is no drawing-room or court. I was admitted to see these apartments, which are very elegant, and furnished with great taste. There are two galleries of paintings, which have been lately purchased at an immense expence in Italy. The crown, which I saw in the palace itself, is perhaps the richest in Europe. It is shaped like a bonnet, and totally covered with diamonds. In the sceptre is the celebrated one, purchased by Prince Orloff for five hundred thousand rubles,† and presented by him to his sovereign mistress only a few months ago. It far exceeds Pitt's diamond in size, and is reckoned not inferior in water. Lapidaries declare it the most beautiful and rare jewel ever brought from Golconda.

There are two academies here, one of arts and the other of sciences, both of which I repeatedly visited. The present empress has founded the first, which will be, when finished, a superb edifice: it is furnished

* The late king of Sweden, in no ambiguous terms, has recorded the death of Peter III.

† A coin value about four shillings and sixpence English.

with masters in the different branches of polite letters, and filled with casts from the most celebrated models of Greek and Roman sculpture. I do not, however, find that as yet any eminent geniuses have appeared, though they have not been quite destitute of artists. Nature indeed seems to have confined perfection in these elegant and exquisite productions to certain climates and people, among whom they have sprung spontaneous for centuries; and which are only imperfectly copied where the seeds of taste are not so happily scattered, or the organs so justly adapted to receive them.

I was more charmed with the river Neva itself, than with any other object here. The Thames is not comparable to it in beauty; and as the stream sets constantly out of the Lake Ladoga into the Gulph of Finland, it is always full, clear, and perfectly clean. Along its banks is unquestionably the finest walk in the world. It is not a quay, as vessels never ascend to this part, but a parade, running to a vast length; the buildings on which are hardly to be exceeded in elegance. Over the river, in the narrowest part, is a bridge on pontoons. From this noble river, canals are cut to all parts of the city; nor could any situation be more favourable to the genius of commerce, if the inclemency of the climate did not keep it frozen up at least five months annually.

As this place is the formation of late years, it is laid out with great regularity: there is not any thing which looks old, though much is still imperfect and unfinished. The buildings have throughout a very handsome appearance, and are, like every thing else, on a colossal scale. The streets are mostly paved; but in several places this is done with timber: a practice still more prevalent in Moscow, where, in the frequent fires they used to have, the street itself caught the flames, and the conflagration became terrible, as the houses likewise are mostly of wood.

The police of Petersburgh is very good, and one may walk with great safety at any hour. Now and then a murder happens; but this is by no means frequent.

In the summer season, when the court are out of town, there are scarcely any public spectacles, except at the imperial palace, where a Russian and French comedy are performed generally once a week. The seats are adjusted by rank, and no money is paid for entrance, as it is the empress's own amusement, and limited to people of condition. For my own part, I found a much superior entertainment in walking every evening, till eleven, or midnight, on the banks of the Neva, or in the Summer Gardens, which likewise belong to the crown, and are always open to the people. They are situated at one end of the walk I mentioned, and are full of statues, jet d'eaux, and fountains elegantly disposed.

The aboriginal Russians, whose habits have not been refined by a commerce with other nations, evidently partake much more of Asiatic than of European manners: the men among the lower class universally wear the beard, in defiance of all the rigorous edicts issued by Peter I. to abolish this barbarous custom. The women in general only bind their heads with pieces of silk or linen, very nearly resembling in appearance the eastern turban, but accommodate the other parts of their dress pretty nearly to ours. Many of them, however, are to be seen in the old Muscovite habits of the different provinces, which are curious and grotesque in the highest degree. In some the head-dress projects six or eight inches from the forehead, and is enriched with pearls; in others it is a sort of bonnet laced, and sitting close round the head; nor is the rest of their attire less singular.

One of their customs, at which I was a spectator, not a little surprised me. It was a promiscuous bathing of not less than two hundred persons of both sexes. There are several of these public bagnios in Petersburgh, and every one pays a few copiques (value a half-

penny English each) for admittance. There are, indeed, separate spaces for the men and women; but they seem quite regardless of this distinction, and sit or bathe in a state of absolute nudity among each other. What is equally extraordinary, they go first into a room heated to so intense a degree, that it is scarcely possible to breathe in it; and after having remained there till their bodes are in the most violent perspiration, they instantly either plunge into the cold water of the Neva, or else throw a quantity of it over them from little buckets, with which they are all provided for that purpose. This may only harden a Russian constitution, but, I believe, would be found often fatal to an English one. The greater part of the women were the most hideous figures I ever beheld, and reminded me of Horace's Canidia, for whom they were very proper companions. I counted half a dozen young girls who appeared tolerably pretty, and they never could have been viewed to more advantage than near such foils. As a studier of nature, I confess this is as proper a school as can be imagined, since fancy can hardly figure an attitude which may not be found here; but, as a voluptuary, a single visit is more than sufficient.

I cannot say much in praise of thecharms which the ladies discover; indeed, I am told, the style of loveliness here is not a little different from ours, and that, to possess any pre-eminent degree of it, a woman must weigh at least two hundred weight. Prior's criterion will not do here, and they would laugh at his "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less," as a false and vitiated taste. The late empress Elizabeth was one of these ponderous and massy beauties; and such she appears in the portraits I have seen of her.

The climate prodigiously altered within the week following the middle of July. All the violence of the heat was past, and expected to return no more for the season. They have no fruits here, except strawberries and raspberries: wall-fruit is almost unknown, and

must necessarily be so in such a climate. They have, however, as I am assured, excellent melons, pomegranates, and pines, brought to Petersburgh from Astracan in twenty-one days, which is not a less distance than fifteen hundred miles, across all Muscovy.* Indeed, when one reflects on the immense magnitude of this empire, one is lost in the idea. They count five thousand miles from hence to Kamtschatka, the eastern but uncertain termination of their dominion; and north, it runs "to Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where." In this are reckoned, I think, six separate kingdoms, the distinct crowns of which are all to be seen at Moscow. The soil, climate, and produce, must be infinitely different in so extensive a domain. The Ukraine is represented to be one of the most fertile and delicious provinces of the earth, and the most desirable of any in the Russian empire. The country round this capital is a morass overgrown with birch and fir, nor is there a hill within several miles. The houses of Petersburgh are all built on piles, as those of Amsterdam, which often strikingly remind one of Holland.

Among the public institutions, I was carried to see one, which can hardly be exceeded in utility by any in Europe, and is worthy of the present empress, who may be deemed its foundress. Elizabeth, her predecessor, erected it, and designed it for a nunnery. It stands just out of town, and is a most princely and magnificent building, though, like every thing else, not yet completed. Her present majesty, who has preferred wisdom to superstition, converted it into a public place of education, where young women of all conditions are completely instructed in every necessary and elegant accomplishment, at the sole expence of the crown. Those of noble families are kept quite distinct from the inferior children. Upwards of two hundred and thirty of the former, and double that

* See Hanway's Travels through Persia, Vol. XIII.

number of the latter, are provided for in this admirable seminary.

Some branches of the police appeared to me singular, though I must allow they are productive of salutary consequences. I was a little indisposed soon after my arrival, and sent my servant to purchase some magnesia in the shops. He brought me word that no apothecary would sell him any; and that three or four of them had assured him they dared not part with a dram, if a hundred ducats were offered for it, unless a regular prescription was brought them, signed by a physician, as the punishment is very severe for their violating this regulation. Esculapius could not have made a law more beneficial to the faculty; but it prevents empirics from destroying numbers, as they do with impunity among us, and renders it very easy to discover poisons, by tracing to its source the vender of them.

Another regulation here, though not without its advantages likewise, is very troublesome. No stranger can quit the capital, to pass the frontiers, without having been first advertised in all the public papers for ten days preceding his departure, though his business or affairs should be ever so urgent. But as Petersburgh is not a thoroughfare, this restraint is less felt than otherwise it would be.

I made one or two excursions into the country, particularly to Gatchina, a palace of prince Orloff's, about forty miles off. It is situated in the most eligible spot within a great distance of the metropolis, and will, when finished, be a superb seat. The gardens are laid out in the English taste by a man of great merit, who was sent for by the prince for that purpose. The nature of the ground, and a fine piece of water near the house, gave him scope for his genius. On my return from hence I saw the royal palace of Zarsco-Zelo: this was built by Elizabeth, and is the completest triumph of a barbarous taste I have seen in these northern kingdoms. The situation is low, and

commands hardly any prospect, nor has any natural advantages to claim such a preference. It is very large, and the front extends to a great length, as there is only one story besides the ground floors. All the capitals of the pillars, the statues, and many other parts of the external structure are gilt; nor does the eye meet scarce any thing else in the apartments within. One room is in a very peculiar and uncommon style of magnificence; the sides of it being entirely composed of amber, on which are disposed festoons and other ornaments of the same material. Its transparency, and the consciousness of its rarity, have a fine effect. This was a present from the reigning king of Prussia to the late empress. Her present majesty prefers this palace to any of the others; and when there she is in retreat, as she is in town at the Hermitage.

The grand duke of Russia, and heir apparent to the crown, is just twenty years of age. It is very hard to know what qualities or talents he really possesses, since under this despotic and jealous government, there is scarcely any material power vested in the second, more than the hundredth person in the empire. He has not hitherto exhibited any shining parts, or peculiar traits of character. Those who know him, say, he is amiable, affable, and well disposed:—but how general and uncertain are these strokes; and how little may we, perhaps, recognise them in the future emperor, Paul I.? He has been married about eleven months. The grand duchess, who is a German princess, of the house of Hesse-Darmstadt, is plain in her person; but yet has a somewhat about the lineaments of her countenance and whole demeanor, which, if I were inclined to judge from physiognomy, would give me a very favourable impression of her heart and disposition. This, I am assured, she well merits, and that the duke is extremely attached to her.

The celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, which Peter I. procured from Frederic IV. in Denmark, exists no more: it was consumed by an accidental fire in 1747.

I saw the new one lately constructed on the same model, but somewhat inferior in size. The exact dimensions of the first I am unacquainted with. The present globe is eleven feet in diameter, from pole to pole, and in the inside is a table, with seats round it, capable of admitting twelve persons. On the internal concave globe, are all the celestial signs and constellations; the stars being marked, according to their different magnitudes, by silver studs radiated. The external globe is painted with the various countries of the earth: but this part is not yet completed. A circular building has been erected in the midst of an open spot, and detached from any other house, for the reception and preservation of this noble astronomical machine, which is, I apprehend, the largest of its kind in Europe.

Of the genius, manners, and real character of the Muscovites, I neither pretend, nor can possibly know much from the short stay I made here. I only saw the residence of the court, not the ancient capital of the empire. Had I obeyed the impulse of my own inclinations, I should not have contented myself with this partial and imperfect view: on the contrary, my wishes would not even have been gratified by a sight of Moscow itself; I should have continued my route from thence to Casan and Astracan; nor stopped even there, unless from an incapacity of passing by the Caspian sea, and intermediate provinces of the Ottoman dominion, to Constantinople. They smiled and gave me a look of incredulity mingled with surprise, when I assured them, it is my intention, if unsurmountable obstacles do not prevent me, to return here and attempt this tour; little knowing that danger and fatigue have no terrors for me, when knowledge is the reward of my endeavours. I am conscious this sentiment is not to be transfused, nor perhaps in general believed. That passionate enthusiasm, that insatiable avidity, that divine and undescribable delight which I experience while engaged in this occupation, I attempt in vain, by lan-

guage and description, to kindle in other bosoms, where nature has not given a similarity of feeling.

I must confess that I found much entertainment, mingled with that improvement which opens and expands the mind, in this short residence here; neither Copenhagen nor Stockholm contain so much to attract the notice of a traveller, particularly when it is remembered that those cities have probably reached their meridian, and that every month adds to the beauty and magnificence of this new-born metropolis, which will be long before it reaches its acmé.

Intending to travel through Ingria, formerly wrested from Sweden, about six o'clock on the morning of the 28th of July I quitted St. Petersburgh, where several little accidents had concurred to detain me some days longer than I intended. The whole intermediate country from thence to the gates of Narva is a vast plain, level, open, and covered in many parts with harvests, which the peasants are already reaping. My intention was only to have staid in Narva a few hours, but the pressing instances of two or three very hospitable gentlemen, whom I met with there, induced me to prolong it. After dinner, on the 29th, they carried me out of town, to shew me the celebrated spot on which Charles XII. routed one hundred thousand Muscovites, with his little Swedish troop rather than army, about seventy years ago. The intrenchments of the Russian camp are still distinctly visible, and extend near eighteen English miles along the shore of the Gulph of Finland. Their head-quarters were established in a little island situated at the narrowest part of the river, where was a bridge, which, sinking under the crowd of flying Muscovites, destroyed as many as their enemies had done.

Peter most severely revenged the dishonour of his arms on that unfortunate day, when he afterwards took Narva, and transported the wretched inhabitants into the most remote parts of his dominions. They yet shew the bastion where he gave the assault; and

it is said, that on his entering the place, and finding the Swedish commandant in his robe de chambre, unapprehensive of such an event, he struck him several times, reproaching him for his remissness to his sovereign's interest, and for having been found in a dress so unworthy of a soldier. This anecdote is perfectly characteristic of Peter.

A gentlemen of condition, with whom I formed a sort of intimacy during my little stay, and who is equally a man of letters and urbanity, related to me an anecdote respecting his own family, which is both singular and interesting. I give it nearly in his own words. "My mother," said he, "and her elder sister, became captives to the czar, when this city was taken. They were sold as such to the Russians, and carried by them into the interior parts of the empire, south of Moscow. Fortune had not even allied them in this state of exile; nor did the one know to what master the other belonged. In this situation, as a slave, my mother remained two years; at the end of which time she discovered her elder sister, whose fate had been much more propitious: a boyard, or noble, captivated with her person, married her, and had raised her to a state of affluence and power. This she immediately employed to rescue her sister, and under her protection my mother remained, till the intercession of the empress Catherine, who was originally a Livonian villager, procured permission to all the banished natives to return, and even the restitution of their houses, effects, and fortunes. This edict induced my mother to quit the asylum she had found in Russia, and she returned again to Narva. I need not remind you, that the great prince Menzikoff, whose genius and merit raised him from the station of a pastry-cook's boy, to the highest employments under Peter I. was afterwards banished to Siberia, and all his estates confiscated. The boyard, who had married my aunt, was one of his immediate dependants, and had the superintendance of his lands: he was involved in the ruin of the prince,

and reduced to a state of poverty and distress. His wife fled immediately to her younger sister for refuge, who had now an opportunity to return the benefits she had formerly received, and to extend that protection she once had wanted. My aunt is dead; but my mother is alive at this present time, from whose mouth I have a thousand times heard the story of her fortune.

"There are," continued he, "many old persons yet alive, who remember the battle of Narva, and among others is a man, whose life was preserved by a most uncommon circumstance. He was an infant at the breast, and only about a twelvemonth old. Some Muscovite soldiers, with a merciless barbarity, tore him from the nurse's arms, and dashing him against a wall left him bleeding, and, as they apprehended, dead; the woman, however, attached to the child, returned, and by her care recovered him; and he too is still alive."

I spent the greater part of the 30th at the mouth of the river, which is about eight miles from Narva. It was beautiful weather, and tempted us to sail out upon the Gulph of Finland. Ships of considerable burden lie in the road, there being very little water on the bar, though the river itself is deep quite up to the town. It empties itself into the great Peipus Lake, about forty miles south of Narva. On the other side of this lake is situate the city of Pleskow in Muscovy. Opposite the town, is a large suburb, with an ancient fortress called Ivanogorod, built by the czar, John Basiliwitz, who was a contemporary of our Elizabeth, and made a treaty of commerce with the English, under her reign. These were the frontier towns of the Swedish and Russian territory for a long series of years, the river forming the boundary, till the enterprising Peter enlarged the ancient limits of his dominions.

I had the pleasure to dine in company with four ladies at this place, who were habited in the Livonian dress. Nothing could more aptly realize that barbarous splendor which has been so frequently depictured, but is now so rarely to be seen in any parts of Europe. It

was expensive, and might have been worn by persons of the first eminence, without degradation of their rank. Their heads were covered with a complete bonnet of pearls, which were not worth less than two thousand rubles; and round their necks were several strings of the same. A part of their necks was left exposed; but the lower part was concealed by a vest of red silk, which sat close to the breast, and was bordered with a gold lace of a vast breadth, which descended to their feet. Their arms had no other covering than the sleeves of their shifts; and, when they walked out, they threw over their heads and shoulders a piece of silk resembling a Highland plaid, and which was a sort of substitute for our capuchin. I ought to mention, that one of these four ladies had been married six months, though she was then only twelve years and a half old; nor is this an uncommon or unprecedented thing: a proof of the early maturity to which women arrive in northern climates.

Next day I went to dine at a gentleman's seat, about a mile out of town, close to the fall on the river.

It is a beautiful walk, along the banks of the river above Narva, to the falls. There are two, a small island dividing the stream just at the place; I only saw one of them, the eye not taking in both at once, as on the Dahl in Sweden. If I had never seen these last-named cataracts, those of Narva would have pleased me more, as they are in no respect to be placed in competition with them. The breadth is, indeed, greater; but the fall is only eighteen or nineteen feet. Yet even here, the roar of the water, when quite close, the mist flying up over it, and the surrounding objects, which are very picturesque, affect the mind with a pleasing astonishment, and detain the spectator in a voluntary bondage.

It was six in the evening before I returned to the town and pursued my journey. The first stage lies entirely over the plains which the Muscovites occupied

on the famous day when young Charles defeated them. From thence the road turns in-land, and on the evening of the first of August, I found myself on the sands at the edge of the Peipus Lake, along whose borders I drove for several miles. Night closed in as I reached Ninal, a little village washed by its waves, and very delightfully situated. From hence I had only between forty and fifty miles to Derpt, where I got next morning to breakfast. This place, which is rather a large, straggling, ill-built village than a town, was formerly, when Livonia belonged to Sweden, of considerable importance, having been fortified, and a frontier garrison on the side of Muscovy. It is situated in the most fertile and beautiful part of the province, on a small river, which communicates with the Peipus Lake, and surrounded with harvests, which at this season of the year were waving in all the pride of plenty. Just above the town, on an eminence, from whence the eye commands all this vale, stand the ruins of an abbey or cathedral, which the Russians are employed in totally demolishing. Its situation, which is very eligible in a military light, has induced them to commit this outrage on the venerable remains of piety and magnificence, which the building exhibits. Posterity will see the standard wave where the crucifix has stood, and the matin bell will be succeeded by the trumpet. He who reveres antiquity cannot but deplore this change, and regret the havoc which war, under every shape, is continually making on the productions of elegance and art.

I pursued my route, in the afternoon, through one of the most fertile plains which can be conceived: this beautiful vale terminated about forty miles from Derpt. As evening drew on, I entered a thick wood of fir and birch trees, where the sand was almost up to the axle-tree of the chaise; the night was extremely dark, and it rained and blew very hard. It was one o'clock in the morning when I arrived at the post-house, which is in the midst of the wood; and as I was determined

to wait the return of day, I lay down in my clothes, and fell presently fast asleep.

The same groves continued almost the whole ensuing day. In the evening I reached Wolmar, a little town which was formerly fortified, and where are yet the walls of a castle constructed by the Swedes. From hence I had only about eighty miles to the city of Riga; but it was the morning of the 5th when I got there, and terminated my journey across Livonia. The distance from Narva exceeds three hundred English miles.

My stay in Riga was rather regulated by caprice, than strictly proportioned to the number of objects it presents, either to elegant amusement or instruction. It would be hard to have found a spot more destitute of any natural beauties or advantages to induce an adventurer to fix in, than is that where Riga stands. Deep, barren sands invest it round on every side, and a traveller who regulated his ideas of the province by that part of it he saw here, would accuse those authors of gross imposition, who have called Livonia the granary of the north. It was commerce which evidently gave birth to the place, and the genius of which still protects and enriches it. The river Duna is an inexhaustible source of plenty, and amply makes amends for every other deficiency. It runs a vast length into the interior parts of Poland, and conveys down all the articles of trade exported from hence. Timber is one of the chief; and I was assured, that many of the largest trees did not arrive in Riga within two years, being cut near Bender on the banks of the Neister, from whence they are drawn over the snows in winter, to the Duna, and brought down the ensuing season. In May and June the Poles usually arrive, and return again before the end of July.

The bridge over the river, is one of the most singular and surprising in Europe: it is nine hundred paces long, and far exceeds in length that at Rouen, or any I ever saw. It consists of traverse beams of timber,

joined together, and rises or falls with the tide. In spring, as soon as the Duna is quite free from ice, they build it, and it is removed before the frost sets in, which happens commonly in November. It is only about nine or ten English miles to the mouth of the river, where it empties itself into the Baltic; and on the southern side, three miles below the town, is the place where Charles XII. routed the Saxons, as he had first done the Russians before Narva. A high bank of sand is now collected, and possesses the ground where the action happened, under which are still frequently found skulls and human bones.

The city of Riga itself is a most disagreeable one; it is extremely crowded, and surrounded by fortifications, which prevent a possibility of its being altered or amended in this respect. The houses are all high, and the streets verry narrow, very ill-paved, and very dirty. The suburbs are as large as the place itself, and are chiefly possessed by Russians, the municipal privileges excluding them from the capacity of exercising any trade within its walls. There are about eight thousand inhabitants in the city, and as many more in the Fauxbourgs. The commerce must necessarily be prodigious, as in the year 1772, no fewer than one thousand and thirty vessels, from various parts of Europe, entered the port. Its pretences to antiquity are pretty high: it is said, that when the Teutonic Knights, about the year 1300, came to conquer and reform the Pagan inhabitants of the province, they found some merchants from Bremen, who had already settled on the bank of the Duna, and erected Riga, induced by the advantages it offered to commerce.

On the 9th I proceeded to Mittaw, the capital of Courland. It is a very pleasant and agreeable drive of four hours from Riga to that place; the dominions of Russia divided from those of Courland, nearly at the mid-way. At the entrance of the town, I met his highness the duke, who was on horseback with a small train, and had just returned from hunting. Baron

Klopman, the marshal of his court, presented me to him the following day. He treated me with great politeness, placed me on his left hand at dinner, the old duchess, his mother, sitting on his right, and did me the honour to shew me in person the apartments of the palace, and several curiosities he has collected, in the afternoon. Our discourse at table ran on the happy news, just received, of the peace concluded with the Turks, all the articles of which he recounted to me, as he had just received a letter from his sister, the princess of Courland, who is married, and resides at St. Petersburgh, on that subject.

His highness expressed, many times, the high esteem he entertained for the English nation; "and as a proof," said he, "of the ancient alliance between us, I have now, among the archives of the dutchy, several treaties of friendship, not only from your kings, but even from the famous protector, Cromwell." He was personally acquainted with the late Lord Baltimore, who spent some days at Mittaw, during his father's reign; and assured me, that he had often intended, and yet hoped to visit England. He was good enough to invite me to one of his country palaces at Ruhendahl, about twenty miles from hence, and situated, as he said, in a lovely part of Courland; but as my time did not permit, I was obliged to decline this honour.

Courland, as well as Livonia, anciently belonged to the Teutonic Knights; but in the year 1461, the grand master of that order became the first duke: he was a nobleman of the name of Ketler, and in his family it continued till they became extinct in the person of Ferdinand. This was the same who fought so gallantly against Charles XII. at the battle of the Duna: he resided at Dantzic, in a kind of exile from his country, and deprived of his natural inheritance. His predecessor, the young Duke Frederic, had been married to Anne, daughter of Ivan, elder brother of Peter the Great, and which princess afterwards ascended the Russian throne. He only lived six weeks after his

nuptials, being carried off in the bloom of life by a violent fever. His widow retained possession of the government, to the exclusion of Ferdinand, till the death of Peter II. when she was called to the empire by a faction. Though this event obliged her to leave Mittaw, and return to Petersburgh, yet her power continued; and on the death of the duke without issue, she placed her favourite Biron in the dutchy, though Count Saxe had been previously elected by the nobility, and endeavoured to make some resistance. This Biron was, for many years, her minister, and possessed the most unbounded power over both his mistress and her subjects. She left him regent at her death, under the infant emperor Ivan; an office which he held only fifteen days, and from the possession of which he was sent into banishment. There he remained till the late empress Elizabeth's death, when Peter III. once more recalled him, and reinstated him in his honours and dominions. During his disgrace, Courland was governed for several years by the four great officers of state, who preside over the different departments, till Prince Charles of Saxony got footing in the dutchy, by the influence of his father the king of Poland, and held it three years, when the change of the sovereign in Russia, obliged him again to evacuate it. The late duke died only two years ago, upwards of eighty years of age, and transmitted the inheritance to his son the reigning prince. The duke is only the first nobleman of state, his power not extending, in any degree, over the other nobility: they pay him no taxes or duties of any kind, and are absolute lords on their own estates, having power of life and death over their vassals.

Courland is a fief of Poland, and as such his present highness did homage in his father's name, and his own, to Stanislaus, the reigning king, on his accession at Warsaw. The dutchy is sixty-three German miles in length, and twenty-six in breadth; it is exceedingly fertile, particularly in grain, from the duties on which, and his own patrimonical estates, the revenue chiefly

arises. This seldom falls short of four hundred thousand dollars,* and amounts, sometimes to almost double the sum, as the price of grain determines it in a great measure. The duke has five hundred guards, chiefly for parade. He told me that the ancient residence of the dukes of Courland was at Goldingen, a town near sixty English miles from hence, and where are still the ruins of a palace which belonged to them. The present palace at Mittaw was begun by the late duke before his banishment, and continued on his return. The plan is two magnificent and princely for a sovereign with such limited resources; though, as he maintains neither a military nor naval armament, he is a rich man with economy. Its situation is very agreeable, on a small eminence, just without the town, and washed by the river Aà, which is pretty broad, and winds most delightfully through the meadows which surround it on all sides. The country is mostly flat, finely wooded, and resembles exceedingly some parts of England.—The river is navigable to Riga for small boats; and as there is always a number of these vessels going and returning, the view of these sails apparently moving through the fields, is charmingly picturesque.

The town of Mittaw is not very ancient; a private gentleman of Courland founded it in the year 1426. It occupies at least as much ground as Riga, but as the streets are more spacious, and the buildings more scattered, it cannot properly be regarded as equal in size; the inhabitants are only between three and four thousand. Most of the houses are of wood, and very mean in their appearance. It is horridly paved, and which is still more singular, the noblesse have opposed and prevented the duke's intention to repair this defect, from motives of caprice and obstinacy. He is obliged to summon a diet, composed entirely of their body, once in two years, which enacts laws and redresses grievances; he presides over, but has little influence

* A coin value about three shillings and sixpence English.

or authority in it. This dutchy, indeed, is an exact resemblance of Poland, in miniature; the same political evils exist in both.

The duke is a lover of letters, and has lately founded an academy in Mittaw, for the instruction of the young nobility and persons of condition in the dutchy, at his own expence. This is a very laudable foundation, and does him great honour.

I was so pleased with the environs of this city, as well as with my reception at the ducal court, that I wished, had time permitted, to have prolonged my stay; and to have accompanied the duke in one of his hunting expeditions, in which exercise he is very expert.

However, being limited by time, I left Mittaw on the 11th of August, about noon, and reached Frawemburg, a little village fifty miles distant, before midnight. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country through which I passed: wide extended plains, which a week or two before had waved with corn, and on which the sheaves were still standing, impressed the traveller with ideas of plenty and happiness. Nature has been uncommonly bounteous to Courland, and that epithet of the Sicily of the north, usually attributed to Livonia, belongs with more justice to this province; the products of which, being anciently all exported from Riga, gave birth to the common mode of expression.

I continued my journey very early in the morning, having taken some repose, more from a desire of not losing any part of the prospects which presented themselves, than from fatigue or want of rest. I was amply repaid for this little delay, by a continuation of the same elegant scenery. I passed through several pleasant woods, composed of oaks, aspens, osiers, larch, and nut trees; and, under the shelter of this variegated shade, I dined on some cold provisions I had brought with me, while the servant procured me a desert of nuts from the boughs over my head, which were

loaden with them. I stopped again, during the middle of the night, at a little hamlet, where the post-house was situated. As I approached the borders, both the population and the fertility of the soil diminished. I reached the frontier of the dutchy on Saturday morning, and crossing a rivulet, over a wooden bridge, entered Lithuania, an angle of which divides Prussia from Courland. I was stopped at Polangen, a miserable town in this province, and had the honour to be searched, at a kind of custom-house, in the name of King Stanislaus. The place itself stands at an inconsiderable distance from the shore of the Baltic, and is remarkable for the quantities of amber collected near it, which forms their only branch of commerce. In the afternoon I got to Memel, the first town in his Prussian majesty's dominions, where I was obliged once more to undergo the ceremony of a search, which was conducted with greater severity than it had been in Poland; most rigorous penalties being annexed to the introduction of any prohibited articles, however small in quantity, into the kingdom. As I intended to make a short stay in Memel, I had provided myself with letters to a principal commercial house; the hospitality I had found at Narva, and the politeness shewn me at Riga, had prepossessed me with a favourable idea of my reception in this place; and I lost not a minute, on my arrival, in preparing myself to wait on the persons to whom my recommendations were addressed. It was near seven in the evening, and had been a very rainy day: I took the opportunity of a short suspension of the storms, and tripped nimbly along the streets, preceded by a girl without shoes or stockings, who was sent to shew me the way. When we came to the house, my ragged conductress opened the street door without ceremony, and running up a pair of stairs, threw open another door into an apartment, where she left me, and retired with as much precipitation as she had entered. I stepped in. If the desks and book-cases, which surrounded near three sides of this room;

had not declared it to be a counting-house, I should most certainly have mistaken it for a cock-loft: the casements were so completely covered with dust and filth, that no objects were distinctly visible through them at any time of the day; but more particularly so at the hour when I made my appearance. Two black ill-looking figures started up at the same moment, like automatons actuated by springs, and seemed, by their regards, to demand the cause of so abrupt an entrance. I must own, the manner of my entrance into this strange apartment rather disconcerted me: taking, however, my credentials out of my pocket, I presented them to him who stood next me, with a short address to explain the cause of my intrusion. This produced a low bow from both, and while one perused the letters, the other desired me to be seated on a stool, which had once been covered with leather; but time having eaten it all away, the horse-hair, which composed the stuffing, supplied its place. I complied with the invitation, and amused myself by looking round me, while the two brothers were engaged with the credentials. "Ist die heer ein Kauffmann?" said the second, stretching out his head with a look of ignorance and curiosity. "Ich weiss nicht," answered the other, shaking his in turn. "Gentlemen," said I, though I am not so happy as to speak German, I understand somewhat of the language: the motives which induce me to travel are those of knowledge and improvement; and my stay here, as in every other place I visit, is chiefly determined by the objects it presents of instruction and liberal entertainment." "We apprehended," answered the first, "you might be come to our fair, which will begin on Monday: if you want any goods, our clerks shall shew you the way, and get them for you." "I am happily," said I, "not in want of any goods, except a few amber toys for presents; and I am told this is the properest place in the world to procure them." "I don't know," replied

he; "if, indeed, you want only a few toys, the landlord of the inn where you lodge can supply you as well as any one; but if you would purchase amber in the gross, the town of Polangen, which you came through, was the most eligible place; it belongs to the crown of Poland at this time; but we are in great hopes that our king will, ere long, get hold of it; and then, you know, we shall have all the amber trade in our own hands." Unhappy Stanislaus! thought I; how little do the considerations of equity and honour weigh against those of interest! "The trade of Memel is, notwithstanding," resumed I, "pretty large at this time; is it not?" "Indifferent," said he: "there are only four houses who divide it; we export a great deal of timber, which is brought down the river Russe from the interior parts of Lithuania, and conveyed here in boats: we deal too, pretty largely, in hemp, flax, and linseed: five hundred ships were laden here last year with these articles, and as many more might have been laden this season, if the water on the bar was not so much decreased lately. There were eighteen feet, and now there are only fifteen; a melancholy circumstance for us! Remonstrances have been presented to the king on this subject, and orders given in consequence; but they are not executed: his majesty is a great man, but Berlin is very distant; and this is a frontier of the kingdom."

I asked if there were any objects of curiosity at Memel. "There is not any thing that I know of," said the second brother, "except a pot-ash manufactory, and you may see a better one at Dantzic; the ships at the quay are our finest sight." I turned the discourse to a new subject, in the intention of prolonging the time; but having, at last, exhausted every topic of conversation, and it growing so very dark, that I could hardly distinguish my companions, I found I must go; so rising up I made my bow, and wished them a good night. I returned home half mortified at my unsuccessful visit, which had not even procured

me an invitation to dinner, which I wished for a private reason.

I, however, made the best of my condition, and drank a glass of tolerable Rhenish wine at my solitary supper, having ordered post-horses for Koningsberg at noon next day. In the morning I walked out to look at the town. The ladies were picking out their way through the dirtiest, vilest streets it is possible to conceive, in negligees and white satin shoes; and the gentlemen were escorting them to church, for it was Sunday, in blue velvet coats, and vast Kevenhuller hats. There were some exquisite figures among them. Leonardo da Vinci would have found excellent subjects to work on. It was a most laughable scene. There is not, indeed, any thing in this place to detain a man of curiosity two hours: the buildings are very wretched; and, as my friend said in the counting-house, I think "the ships at the quay are the finest sight in Memel."

From hence to Koningsberg the road lies over a tongue of sand, about eighty-three miles in length, and not more than a single one in breadth in many places; in none does it exceed three. This extraordinary bank of sand terminates a little to the northward of the town, from which it is separated by a haven of near half a mile in breadth. When the weather is fine, and the sea smooth, one may drive along it with great pleasure, as the sands close to the margin of the water are hard and firm. Unfortunately for me, it blew very hard from the west, and drove the waves a long way higher on the beach than usual. I landed on the sand about two in the afternoon, and reached the first post-house as night closed in. A more terrible one I hardly ever remember: it not only rained without intermission, but the wind now blew a hurricane. The sea being driven by its fury a long way beyond the usual bounds, necessitated the postillions to drive through the very surf, which many times completely covered the fore wheels of the carriage, and roared like thunder in my ears. In such a situation I could not take much re-

pose, and more than once apprehended I should have been inevitably overturned into the sea. Morning came most welcome after such a night, and about eight o'clock I got to a miserable hovel, called an inn, where I found the poor inhabitants employed in boiling pumpkins, which appeared to be one chief article of their food. The women were without any sort of head-dress except their hair, and scarce covered to the knees. Here, among horses in a large stable, I ate my breakfast, and drank my coffee very composedly. I reached the southern termination of the sand, where it joins the continent, about noon; and gladly found myself once more on firm ground, after having driven two-and-twenty hours along the shore of the Baltic, and often amid its very waves.

My road afterwards to Koningsberg lay through a flat, but inclosed and cultivated, country. I was stopped at the gate of that city. After the officer on guard had inspected my pass, a soldier, with his bayonet fixed, mounted the coach-box, and the postillion blowing his horn, I was conducted like a prisoner of state through a number of streets to the custom-house. There I underwent another search à la Prussienne, and was then permitted to drive to an inn.

A gentleman of rank, with whom I became acquainted the day of my arrival, did me the honour to invite me to a ball the ensuing evening at his own house. I went about six o'clock; and the weather being fine, the ladies were seated under an arbour in the garden, while a band of music played. He presented me to them all without distinction; leaving to my own feelings where to give the preference. In this situation it was not her beauty which drew me to a particular one, though perhaps in that endowment nature had given her the superiority. Shall I say it was chance merely then: or are there not some secret and unknown causes, which attract by a subtle and irresistible energy certain persons, in whose bo-

soms a congeniality of soul has formed them to give and receive mutual pleasure? The passions of the heart, however, depend not on the deductions of the understanding, and admiration may be experienced without defining it. Her person was slender, and formed with symmetry: a delicacy mingled with a languor, was its chief characteristic. This quality was not confined to any particular attitude, feature, or look; it was diffused all over her; and might be as perceptibly discerned in the movement of her hand, as in the changes of her eye. Time had not taken any thing from the natural loveliness of her countenance; but sickness had tinged her cheek with a paleness, without, however, diminishing its charms. She was born at Berlin, but of French extraction. Her knowledge of this last language was only equalled by her acquaintance with the Italian. She read Tasso and Boileau with equal ease. Her health did not permit her to dance; but she recommended to me her friend, a young lady, very amiable, if my heart could have found any thing so besides herself. Music had no attractions for me, unless of a secondary nature, and which it derived from her; nor could dancing animate my heart. I returned from this gay thraldom to the happiness of sitting beside her, of regarding every alteration in her face, and attending to the accents of her tongue. She was not insensible to this species of homage, more truly flattering than a volume of compliments, and was one of the few women I have met with, who know that love has no alliance with loquacity. She invited me to teach her English, and promised, in return, to be my preceptress in German. The very genius of the language would have appeared different, when she deigned to instruct me in it; and all its asperities would have been softened in passing through such a medium. But charmed as I was with the woman and the tutoress, insuperable objects precluded the possibility of my stay in Koningsberg.

This is a vast city: it contains fifty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of eight thousand soldiers; it is a great collection of houses and streets without elegance, beauty, or order. Here is an academy, founded by one of the first dukes of Prussia; but our grammar schools in England are, in general, much superior to it. A professor shewed me the library, and other apartments: there is nothing worth looking at, except the original safe conduct given by Charles V. to Martin Luther, when he attended the diet of Worms in 1521, and signed by the emperor's hand: this merits preservation.

Koningsberg has a considerable trade in hemp and flax, but it is seven German miles from Pillaw, the seaport at the efflux of the river Pregel; so that only very small vessels can come up to the town. The present king of Prussia has not shewn any attachment or fondness for this part of his dominions; nor has he visited the city since the year 1753, though he comes annually to make a general review of the troops at Graudentz, near Marienwerder, on the Vistula, not far removed from hence. The river is narrow here, but there are some very pleasant gardens on its banks. I am told, a king of Bohemia founded Koningsberg in 1255, this part of Prussia being at that time dependent on his kingdom.

Though I had several inducements, from the agreeable society I met with, to prolong my stay, I quitted Koningsberg on the 20th of August, and pursued my journey along the banks of the river Pregel, through a fertile plain. It was one of the finest days of the season, the rays of the sun being moderated and attempered by a breeze from the water, and all nature gay. I stopped the carriage on a rising ground, at a little distance from the town, and looked back on its numerous spires, which were gilded by the eastern sun; a tear of vexation and despair stood in my eye, and diminished the prospect, as

I recalled some tender ideas; but fancy endeavoured to penetrate the gloom.

The axletree of the chaise broke down in the afternoon; and as several hours were requisite to make a new one, I was necessitated to remain in the village where it happened during the rest of the day. I lay down at night in a bed and in an appartment which might well have served for the original of that where Pope describes Villiers expiring, and than which imagination can hardly conceive any more miserable and gloomy. In the morning early I proceeded, and got to Frawemburg to breakfast. This is a little town, situated in a sandy plain, on the sea shore. I stopped to see the church, which has been very renowned in past ages. It stands on a hill, commanding an extensive prospect, and belonged anciently to the bishops of Ermeland. These were both ecclesiastical and temporal princes. Their revenues were not less than thirty thousand ducats per annum, and their territories pretty considerable. This fief has been considered by the king of Prussia as belonging to him, and in consequence sequestered to his use: the present bishop is a young Polish nobleman, and was invested in the see some few years since by Stanislaus. He is said to possess the powers of insinuation in a great degree, and by his raillery and facetiousness, to have ingratiated himself exceedingly with his new sovereign, who, in consequence, has allowed him an annual pension of about six thousand ducats from the revenues, on which he now resides at Cracow. The church of Frawemburg is of Catholic foundation, and they were celebrating the matin service when I entered it. As they had informed me at Koningsberg that the immortal Copernicus was interred here, I waited with no little impatience in the expectation of seeing his tomb; but in this I was disappointed. One of the priests assured me, that though he had been a canon of the cathedral, his remains were buried at Thorn, the place of his nativity. They, however,

still shew the apartments which belonged to him; and the canons are at this time supplied with water, by a machine of his invention, which raises it to a great height from the vale below, whence it is distributed to every part of their residence. This engine I saw; and was struck with its great simplicity. The celebrated machine of Marli was constructed from the plan of it, by order of Louis XVI.

It is not more than twenty miles from Frawemburg to Elbing, which I reached on the 21st. This city was founded by a colony from Lubeck, the Tyre of the Baltic, about the year 1234. It is situated on a little river, which falls into the sea near five miles off, but admits only very small vessels. The Teutonic knights were lords of it for a considerable number of years; but in 1450 the inhabitants ultimately shook off their yoke. From this era we may date the splendor of its annals; they became rich, powerful, and commercial; they were respected throughout all the north, and even made war on the kings of Denmark and Sweden with success. Gustavus Adolphus took it: but his premature death, and the peace of Westphalia, which followed in 1648, restored them again to their liberties. Charles XII. entered it by assault in the beginning of the present century, as it adhered to Augustus his enemy. It remained free since that time under the protection of Poland, to the diet of which kingdom it sent two members, till the 13th of September, 1772, when his Prussian majesty's general took possession of it in the name of his master, and drove out the Polish garrison of two hundred men, who attempted to make some defence. The black eagle has now supplanted the cross, their ancient arms, and appears over every gate of the city. They already feel the rigour and rapacity of this new government, which threatens to swallow up all Polish Prussia, and to extinguish freedom and commerce in one general ruin. The city itself contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The architecture

of the houses is the most grotesque and singular I have seen in Europe. They terminate in a point, and almost all the upper stories are untenantable, being designed for granaries, and not for residence.

I was permitted, by particular request, to see the treasures lately discovered here, and about which so much has been said in the public prints all over Europe. They are contained in three large coffers, in a vaulted apartment of the town hall, where they had lain untouched a number of years. The whole consists of plate ornaments worn by the priests in the celebration of divine service. The exquisite delicacy of the workmanship constitutes their chief value, the intrinsic worth not exceeding twenty-five thousand ecus, or six thousand pounds sterling. The gentleman, in whose custody they are, gave me the following history of them: When the city was taken by Gustavus Adolphus, he put the Lutherans into possession of the cathedral, which, previous to that event, belonged to the Catholics. Uladislaus, king of Poland, restored it to them some years after; but the pious followers of Luther found means to secrete most of the riches belonging to the original proprietors, which they concealed effectually in this obscure retreat. The secret was a dangerous one, known to few, and very well kept. They wait at present to know his majesty's pleasure respecting the disposition of them; and, as he is a prince not bigotted to any particular religion or superstition, he may perhaps cover his sideboard with them: but the Catholics hope for better things from his piety. In the same chamber where those holy relics have been discovered, were likewise several swords, which belonged to the Teutonic Knights. I examined them with great attention, and am almost induced to believe they are merely weapons of ostentation, designed, like Alexander's mangers and armour in India, to impress posterity with false ideas of their

personal strength and prowess. Their weight and dimensions are so enormous, that, though I measured one of them, I am afraid to name its exact length. Nothing can be more rude and barbarous than their construction: two pieces of iron form the guard, and round the gripe is a bandage of straps of leather crossed.

Marienbourg, the original and magnificent residence of the Teutonic Knights, stands about twenty miles from Elbing. It is well known that folly and a religious rage first gave birth to those knights, in the ages of darkness. It was in the year 1191, at the time when our Richard was opposing Saladine, under the walls of Jerusalem, that the reigning pope Celestine instituted this new reinforcement to the Christian arms. They were only forty in number, and a German lord, by name Henry Valpot, was appointed grand master of the order: their prowess did not, however, maintain them long in Palestine, from whence they were driven out pretty early in the thirteenth century, Conrade, duke of Masovia, was at that time their head. Fighting was their only profession; and enemies of some kind were absolutely requisite. Happily for their views the north of Europe was yet much of it unsubdued to the holy church, and wrapt in paganism. It was a most meritorious action to cut these infidels to pieces, and pope Gregory IX. gave his sanction to the cause. Thus authorised, Conrade led them on, and entered Prussia. They either drove out the inhabitants, or baptised them; and established themselves firmly in their new conquests. On the banks of the river Nogat, in a beautiful plain, they fixed their grand residence, and began to construct the castle of Marienbourg in 1281. The first master of the order came to reside there in 1309. They became afterwards very powerful, and conquered all Samogitia, Courland, Livonia, and other provinces; they made war with Poland, and, in 1461, Marienbourg was besieged and taken by

the Poles, but restored again. From this era their splendor diminished: they grew licentious and debauched in their manners, tyrannical and oppressive in their government. In 1524, they were totally driven out of Prussia, under Albert, marquis of Brandenbourg, the thirty-fourth grand master of their order, and their power ultimately abolished.

The castle of Marienbourg consisted of three detached and separate structures; the first, and most ancient, was designed apparently for defence. It was square in its figure, surrounded by a trench of prodigious magnitude. The king of Prussia had so mutilated and altered this part, by converting it into caserns for his soldiery, since he took possession of the town, that all its original beauty is lost, and the antiquarian searches in vain for the genuine traces of the Teutonic magnificence, amid modern bricks and mortar. He has spared the chapels which are built one over the other. The Catholic priest shewed me both. In the subterranean chapel, several grand masters of the order have been interred, under stones, round which are inscriptions; but the character, through time, is illegible. The upper one is built in a very elegant style of Gothic architecture. At the east end, on the outside of the edifice, in a deep niche of the wall, stands a wooden statue of the Virgin, twelve feet high, holding the infant Jesus in her arms: it is not badly executed, and has suffered very little in the lapse of so many centuries, from the injuries of time. One of the grand masters erected this image soon after the completion of the castle, and the Virgin being the protectress of the order, they gave the name of Marienbourg to the town and fortress. It would seem that, when they increased in power and numbers, the second part of the castle was constructed. It is only divided by the trench from the first, but is plainly built on a different plan: magnificence is the characteristic, and it consists entirely of apartments, public

and private. The whole is, as yet, in great preservation, and unaltered. The council chamber, or sala of conference, is a grand room, being twenty paces every way. ~~In the~~ midst is a column of an octagonal form, composed of one piece of brown granite, spreading in radii, like a fan at the top, and supporting the roof, which, like every other in the building, is vaulted. There is a double row of windows in it, and round three sides is a very high stone bench, where the knights sat on these occasions. The refectoire is still more superb: it is forty paces in length, by twenty in breadth. Three similar pillars of granite support the roof, the capitals of which are curiously adorned with figures in alto relievo. There are many chambers of a smaller size. Round the whole of this second division of the castle is another moat, but neither so broad nor deep as the first.

The last division covers a longer space of ground than either of the others, and was doubtless intended for their horses, domestics, and inferior attendants. It is surrounded with a narrow ditch, beyond which is a high wall, flanked with towers at small distances, which forms the outermost barrier. The circumference of the whole fortification does not, I imagine, fall short of an English mile. Several gentlemen of the town assured me, that the subterranean works of this castle are not less surprizing and vast, than the structure which appears above the earth. They say, that beneath the first of the three edifices I have enumerated, are three ranges of vaulted cellars, one under the other, into the lowest of which they have descended some years ago. I should have had curiosity enough to have done the same, if they had been ten deep; but it is not now practicable, the arches in some places being fallen in, or obstructed by earth, and the air being too noxious and unwholesome to permit the attempt. Over the chapel is a very high tower to the top of which I ascended, by a horrid staircase, absolutely dark, and the steps in many

parts broken and decayed. The prospect from the summit richly repaid my trouble. It extends east to Elbing, and west to Dantzic; and below lies the rich vale watered by the Vistula and the Nogat, terminated to the north by the Baltic.

The city of Marienbourg itself contains nothing very extraordinary. It was formerly the head of a league, which comprehended twenty-seven small towns, all situated in Polish Prussia, and which held dietines. This little confederacy has been long extinct, and the town itself shared the same fate as Elbing, on the same day, the Prussian soldiers having marched in without resistance. There are, at this time, one thousand six hundred of them here, which equal the number of inhabitants in the place.

I went, on the afternoon of the 23d, in company with two very agreeable young women and a gentleman, to see the junction of the two great rivers of Polish Prussia, the Vistula and the Nogat. It is one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes which nature presents. It is near thirteen miles from Marienbourg to the spot: about the midway one sees both rivers, and the road lies through a deep wood of oaks till within two hundred yards of the point. Here the trees are cleared away, and emerging from the gloom caused by them, the whole beautiful scene bursts at once upon the sight. I stood some minutes on the extreme verge, where the rivers unite, in silent contemplation of this lovely prospect. On my left was the Nogat, whose course is visible for several miles to the north, till it is lost between the high banks which bound it on either side. The Vistula is on the right, and forms a striking contrast, its banks being even with the water, and the river itself is only to be seen an inconsiderable way, on account of its serpentine progress. A little island, exactly at the junction, covered with brushwood, forms a fine break in the view. Beyond it appears the main stream of the Vistula, undivided, which

rolls along in silent tranquil majesty, under hanging woods, which extend to the south as far as the horizon. The sails of several fishing-boats, seen on different parts of the rivers, leave scarce any thing for imagination herself to add. We drank coffee in this delightful recess, under cover of the trees, on an eminence, from whence all these objects were distinctly observed. The peasants, for there is a hamlet here, brought us bread, butter, and cream. It was almost night before we returned to town.

From Marienbourg to the gates of Dantzic, distant thirty-five miles, is almost one continued garden. I crossed the Vistula at Dirschaw, a little town, most beautifully situate on its banks, and commanding a view of all this fertile country. About an English mile and a half before I got to the town of Dantzic, I came to the last Prussian guard, and entered the territory of the republic, which is at present diminished on every side, and invested by hussars and grenadiers of an absolute prince. Freedom, it is true, yet reigns within these limits, though narrow, and waves her sacred banner on the ramparts: but how long this may continue, is certainly matter of uncertainty and doubt. If the melancholy fate of Elbing, or Marienbourg, can form a presage; if the unfeeling rapacity shewn in the division of Poland, its feudal parent, and once its protector; if the general train of policy, I should rather say of unrestrained avidity, exercised by the court of Berlin in Polish Prussia, enables one to determine, its final extinction is not far off. To what happy or valuable purposes, indeed, can the possession of personal independence serve, when the vital spirit, which once supplied it, is fled? Their commerce, their revenues, their riches, are already either seized on, or burthened with imposts and duties which must eventually destroy them. The city itself, which no king of Poland ever dared to enslave; which has for centuries known the sweets of an equal government and

public liberty; now awaits, in trembling expectation, the hour of its destruction, and implores, perhaps, in vain, the powers of Europe to save her from a new enemy, a sovereign whose claims are equally unexpected as unbounded, and who, though apparently restrained from open violence by political motives, watches only the favourable moment when treachery or intrigue may put him into possession.* Most, or all the suburbs, which are very populous and extensive, are already occupied by Prussian soldiery, who, on one side, are close to the very fortifications, a palisado only separating them from the Dantzic guards. Public diversions of every nature are prohibited by the magistrates, and the German comedy is in one of those suburbs which has been taken from them.

A languor and a decay was visible, at this time, through every department; and the Vistula, which they say at the present season of the year used to be covered with little vessels and boats, was no longer crowded.

An enthusiastic lover of antiquities, I did not fail to inquire after those of this place. I was indebted, principally, for my information to two gentlemen, to whom I was introduced soon after my arrival, Monsieur le Baron Zorn and Dr. Wolf, whose names I ought not to mention without owning the obligations their politeness and readiness to communicate knowledge has laid me under. The last of them is animated with a spirit of independence, worthy Hampden or Sidney. He resided some years since at Warsaw, but quitted it on account of the troubles and anarchy which foreign ambition has introduced into that capital. He retired to Dirschaw, about twenty miles from hence, built himself an observatory for his astronomical studies, and remained there

* Mr. Wraxall has lived to see the painful accomplishment of his generous fears for this celebrated city, and the final partition of Poland.

till the king of Prussia seized on the town and surrounding territory. Unable to bear a yoke so galling, he left Dirschaw, and removed to this city; and he now declares, that should it cease to be free, he will embark for England, where he has already been, and where every fugitive may find an asylum. Happy, glorious country, which can thus extend its parental protection to persecuted merit of every kind; and where freedom, almost unknown from the pole to the equator, holds her peaceful and gentle reign!

The origin of Dantzic, like that of almost every other kingdom, or city, is lost in tradition or fable. A colony of Danes is said to have founded is about the middle of the twelfth century; and the name it now bears is only a corruption of the word Danske, which signifies Dane. Previous to this era, it is pretended, the kings of Poland had a fort and governor on a hill, at present part of the fortifications, and called from him Hogalberg, or Hogal's Hill, to this day. The Danes requested of him as large a portion of ground for their residence as they could circumscribe, by extending their arms: this inclosed a circle of near two miles, and was the first, or old city. Little occurs of importance from this time till the year 1312, when a certain Pole, by name Potcammer, being governor, plotted with the Margraves of Brandenburgh to deliver it up to them. The deputy governor, aware of this treachery, informed Ladislaus III. king of Poland, and they jointly called in the Teutonic Knights, who kept possession of the place, and were too powerful to be expelled. Under them the new city was built, which comprehended nearly the limits of Dantzic, as it exists now. In 1456 the inhabitants threw off their subjection to the knights, in concert with the other cities of Polish Prussia, and became independent under the protection of Poland. On the flight and abdication of Henry of Valois, in 1574, that kingdom was divided;

one party having elected Stephen Batori, duke of Transylvania, the other declaring for the emperor Maximilian II. Dantzic adhering to the latter, was besieged by Stephen, the conqueror, for a whole year, and then was reduced to purchase a peace, by a surrender of every thing valuable in the place. Yet, in twenty years after, so great were the advantages of their commerce, they were again become wealthy. The siege of 1734, by the Russians, is yet remembered by numbers here, when Stanislaus Lezinski made his escape through so many enemies; and they shew the spot, without one of the bastions, where one thousand Muscovites are interred, who perished in an attempt to storm the town.

Dantzic is yet neither elegant nor handsome. The houses are in general lofty, and in an antique taste. In most of the streets are trees, which, in summer, afford an agreeable shade; but in the winter must be very inconvenient. The building used at present as an exchange merits attention from its antiquity: it is a square chamber, vaulted: in the middle is a marble statue erected to Augustus III. the late king of Poland.

I visited the arsenal, and must own I was surprized at the prodigious military stores contained in it, and the order in which they are kept. The man shewed me a sort of musquetoon, weighing thirty-six pounds, which Augustus II. is said to have discharged with one hand. This I can well believe, as the proofs he gave of uncommon strength are too numerous and well attested to admit of any question. In a small apartment of the arsenal is a very beautiful honorary tomb, erected by Sigismund, king of Sweden and Poland, to the memory of his father John III. It is of Italian workmanship, and finely executed. Sigismund is said to have presented this piece to the city of Dantzic.

The other public buildings are not very remarkable. In the great church is a vast pillar hollowed,

which, it is pretended, was anciently used to immure ecclesiastics guilty of heinous crimes. I looked down into it from above, through two iron bars which cross the opening at the top. The depth is, I imagine, forty feet, and the square dimensions within, about seven. There is something white scattered on the ground, which they say is bones.

As liberty of religion is publicly allowed in Dantzic, there are churches of all kinds, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Catholic: there are besides convents for religious of both sexes. It is computed that the inhabitants, including all the suburbs, are not less than eighty thousand. The environs are uncommonly beautiful.

One day I went to see the abbey of Oliva, so celebrated for the peace concluded in it. Its foundation is very ancient. Subislaus, a duke of Pomerania, who embraced Christianity, erected it in 1170, dedicating it to "the holy and undivided Trinity, the most blessed Virgin and St. Bernard." The convent and church were destroyed and rebuilt no less than eight times; the Teutonic Knights, the Poles, and the heretic Hussites, all ravaged it; the Dantzic soldiery, lastly, rased it to the ground in 1577, and were obliged by Stephen Batori to erect it anew as it now stands. On a black marble monument in the cloisters is commemorated the pacification of Oliva, made between the emperor Leopold and John Casimir, king of Poland on one side, and Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, on the other, who died during the ratification of it.

The monk who attended us, shewed me the bread which was converted into stone; the story of which is written in Latin, German, and Polish, in the church. This pretended miracle happened in 1617, when some of Gustavus Adolphus's Lutheran soldiery sacrilegiously presuming to lay hands on the consecrated loaf, with intention to devour it, found it converted into stone before their eyes. I examined it very mi-

nutely, and must allow there is great merit in the choice of the subject for this deception. It is about the size of a two-penny roll, and resembles one in shape. One side is indented with a deep hole, apparently natural, but which was made, they say, by the thumb of a Swedish soldier, in the act of laying hold of it. They preserve it with great care in a silver case.

The abbot's palace, and gardens adjoining, are very elegant; but his revenues, which amounted, only two years ago, to ten thousand ducats, or near five thousand pounds per annum, and the lands of the convent, which he enjoyed in full sovereignty, are now all seized by the king of Prussia, who allows him only one thousand two hundred ducats, about five hundred and fifty pounds, as a pension during life, and about one-fourth of that sum to keep the gardens in order: he is by birth a nobleman, amiable and benevolent in his character, past the middle age of life, and universally respected. Humanity feels for such a man, and execrates the rapacity which has thus reduced him!—But this is nothing—this is even generosity and mercy, compared with other stories incontestibly authentic, which I heard here respecting the Polish nobles, whose estates have been confiscated, and their families reduced from a revenue of one hundred thousand ducats to absolute indigence, by that monarch.

All the accumulated evils, however, which have laid waste this miserable country, are only natural consequences of its constitution and government, in which almost every political fault and error is mingled; and one is only surprized how such a barbarous anarchy has subsisted so long.

I left Dantzic on the morning of the 2d of September, taking the road to Culm through Dirschaw, in my intended route to Thorn. About ten miles to the southward of Dirschaw, I passed close to a prodigious encampment, and alighted from my chaise to

examine it. The postillion told me it was one of Charles XII's. Probably it was made in 1703, when he overran and conquered all Polish Prussia, with astonishing rapidity. The trenches are of enormous depth, and its situation is equally advantageous and delightful, commanding a view in all the plains watered by the Vistula, and the river itself. The sun set as I entered the little town of Mewa, where I crossed the river in a ferry, and arrived at Marienwerder, through excessive bad roads, about midnight. The sentinels at the gates permitted me to pass, after having demanded my name, and I drove to an inn, the only one in the city, at which I purposed to remain till next morning. It was a considerable time before my servant could raise any one at that late hour; and when the landlord came, he told me every bed in his house was already occupied: that if I brought my own, he could give me a room to place it in; but if not, he had not any thing better than clean straw to offer me. I then proposed proceeding immediately to Thorn, and expressed my desire of being furnished with post horses. "May I take the liberty," said the landlord, "to ask if Monsieur intends to return again, or if he goes farther into Poland;" "I purpose," answered I, "to continue my route to Gnesna and Posna; but as to my farther progress, it is not yet fixed, as I am unacquainted with the roads and accommodations." "If," said he, "you are only induced from pleasure and curiosity to visit these cities, I would advise you to defer your intention till another opportunity. To Gnesna there is at this time no post; and though you may perhaps procure horses to Posna, yet not only the roads and accommodations are of the most miserable kind; but at this unhappy juncture, when the province neither belongs to Poland nor Prussia, it is not, in point of safety, by any means advisable." I then inquired if there was not some great road to

Stettin, without returning by Dantzic. On this he informed me, that I had only to go back ten miles, and repassing the Vistula at Mewa to turn off immediately for Konitz, a town in the province of Pomerellia, from whence I might procure post horses to Stargard very easily, the Prussians being completely possessed of the whole intermediate tract of country, and regular relays being provided by the crown. The season of the year, which was advancing fast, superadded to the uncertainty of procuring even horses for Gnesna, made me on reflection comply with my landlord's advice. I lost not a moment therefore in the execution of it, but turning about, and tendering him my acknowledgments for his information, I made the best of my way back to the town of Mewa, which I reached by break of day It is situate on the bank of the Vistula, which at this part is high and rocky; and opposite to it, on the eastern side, are the fields where Charles XII. routed and cut to pieces about one thousand five hundred Poles, who vainly opposed his passage. After travelling twelve miles farther, I reached the abbey of Pipleen, which is accounted one of the finest Gothic religious edifices in these parts. It was founded by a duke of Pomerania, in the year 1250. This pious duke endowed it very richly; but his present majesty of Prussia, who has no such passionate attachment as his ancestors had for monks and monasteries, lately sequestered four-fifths of their revenue, and leaves them to sing dirges and chaunt requiems upon the remainder. One of the brothers, a Pole by birth, who spoke tolerable French, attended me over the building. The altars are decorated with a barbarous splendor, and glitter with gold and silver, the king not having as yet laid his hands on these sacred utensils. I took the liberty of asking my conductor, to whom belonged a vast number of bones, which were preserved within cases of glass on either side the high

altar. "They are," answered he, "precious remains of the eleven thousand virgins, who perished for their adherence to our holy religion; we had many more once, and among them two complete skulls; but the sacrilegious Swedish soldiery, in the beginning of this century, carried them away." If the depredations of armies were never more fatal, they might easily be borne. The monk very politely apologized to me, in the abbot's name, for not inviting me to dine in the refectoire, on acconnt of its being a most rigorous fast, which permitted them not to touch any thing before sun-set, and then only bread and eggs. Having tendered him my humblest thanks, and bidding him adieu, I continued my journey, and ate my cold chicken under the shade of an oak.

It was ten o'clock at night when I arrived at a little village, about thirty miles from the abbey, situate close to a rivulet of water in a valley, and so much resembling Bibury in Gloucestershire as it appeared to me by star-light, that I was almost ready to order some eels for supper. The landlord endeavoured to persuade me to stay till morning, as I had five and-twenty miles to go to Konitz, through continued forests of fir, and deep sands. I would have accepted his advice; but the horrid nastiness, and pestilential smell resulting from it, in the cabins, for they cannot be called houses, in every village where I stopped, made it impossible to lie down or breathe in them. I therefore proceeded, as soon as horses could be procured, and about nine in the morning of the 4th I got to Konitz. This is a pretty country town, and has been formerly fortified with turrets, battlements, and trenches, all which are in ruin. It was then better guarded by a complete regiment of Prussian engineers, who had been stationed there since its seizure two years ago.

I left Konitz before noon, and drove about three miles out of the road, to see the ruins of the castle of Schlokaw. This is is only inferior to that of Marienbourg, and was built by the same persons. It is sur-

rounded on three sides by the waters of a fine lake, across a small part of which is a wooden bridge, of near three hundred yards in length, entering the grand court. It has been of great extent, but time has laid many of its honours low. The chapel, the subterranean apartments, and one very lofty octagon tower, are yet in great preservation, and may remain entire for centuries. I went into the cellars, which are all vaulted, and of wondrous magnitude, running beneath the whole castle. One splendid range of apartments, repaired by the princes Radzivil, to whom this fortress lately belonged, serves to shew what the magnificence of former ages could produce, though these are now following the other parts of the edifice, and are no longer habitable.

After having visited every accessible corner in the building, I waited on the Catholic priest of the adjoining village, to procure some account of its origin and history. He was a very agreeable ingenious man, and readily complied with my request. We conversed in Latin; a language in which the Poles are more conversant than all the other nations of Europe. A miserable cripple in the streets at Konitz requested charity of me in very pure Latin, to my no small surprize; and I found the innkeepers frequently possessed of it. From this priest I drew several particulars relative to the origin and history of Schlokaw. The Teutonic Knights built it in the year 1352, and successive grand masters were lords of it till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the kings of Poland seized on it; the order beginning about that era to decline in power and greatness. It passed afterwards into the possession of several other great families, and lastly in 1662 to the Radzivils, whose descendants possessed it till within these two last years, when only twelve Prussian Hussars drove out fifty of the prince's Polish soldiery, and erected the black eagle over the gates.

I stopped to dine at Fredlant, a small town about ten miles from Schlokaw, and then proceeded. My

road lay across the desert of Waldow, which is at least forty English miles in length, and is in general barren and hideous enough. About one o'clock next morning I reached Gastrow, a little town in Great Poland, where I was fortunate enough to procure horses immediately, and got at seven to a village called Treidnitz, where I would most willingly have breakfasted, if I could have procured any. The poor man, at whose hut I stopped to refresh the horses, said, he had seen no coffee for fifteen years past, nor was any such thing to be had in the village; but at Tempelbourgh, to which I had only twelve miles, I might find it. There was no alternative; I therefore proceeded for the town he mentioned, and arrived there about ten, not a little tired.

I passed afterwards through three or four little towns between Tempelbourgh and Stargard, which is a distance of fifty miles. Famine and misery were in every one: it was with intreaty and difficulty I could procure a bit of smoked goose and some potatoes in one of them; and I was almost afraid of being starved in this wretched country. I travelled all night, and to my no small comfort entered Stargard in the morning. The town is pretty large; but the best thing I saw in it was a good dinner and a clean apartment, which, after my late adventures in Polish hovels, had a thousand charms. The streets were crowded with soldiery, and nothing was seen but regimentals. The postillions who drove me, the friseurs, the very peasants, are all military under this government.

Leaving Stargard, I travelled through a most hideous wilderness of firs. Sweden can produce nothing more desolate, more unpeopled, or unfertile. The deep sands render travelling very tedious, and, though I set out at four in the morning, I did not get to Stettin, distant only twenty-five miles, till one in the afternoon. I paid my compliments next day to his highness the duke of Bevern: he is in command of the troops, and is already past the autumn of life; but a vigorous

constitution, and a robust frame of body, would deceive and conceal his years, if his hair, grey with age, did not betray the secret. He has worn an uniform and boots so constantly from his early youth, that they constitute at present almost a part of his essence. I had the honour to dine with him on the 9th: there was a large company, all men, and all military. Every thing around him is in a martial style, and his very doors are painted with helmets, batons, and swords. The apartment where we dined was covered with portraits of the officers of his own regiment; but war had lopped off most of them. Of at least sixty, scarce ten were then alive. He shewed me what he called his arsenal; a chamber filled with models of petards, mortars, pontoons, and other apparatus of war.

Here I had the honour likewise to contract an acquaintance with the young prince of Anhalt Dessau. His generous and unbounded politeness to me deeply affected my heart. He is also in the Prussian service; but nature formed him equally for the soft arts of peace; and gave him a refined taste in sculpture, in painting, and in music. The furniture and decorations of his house forcibly mark this turn of mind. He has travelled in England, in France, in Italy, and made a campaign some years ago against the Turks on the banks of the Danube. If to these accomplishments, are added manners the most gentle and elegant, one may readily conceive him to be a very amiable prince. I supped with him one night *tête-à-tête*; it was one of Horace's *Noctes, cænæque Deûm*, without ceremony, without ostentation and parade, which are so destructive to genuine happiness.

At Stargard, I likewise saw that fair prisoner, the princess royal of Prussia, whose history is sufficiently known. In this, the eye only can be gratified, it being most strictly forbidden to approach or speak to her. She was then eight-and-twenty years of age, and had now been a prisoner these five years. Her person is

agreeable, not beautiful. She is of a middle height, finely proportioned in her limbs, and very active in all the exercises of the body: her complexion is fair, and her features generally handsome. There is, however, somewhat sad in her countenance, when attentively regarded, not difficult to be accounted for. The manner in which she lives is mournful enough, and may well wipe out the errors she has committed. Her appointment amounts only to seven thousand six hundred dollars of Prussia, which do not make one thousand two hundred pounds a year, with which she is obliged to provide herself every thing.* Two valets, and two filles de chambre, constitute her household. She has never been permitted to go without the gates of Stettin till very lately. One or two ladies always accompany her, and every female is allowed free access; but there are only two men in the place who dare speak to, or accost her. These are the Duke of Bevern, and the governor, an officer yet more advanced in years. The Prince of Dessau, though well acquainted with her previous to this disgrace, and though he sees her every day, assured me, he never held the slightest discourse with her. I must own this is a trial to which my fortitude and virtue would be quite unequal; and if placed so near such a dangerous precipice, I should inevitably fall. I had the pleasure to see her highness on horseback: she was habited *en Amazon* and shewed the greatest address in managing the horse she rode. She sat astride, according to the custom in Germany, and made a very gallant figure. I afterwards looked at her a long time, from the windows of the room where we dined at the prince of Dessau's, opposite to which she walked for several hours. Her dress was by no means princely. A jonquil silk night-gown, and her hair very simply adorned, gave no room to guess her quality.

Of Stettin itself, I have little to say. There are a great many houses, and a great many streets, two very large churches, a river, a quay, and, as they told

me, a very extensive commerce. The inhabitants are about sixteen thousand. This is the sum total of my knowledge respecting the place.

Before I left it, I attended the parade when the Duke of Bevern reviewed the second battalion of the garrison. They are, indeed, matchless soldiers, and perform their various manœuvres with surprizing celerity and address.

On the 11th of August, I proceeded on my journey, aad arrived before night at Prenslow. This is a large town, situate on a lake, and, like almost every other in Prussia, full of soldiery. I had only six German miles from thence to Strelitz; but so bad were the roads, that I did not get there till almost noon next day though I travelled the whole night. The inaccuracy of their measurement is indeed such every where in these countries, that it is impossible to ascertain, with any precision or certainty, what a mile is. The duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz begins only five or six English miles from the town, which is so surrounded by woods of fir and oak, as not to be seen till one is very near it. I staid there three days, induced by the gracious reception I met with from the duke. He was at a little palace of retirement, which he has built about four miles from Strelitz, and named Adolph's Pleasure. It is situate on the bank of a small lake, but the country, except an inconsiderable tract immediately round the house, is covered with groves of prodigious thickness. During winter he resides at New Strelitz, where he has a much larger palace, and a court, as a sovereign prince.

The town of Old Strelitz is small, and as the dukes have not had any palace there for many years past, it contains nothing to draw a stranger to visit it. I left it on the 15th, and took the road of Zell, across Brandenburg. I stopped at Mirow, a little town near the frontier of the duchy, to see a palace, where, his highness had informed me, her majesty the queen of England, and all the ducal family were born. It is a

handsome structure, but is very rarely visited by the reigning duke. Continuing my journey all that day, and the ensuing one, through the Prussian territories, I arrived on the bank of the Elbe in the afternoon. It is a noble river, though here at a vast distance from the sea. I crossed it in a ferry, and landing on the opposite side in the dominions of my native sovereign, got to Danneberg, a little town, the same night. The moon shone very bright, and as I had yet between fifty and sixty miles to Zell, I was determined not to lose a moment. But my landlord expatiated with such eloquence on the badness of the roads and the length of the next stage, that I was induced to postpone my journey till next morning. Setting off at five, I was in hopes of reaching Zell that night: but I was disappointed, and again obliged to lie at a wretched house, where, however, the host, to comfort me, said the present king of Sweden, probably from a similar necessity, had taken up his lodging some few years ago.

I entered Zell the following morning. I had the honour, after being presented, to dine with her majesty the queen of Denmark next day. I own I had a high curiosity to see this young sovereign, whose history and misfortunes have so much interested all Europe, who has been driven, in the bloom of life, from a throne and kingdom, which were not worthy of her.

The castle of Zell, where her majesty resided, is detached from the city, and surrounded in the ancient style of defence, with a very broad moat full of water. It is large, of a square form, and was built by one of the dukes of Zell, before the duchy was merged in the house of Hanover. The country on every side is barren, sandy, and unpleasant. It is forty miles from Yerden, and as dreary a ride as can be imagined. At a little more than half way, on the southern side of the river Aller, is the little palace of Ahlden, celebrated for the imprisonment of the electress Sophia, wife of George I. Here she died, a short time

before the accession of her son, the late king, to the crown. It is said, that he once made an attempt to see her, while under confinement, and having separated himself from his attendants in hunting, came unexpectedly to the house: but the nobleman to whom the care of her person was confided, refused him admittance, and prevented this natural interview.

The cathedral of Verden is an object of some curiosity, from the remote antiquity to which its foundation ascends. It is said to have been first erected in the year 786 by Charlemagne, after his conquests over the Saxons. The portraits of all the bishops, from that era to 1566, when the Lutheran religion supplanted the Catholic, are painted on the walls of the choir. I could not help smiling at the first of them, who was, as it appears by the inscription over his head, a saint, a count, and an abbot; but who, notwithstanding all his titles, secular and ecclesiastical, was murdered soon after his investiture by the Pagan Saxons, who paid no sort of deference either to his coronet or crosier. The present cathedral is by no means, however, so old as Charlemagne: it was built about the middle of the fourteenth century, the former one having been reduced to ashes in 1313. An antiquarian might find ample food for investigation in it, the whole floor being paved with tombs, on which are effigies and inscriptions, many of which are now mutilated or illegible. Before the high altar, is a marble monument of costly workmanship, erected to a Philip Sigismund, born in 1568, and who was both duke of Lunenburg and bishop of Verden. The see is now extinct.

Verden was purchased by George I. from Frederic IV. king of Denmark, who had rendered himself master of it, during Charles XII's confinement in Turkey, to whom it previously belonged. The town contains only about five hundred inhabitants, exclusive of a battalion of Hanoverian soldiery. It lies along the bank of the Aller, but has not any trade, and

the meanness of the buildings sufficiently evinces its poverty.

I arrived at Bremen on the 22d of September, which is distant only twenty miles from Verden. This is a great, a rich, and a commercial city; but I cannot say I think it very agreeable, or that it contains much to attract a traveller's notice. Were human life of double the limits nature has assigned to it, one should not be tempted to visit it more than once. There is one peculiarity, however, belonging to it, which nothing but ocular demonstration could have convinced me of its reality. Under the cathedral church is a vaulted apartment, supported on pillars; it is near sixty paces long, and half as many broad. The light and air are constantly admitted into it by three windows, though it is several feet beneath the level of the ground. Here are five large oak coffers, each containing a corpse, which without being embalmed, have suffered no corruption. I examined them severally for near two hours. The most curious and perfect is that of a woman. Tradition says, she was an English countess, who dying at Bremen about two hundred and fifty years ago, ordered her body to be placed in this vault uninterred, in the apprehension that her relations would cause it to be brought over to her native country. Though the muscular skin is totally dried in every part, yet so little are the features of the face sunk or changed, that nothing is more certain than that she was young, and even beautiful. It is a small countenance, round in its contour: the cartilage of the nose and the nostrils have undergone no alteration: her teeth are all firm in the sockets, but the lips are drawn away from over them. The cheeks are shrunk in, but yet less than I ever remember to have seen in embalmed bodies. The hair of her head is at this time more than eighteen inches long, very thick, and so fast, that I heaved the corpse out of the coffer by it: the colour is a light brown, and as fresh and glossy as that of a living person. That this lady was of high

rank seems evident from the extreme fineness of the linen which covers her body; but I in vain endeavoured to procure any lights into her history, her title, or any other particulars, though I took no little pains for that purpose. The landlord of the inn, who served as my conductor, said he remembered it for forty years past, during which time there is not the least perceptible alteration in it. In another coffer is the body of a workman, who is said to have tumbled off the church, and was killed by the fall. His features evince this most forcibly. Extreme agony is marked in them: his mouth is wide open, and his eye-lids the same; the eyes are dried up. His breast is unnaturally distended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—A little child, who died of the small pox, is still more remarkable. The marks of the pustules, which have broken the skin on his hands and head, are very discernible; and one should suppose, that a body, which died of such a distemper, must contain, in a high degree, the seeds of putrefaction.—The two other corpses are likewise very extraordinary. There are, in this vault, likewise turkeys, hawks, weasels, and other animals, which have been hung up here, from time immemorial, some very lately, and are all in the most complete preservation, and unaltered in their parts. The cause of this phenomenon is doubtless the dryness of the place where they are laid. It is in vain to seek for any other. The magistrates do not permit any fresh bodies to be brought here, and there is no other subterranean chamber which has the same property. It would have made an excellent miracle two or three centuries ago in proper hands; but now mankind are grown too wise.

This city is generally known to be celebrated for its old hock. The wine is all brought from the banks of the Rhine, by land carriage, and deposited in the public cellars. These are wondrously capacious, running beneath the town house and exchange. There is one particular room, called the rose, where they

keep wine, as they say, of one hundred and seventy years old, and for which they ask seven dollars, or twenty-five shillings sterling a bottle; though it is too old to be drank.

Bremen stands on the same river as Verden, but here it is known by the name of the Wesel. Vessels of burden lie twelve or fifteen miles below the city, from a deficiency of water to carry them up higher. It contains forty-five thousand inhabitants, and it is said, would even exceed Hamburgh in commerce, if the river was not an impediment. It is a free city, under the protection of the empire, and styles itself a republic on its coin. The king of England, as elector of Hanover, has, however, some important rights within the place; and not only the cathedral belongs to him, but a considerable number of buildings, public and private. He possesses, likewise, a species of supreme judicatorial power; for, though the magistrates take cognizance of all crimes, within the territory of Bremen, his delegate or bailiff must pronounce sentence.

The fortifications, though kept in very good order, are of no consequence or strength: the strongest army in the field, is ever master; and during the last war, French or English were alternately received into the place, as they appeared before it. The style of building here is horrid; all the upper stories being adapted for granaries, and totally uninhabitable. It has a most grotesque appearance to the eye, though many of the houses are now in some degree modernized. The streets are all narrow; the quay is the only pleasant part of the city, as it is broad, and commands a view of the water.

By the municipal laws, all the race of Abraham is excluded from the capacity of trading and residing here; or at least there is so high a duty laid on their persons, about ten shillings a day, as must amount almost to a prohibition. This exclusion has given rise

to a scarcastic remark on the inhabitants themselves, which, whether just or not, I am no judge. Hamburgh has adopted a contrary policy, and admits, indiscriminately, these people, with European nations. In a lucrative view, I know not which may be the wisest measure; but certainly the latter is the most generous, and breathes a greater philanthropy.

Plutus and Mercury are the chief deities venerated in this city, and like the senate in Tiberius's time, they will not admit the gods of strangers. Pleasure, under every shape, of dance, of comedy, of masque, seems peculiarly hateful. My landlord, however, informed me, that they had lately formed a monthly concert, in the winter season, to the no small terror of the burgomasters, who have endeavoured to proscribe this unprecedented refinement. The most polite manner of spending an evening known for several centuries past in Bremen, has been that of meeting in small boxes about twenty feet long and six wide, in the public cellar, where they drink hock under a cloud of smoke raised from their own pipes. One may swear these are the genuine descendants of the ancient Saxons, who imagined the joys of heaven to consist in drinking ale out of the skulls of their enemies! Women seem not here to hold any rank in society, or to form the connecting charm which binds the jarring principles of human nature together. Man, solitary man, meets in clubs and companies, to doze, drink, and to dispute.

It is a desolate and dreary ride from Bremen to Hamburgh, across the sandy and unpeopled heaths of Lunenburg. I got to the southern bank of the Elbe, on the afternoon of the 26th, and from thence enjoyed a beautiful prospect of Hamburgh at the distance of two leagues. It makes a noble figure; and, as the space which separates it from the Danish town of Altona, is very inconsiderable, the two places appear to form only one magnificent city, which covers the

side of the river for three or four miles in length. I lay at Harburg, which belongs to his Britannic majesty, and crossed over next morning.

Hamburgh has been so often described, that to attempt it would be only repetition without novelty. Besides the wind was fair, and I was flattered with a favourable passage to Hull, which induced me to shorten my stay at this place.

In this tour round the Baltic, Mr. Wraxall had travelled near three thousand miles between the 19th of April and the 30th of September. In that short space, it was not likely he should be able to attend to trivial circumstances, in such a wide range; nor to enter into minute descriptions. But they must be fastidious indeed, who can attend him without pleasure, or without improvement. Of the various authors that have entered into our extensive collection, we have found none more difficult to abridge with effect; because his writings contain so little extraneous matter; we are even tempted to wish that he had expanded more. Yet it must be allowed, that the northern regions present so little interesting to general readers, that conciseness can scarcely be a fault. Did we not feel the truth of this, we should be happy to travel over the same ground again, but with the inquisitive and accurate Coxe, who has accumulated a mass of observations, equally valuable to the politician and the philosopher.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

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